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THE CREEVEY PAPERS

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THE CREEVEY PAPERS

A SELECTION FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE & DIARIES OF THE LATE
THOMAS CREEVEY, M.P.

BORN 1768—DIED 1838

EDITED BY
THE RIGHT HON. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL
BART., M.P., LL.D., F.R.S.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

WITH PORTRAITS

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THE CREEVEY PAPERS.

CHAPTER I.

1821.

THE domestic annals of 1821 are scarcely less painful reading than those of 1820, so deeply smirched with the abortive proceedings against Queen Caroline. The domestic affairs of King George IV. continued to be of a nature to bring the monarchy into irreparable disrepute, the Marchioness Conyngham reigning as *maitresse-en-titre*. Nevertheless, preparations went forward on a prodigious scale for celebrating his coronation. Parliament voted £243,000 for the purpose, which, when it is considered in contrast with £70,000 expended on the coronation of Queen Victoria, may give rise to curious reflections upon the relative value returned to their subjects by the two sovereigns. The coronation of George IV. was saddened by the last scene in the squalid tragedy of Queen Caroline.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

“London, January 15th, 1821.

“. . . There is the most infamous newspaper just set up that was ever seen in the world—by name

John Bull. Its personal scurrility exceeds by miles anything ever written before. In accounting for the motives which have influenced the different ladies who have called upon the Queen, it states yesterday without equivocation, reserve, or by any inuendo, but plainly, that Lady T—— and Lady M—— B—— were induced to go by threats respecting the criminal intercourse that took place between Lady C—— W—— and a menial servant. You will not be surprised that O—— is furious.* . . .”

“17th Jan.

“. . . I dined at Taylor's on Monday, and in the evening came Ferguson, Bennet, Mrs. G. Lambe, Lord Auckland and *Brougham*. The latter exceeds in oddity and queerness anything I ever beheld. What the devil he is at I cannot for the life of me make out. He is all for *moderation*, and his constant fellow-counsellors are Tierney, Scarlett† and Abercromby. I favored him with my fixed determination how I should act, and if you had heard him try to humbug me about the transitory nature of this popular ferment, comparing it to the Duke of York's case and Mrs. Clarke, you would have snorted out in his face. Yesterday, however, brought me a note from him, and to-day another to dine with him, and I am going accordingly. . . .”

“19th Jan.

“. . . I dined with Brougham on Wednesday, but had not much good of him, as we were not alone. . . . I looked into Brooks's afterwards, and found Scarlett there. He was as pompous as be damned about publick affairs—change of Ministers—meeting of Parliament, &c., till I frightened him out of his wits by announcing to him the certainty of an opposition and division on Tuesday next.

“Yesterday I met Brougham in the streets, and had a long walk with him, and found him much improved in temper—all sunshine, in fact. He says he never saw any one so improved as the Queen; that she really is very entertaining, particularly upon the

* The names indicated by initials, here and elsewhere, are given in full in the original.

† Created Lord Abinger in 1835.

subject of her travels. He is to manage a dinner for me there at an early date, and at her early hour, which is 3. . . . Meantime, her establishment is on the stocks and is getting on—the Duke of Roxburgh Grand Chamberlain, a young nobleman of 86, so that the breath of scandal can never touch *this* appointment. He is, however, a very excellent old man, and a *Whig*, and is worth at least £50,000 per ann. Poor Romilly gained him his estate, and had the highest possible opinion of him. The poor old fellow declined at first, and indeed now has consented with reluctance. I saw his letter to Brougham yesterday upon this subject, which was quite as good as any play. It seems he married for the first time 5 or 6 years ago, and has children. He asks Brougham, therefore, if her Majesty is fond of children, and if he may bring his little ones from Scotland to present to her; and then he says he will only undertake the office of Chamberlain upon condition that he (Brougham) will be guardian to the Marquis of Beaumont, aged 4 years and a half—the Duke's son. This condition, however, is a *secret*. Bruffam affected to be squeamish as to accepting this trust, but the job is done. Lord Hood is to be another of the Queen's household; a Countess of Roscommon (Irish) is mentioned as one of the female staff; Lady Charlotte Lindsay, &c., &c. Pray read Lord Holland's letter to the Wiltshire meeting; is not his anxiety for the Queen quite affecting, after all one knows of my lady's virtuous indignation against her? . . . I dined with Mrs. Taylor yesterday—Taylor and Miss Ferguson being engaged at Coutts's to celebrate his wedding day. They returned in the evening; Miss Ferguson, from her appearance, might have been in a hot bath. They sat down to dinner 30: old Coutts and his bride sitting side by side at the top of the table. The Dukes of York, Clarence and Sussex were there; at side-tables were placed musicians and songsters; one of the latter fraternity from Bath was paid £100 for his trip."

"21 Jan.

" . . . Sefton and I are going at 12 in his cabriolet towards Brandenburgh House, to see the addressers and processions to the Queen. Meantime the streets

are chuck full of people, quite as much as four months ago.

"Lord Holland came up to me at Brooks's yesterday, and reproached me for never coming near my lady; and, after many civil things in his pretty manner, he said I should go and see her with him. So I did, and she was all civility and *humility*. At parting, she begg'd I would look in upon her in the evening, and I found afterwards she had written to Lord Sefton in the morning, begging he would accomplish this *great point* with me. . . .

"*Apropos* of Tierney, a funny thing happened about him some time ago at Cashiobury. Decaze and Tierney being both dining there, Decaze said—'If the Opposition came in, what would they do with Napoleon?'—Upon which says old Cole* in her way—'Why, put him on the throne of France, to be sure!' Which sentiment was sent off by a special courier to old Louis *le désiré* the instant Decaze returned from dinner. Old Louis forwarded the frightful intelligence to Troppau, where the Emperor Alexander has made the regular complaint and remonstrance to Gordon, our Minister there, who has returned it duly to the Foreign Office. The most comical thing is the different ways in which Castlereagh and Tierney take it. The former has sent the latter a funny message, saying he wishes he would have no more jokes with Decaze about Buonaparte, for that he has played the devil at Troppau. But old Cole is frightened out of her wits, and talks of nothing else—is apprehensive the *country gentlemen* will be out with it in the House of Commons, and that *it may do* the party a serious injury. She and Decaze had a meeting yesterday, and the latter has agreed if necessary to depose on oath that he believes Tierney's observation was only made in joke.

"Holland set off at *four* this morning for Oxford, to help Lord Jersey at his county meeting.† It was with the greatest difficulty my lady let him go, and he begged me not to mention it before her, as it was a *very sore subject*."

* Tierney.

† In support of Queen Caroline.

" 23rd Jan.

"Late as it is (being precisely *one* according to the watchman) I must have a word with you before I go to bed. I dined, as you know, at Sefton's with Brougham, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine they both pressed me to go to Burlington House, which (tho' I had been summoned by the circular note) I declined. Before they went, however, I pressed upon Brougham the absolute necessity of having a vigorous discussion, if not division, upon the outrage offered to the H. of Commons by the last prorogation without a speech from the throne under all the extraordinary circumstances of the case. I pointed out to him how the thing ought to be done before the King's Speech was entered upon, and finally told him, if the meeting at Burlington House did not take this line, Folkestone and Western most likely would. It is impossible to convey to you a notion of his artificial, disingenuous jaw upon this subject, evidently shewing that he was for nothing being done. And so off they went, and I to Brooks's, where I met Folkestone, who says he will take his line, and Western will support him.

"About $\frac{1}{2}$ past eleven the party came in, having done (as it appears to me) as much mischief as they could in so short a time. Nothing to be done to-morrow, and Tavistock to move on Friday a *censure* upon Ministers—in other words, a motion to turn them out, and to supply their places with our own people—the only motion to do the Ministers the least service, as *I* think, under all their great difficulties. This is the more provoking, because Tavistock, from the same motive with myself, did not attend this meeting, and yet had yielded to the views of some one in letting a notice of this motion be given for him. Was there ever anything like the inveterate folly of this Cole in pursuit of her maze? . . ."

" 24th Jan.

" . . . As to Folkestone's intended proceedings yesterday, they were knocked on the head by the discovery of *one* precedent in the late King's time, in which a Parliament had been prorogued without a Speech, and by the thanks given in yesterday's Speech for the supplies of last year. . . ."

"26th.

"Nothing to-day, excepting Wellington's scrape last night in calling public meetings 'a farce.'* Was there ever such a goose to get into such a mess? He was pummelled black and blue by Carnarvon, Lansdowne and Holland, and had not only to apologise himself, but to get Liverpool to do the same for him. . . . You never saw a fellow so *vicious* as Grey, but all cordiality and good fellowship between him and me.

"Pray tell me how I am to act upon a point of form. I am invited to dine on Sunday week both by the Duke of Sussex and the Speaker, and both are considered as commands. . . ."

"29th Jan.

". . . Saturday I dined at the Fox Club—about 100 of us, *Grandeos* and *Tiers-etat* united. We are getting very much into the *Reform line*, I assure you. The Duke of Devonshire has declared for Reform: *Slice*† of Gloucester at Holkham ten days ago with royal solemnity declared himself a *Radical*. Yesterday I dined at the Duke of Sussex's, having contrived through Stevenson to change my day from next Sunday. Lord Thanet took me, and our party were the Dukes of Gloucester and Leinster, Lord Fitzwilliam, Thanet, Grey, Erskine, Cowper, Albemarle, Bob Adair and myself. We had an agreeable day enough. *Slice* kept us waiting three-quarters of an hour, but this time was not thrown away. Sussex told us *in confidence*, that the obstacle to the Queen's name being restored to the Prayer Book did not come from the King, but that he could not tell us

* The Duke, being taken to task in the House of Lords for having, as Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, refused to convene a county meeting to protest against the proceedings in the matter of the royal divorce, replied with characteristic, but injudicious, bluntness that, having already presented a petition in favour of the Queen signed by 9000 persons in that county, he did not see what good purpose could be served by "going through the farce of a county meeting." It was an unlucky expression, and was brought up against him on numerous occasions for many years.

† H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester.

more; and even for this valuable communication he desired not to be *quoted*. I was surprised to hear Lord Grey say that he knew this to be true.

"Then Sussex entertained us with stories of his cousin Olivia of Cumberland, with whom, for fun's sake, as he says, he has had various interviews, during which she has always pressed upon him, in support of her claims, her remarkable likeness to the Royal Family. Upon one occasion, being rather off her guard from temper or liquor, she smacked off her wig all at once, and said—'Why, did you ever in your life see such a likeness to yourself?' It seems that she lived in the capacity of *Pop Lolly* to Lord Warwick for many of the latter years of her life, and it is from some papers of his, and with the assistance of others, that she has at length started into the royal line.*

"Grey and Lambton and Lady Louisa had been all at Brandenburg House yesterday morning; and my lord's name was scarcely written by him, before the news flew like wildfire to the Queen, and he was told she begged to see him. So in he and Lambton went, and she seemed to be very much pleased, and so was he. So it's all very well—better late than never. . . .

"I have two more Royalties to give you, and then I have done with the family. At the Levée on Friday, the King turned his back upon Prince Leopold in the most pointed manner; upon which the said Leopold, without any alteration on a muscle of his face, walked up to the Duke of York, and in hearing of every one near him said—'The King has thought proper at last to take *his* line, and I shall take *mine*'—and so, with becoming German dignity, marched out of the house.

"You will be affected to hear that the dear Duchess of Gloucester is not happy, and that, tho' Slice is in politicks a Radical, in domestic life he is a tyrant. Some lady called on the Duchess (indeed it has happened to two different ladies), and, being admitted, was marched up quite to the top of the house; where, being arrived out of breath, the Duchess apologised with great feeling for the trouble

* See vol. i. p. 339, note.

she caused her in bringing her up so far, but that in truth it was owing to the cruel manner in which she was treated by the Duke—that he had taken it into his head that the suite of rooms on the drawing-room floor were not kept in sufficiently nice order, and on that account he had them locked up, and kept the keys himself. . . . It is no wonder that the King treated Slice the last time he was at Court with the same sauce he did Leopold. The Radical has declared he will never go again.

“Before dinner, we had some conversation upon the old story whether Francis was Junius, Grey and Erskine both expressing their most perfect conviction that he was. Erskine mentioned a curious thing, which was confirmed by Lord Thanet. It seems they were both dining with Lady Francis, since Sir Philip’s death, when Erskine asked her if Francis ever told her, or whether she ever collected from his conversation, that he was the author of Junius. To which she answered that he had never mentioned the subject, and that the only allusion to it was in a book. So she went out of the room, and brought back the little book ‘Junius Identified,’ and in the title page was written ‘Francis,’ and, signed with his name—‘I leave this book as a legacy to my dear wife.’ This I think, considering he never would touch the subject or the book of ‘Junius Identified,’ affords an additional strong presumption it was he.

“Erskine was to the last degree ridiculous at dinner. Upon Warren’s name being mentioned, he said he certainly could not be called a ‘free Warren,’ and then added—‘indeed *rabbits* were hole-and-corner men, and who could say they were not?’

“Upon some objections being taken to Erskine’s wig at dinner, he said it had been made for Coutts, and that Mrs. Coutts had been kind enough to give it to him; and then he pulled it off, when, to all our great surprise, tho’ bald, he looked so beautiful and young he might have been 35 or 40 years of age at most.* He was so impressed with our compliments that he has promised to abandon wigs altogether when warm weather comes.

* Erskine was then seventy-one.

"Slice, who I had never met before, and who, you know, is a proverbial bore, behaved very well and modestly, which of course was owing to his being only second fiddle; but I assure you the two cousins made a very good exhibition of Royalty, both in propriety and agreeableness.

"Thanet brought me back—first to Lady Jersey's, but she was not ready to receive her company, so we came to Brooks's. Then Cowper took me to Lady Holland's, where her ladyship looked as forlorn and discontented as ever she could look. She was in state, with Henry * at her feet—few men—no ladies, and the whole concern to the greatest degree sombre. Her great aversion at present is Lady Jersey, as taking her company from her, which I don't wonder at, as Cowper and I soon went there, and found a very merry party, cracking their jokes about a round table. Lady Jersey herself is a host, and then there were Brougham, Grey, Lambton, Lord Jersey, Duncannon, Lord and Lady Ossulston, Lady Sefton, Lord A. Hamilton, Cowper and myself: so it was all very well. My lady was all 'mug' to me about my farce on Friday,† and at parting desired me to lose no time in firing into them again.

"It has given me great pleasure to see Sir Lowry Cole's name stand next to mine in the list of the division. To some one who talked to him whilst we were dividing, he said he never had but one opinion as to the impropriety of striking the Queen's name out of the Liturgy, and he was glad the time was come when he could express his opinion by his vote. Upon my word, the gentlemanly conduct of these soldiers—Lord Howard and Sir Lowry Cole—both dependent to a great degree upon the Crown, is quite touching. They leave your independent squires a hundred miles behind them. . . . Of publick affairs

* Lord Holland.

† A speech on going into Committee of Supply, of which Creevey says in another letter—"This little sortie was, I assure you, rather well done, and eminently useful in a very crowded House. 'Mouldy' [Mr. Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer, afterwards Lord Bexley] made an attempt to punish me, but was instantly smothered in universal derision."

there is nothing new. If the people keep up their feelings, and the expression of them as strongly as ever, on the subject of the Queen's exclusion from the Liturgy, the Government and their followers are no better off, and in truth much worse than before they waded so triumphantly thro' the *dirt* on Friday. I keep to my creed that this blackguard, foolish war with the Queen will *eventually* ruin the Ministers and produce some great change in the House of Commons."

"Brooks's, 30th Jan., 1821.

"... I dined at Sefton's yesterday—Lord Grey, Lady Louisa and Lambton and Mr. and Mrs. Bruffham. . . . Grey is so keen with me about giving Brother Bragge * a dust about accepting his office and not vacating his seat, that I must, I believe, accommodate him. . . . When, at dinner, I described old Cole's attempt at crimping me into the Doctor's camp † in 1803, assisted by those distinguished statesmen Porter and Brogden, he grinned most profusely, saying—'God forgive me! as Lord King says, but I can't help liking him.'"

"Brooks's, 2nd Feby.

"... I have just discharged my duty to my native town [Liverpool] in seconding their petition. I rather think I never did anything so well. I spoke for about 20 minutes; the House was as mute as mice, and Castlereagh as grave as a judge at all I said. After dwelling upon the villainy of Castlereagh's new law of a 3rd reading of a Bill of Pains and Penalties in the Lords making a *moral conviction* of the defendant, coupled with all the enormous abuse that was nightly discharged upon her by his friends, I stated the utter impossibility of her taking the money from Castlereagh and his House. . . ."

* The Right Hon. Charles Bragge Bathurst, cousin of Lord Bathurst, Secretary of State for War and the Colonies. Bragge Bathurst had been brought into the Cabinet as President of the Board of Control and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

† Tierney's attempt to enlist Creevey in support of Addington. [See vol. i. p. 22.]

On 5th February Brougham redeemed his pledge to testify publicly on his honour to his belief in the innocence of Queen Caroline. He concluded as follows a speech on Lord Tavistock's motion of want of confidence in Ministers because of their conduct of the proceedings against the Queen: "It is necessary, Sir, for me, with the seriousness and sincerity which it may be permitted to a man upon the most solemn occasions to express, to assert what I now do assert in the face of this House, that if, instead of an advocate, I had been sitting as a judge at another tribunal, I should have been found among the number of those who, laying their hands upon their hearts, conscientiously pronounced her Majesty 'Not Guilty.' For the truth of this assertion I desire to tender every pledge that may be most valued and most sacred. I wish to make it in every form which may be deemed most solemn and most binding; and if I believe it not as I now advance it, I here imprecate on myself every curse which is most horrid and most penal."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Brooks's, 6th Feb.

"... On Sunday morning our grandees, or some of them, had a meeting upstairs here to consider the practicability of making a provision for the Queen by raising from £200,000 to £300,000 by subscription. You will easily imagine I had no business there,* but Sefton and Lord Thanet sent Lambton to bring me there by force, so I heard what passed, and such a game chicken as Fitzwilliam I never beheld. Let me do justice, too, to Alec Baring, who smoothed away the least suggestion of any difficulty; and, in short, it was decided in two minutes *to do the thing*."

* Seeing that he was such a poor man.

Old Fitzwilliam went off directly to the Duke of Devonshire, who is quite as eager to start as the rest, provided it is not done till the H. of Commons shall have decided this day week, on Smith's motion, not to restore the Queen's name to the Liturgy. Then a kind of State paper is to come out from our people, shewing the absolute impossibility of the Queen, situated as she is, accepting the provision from the Crown and Parliament, and proposing *their* plan, with the names annexed to it, of making a voluntary provision; and no one seems to entertain a doubt of the success of the measure. . . .

"Never was there such an exhibition as that of yesterday by the defenders of the Ministers. Brother Bragge could scarcely be heard, in which he was highly judicious; Bankes might have been hired for Mackintosh to flog; Peel was as feeble as be damned, and the daring, dramatic Horace Twiss made his first, and probably his last appearance on the stage.* On the other hand, I am sorry to say that Tavistock was infinitely below himself. . . . Lambton's was a very pretty, natural and ornamental speech, delivered with singular grace and discretion, and a beautiful voice withal. But old 'Praise God' Milton in a short speech handled a couple of points in a much more powerful manner than anything Lambton did. . . . Nothing but the general and overpowering distress can keep the country steady to the Queen against the Court Ministers. . . . It is said that the appointment of Sir Lowry Cole to be governor of Sheerness was made out, and immediately cancelled after his vote on Friday, and that it is now given to Lord Combermere.† . . ."

* This was a singularly bad prophecy. Twiss, who entered Parliament in 1820, made a fine appearance in the debate on Roman Catholic disabilities on 23rd March, 1821, and vigorously opposed the Reform Bill. Lord Campbell describes him as "the impersonation of a debating society rhetorician," and adds, "Though inexhaustibly fluent, his manner certainly was very flippant, factitious, and unbusinesslike." Macaulay remarks that, when the Reform Bill passed a second reading, "the face of Twiss was as the face of a damned soul."

† Cole was appointed Governor of Mauritius in 1823.

"7th Feb.

"... I confess I had no notion such a majority could have been found to give a direct negative to the allegation that the late proceedings had been 'derogatory from the dignity of the Crown and injurious to the best wishes of the People.' . . . The last half of Brougham's speech was quite inimitable. He made the declaration he formerly told me he would, as to his perfect conviction of the Queen's innocence, and he did it in a manner so solemn, and, if I may say so, so magnificent, that it was met with the loudest and almost universal cheers."

"Feb. 11th.

"... I was at Brougham's by half-past two, and found Craven waiting. As soon as Brougham was ready, we set off to pick up Mrs. Damer, who was to dine also with the Queen. And here let me stop to express my admiration for this extraordinary person. You know she is Field Marshal Conway's daughter, cousin of Lord Hertford, &c., &c. She is the person who paid all her husband's debts, without the least obligation upon her so to do, and she is the person who renounced all claim to half of Lord Clinton's estate when she was informed that by law she was entitled to it. She is 70 years of age, and as fresh as if she was 50. . . . Well—when we reached Brandenburg House, we were ushered up a very indifferent staircase and through an ante-room into a very handsome, well-proportioned room from 40 to 50 feet long, very lofty, with a fine coved ceiling, painted with gods and goddesses in their very best clothes. The room looks upon the Thames, and is not a hundred yards from it. Upon our entrance, the Queen came directly to Mrs. Damer, then to Brougham, and then to me. I am not sure whether I did not commit the outrage of putting out my hand without her doing the same first; be it as it may, however, we did shake hands. She then asked me if I had not forgotten her, and I can't help thinking she considered my visit as somewhat *late*, or otherwise she would have said something civil about my uniform support. She is

not much altered in face or figure, but very much in manner. She is much more stately and much more agreeable. She was occasionally very grave. . . . She took me aside twice after dinner, and talked to me of her situation. She is evidently uneasy about money. . . . She mentioned no women, but the Duke of Wellington did not escape an observation from her, as to the surprise it occasioned in her that he should be so violent against her. . . . A curious thing happened at dinner. . . . Craven, who turns out to be a wag, with all his propriety, was alluding to that celebrated ball or *fête* where the Queen was the Genius of History. It seems the whole of this *fête* was got up by a Duke of Caparo; every character was prescribed by him, and both the Queen and Craven laughed heartily at the recollection that, the Genius of History being to enter preceded by Fame, when the time for their appearance arrived, Fame's trumpet could not be found, and the performance was stopped for some time, till Fame was obliged to put up with a *horn* of one of the Duke of Caparo's keepers. . . .

"Our company of ladies was Mme. Olde and Mme. Felice. . . . Mme. Felice is a very, very little woman, with one of the prettiest faces I ever saw. I should think she was not much older than 20, though she has been married 5 years. As we went down to dinner, Craven handed the Queen, Brougham Mrs. Damer; Mme. Felice, who was leaning on the arm of a foreigner, seeing me unprovided for came in the most natural, laughing manner, and put her arm thro' mine. . . . Of men, the principal was the Marquis of Antalda, a great proprietor in Pessaro and Bologna . . . a person of great consideration in his own country, a man of letters, and 'as agreeable a man as you will find anywhere. . . . There might be six or seven other men, and nothing could be more decorous or more courtlike than they all were in their manner to the Queen. . . . We came away before eight. . . . There is a capital picture by Hoppner of Berkeley and Keppel Craven. The only picture belonging to her Majesty is one of Alderman Wood without a frame."

"Brooks's, 14th Feb.

". . . Our folks are to meet presently about the Queen's subscription. Unfortunately Fitzwilliam is out of town, but Milton is now by my side."

"4 o'clock.

"The meeting is over : very thinly attended, and things looking damned ill and black."

"Brooks's, 16 Feb.

". . . You never saw such a change in any person as in Brougham. He is involved in the deepest thought, and apparently chagrin. He never comes near Sefton, as was his daily custom, nor can we conjecture what he is about. I think his false step about the Queen in advising her to refuse the money must surely have something to do with it. He seems most wretched. Grey and Lambton and Lady Louisa, &c., &c., are to dine with the Queen to-morrow. . . ."

"24th Feb.

". . . The Queen has bought Cambridge House in South Audley Street. . . . Thanet and Sefton advanced the deposit money, £3000, this morning. I am afraid you don't see the *Times*, otherwise you would read in it Holland's apology for having said in his speech in the House of Lords that the Emperor of Russia was concern'd in his father's death. Lady Holland has never slept since; Madame Lieven declines all further intercourse with the Hollands, and, in short, the contemptible statement in the *Times*, tho' anonymous, is from Holland himself, and made as his peace offering to the Emperor of all the Russias,* the Lievens and the Princess of Madagascar."†

* The use of this clumsy paraphrase of the Czar's title is, of course, very common in British parlance, but is none the less a barbarism. The meaning of the term in Russian is "the all-Russian Emperor," in the same sense that one uses the terms "Pan-Germanic," "Pan-Anglican," &c.

† In Lady Caroline Lamb's novel *Glenarvon*, Lady Holland was presented as the "Princess of Madagascar."

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"London, 19 July, 1821.

"DEAR C.,

"This town is in a state of general lunacy beginning most certainly with the Illustrious Person on the throne. Geo. 3. was an ill used man to be shut up for 10 years. His son has slept none, I believe, since you left town; nor will, till it is over. Yesterday he went for near 3 hours to Buckingham House, where Lawrence was painting Lady Conynghame. He then came back and had another row with his ministers, having been all Saturday and half of Sunday in a squabble with them; and, soon after he was housed, there drove along the Mall furiously a carriage and four, which was followed by my informant and found to contain old Wellesley in person. He was actually traced into Carlton House by the back door. You may make what you please of this,* but the fact is undoubted, as Duncannon and Calcraft were the persons who saw him.

"To-day the Q.'s being allowed to enter the Abbey is doubted . . . but I still think it possible the Big Man may have gout and not be up to it.†

"Yours,
"H. B."

"20th July.

"... The paroxysm rather encreases than diminishes, and literally extends to all classes. There never was a more humbling sight in this world. The Ministers are still sitting and squabbling; nor have they to this hour (5) made up their minds whether to stop her or not. My belief is they will let her pass, and also admit her at the Abbey if she persists. She is quite resolved to do so, and comes to sleep at Cambridge House for the purpose. But she is sure to blunder about the hour, and to give them excuses for turning

* The inference was that the Cabinet was jibbing about the Queen's exclusion, and that the King contemplated laying his commands on Wellesley to form an administration.

† The Coronation.

her back by being late. . . . We [Brougham and Denman] thought at one time she meant to command our attendance, which we had resolved, of course, to refuse, as no more in our department than going to Astley's; but she did not venture. She has turned off the poor Chaplain Fellowes, who wrote all the balderdash answers, to make room for Wood's son; but the Alderman has failed in an attempt to turn off Hieronymus, the Major-domo, in order to put some friend of his in the place. Dr. Parr has written a vehement letter to advise against her going, and certainly this is the prevailing opinion among her friends. I suppose I must be wrong, but I still cannot see it in the same light; and of this I am quite sure, that she would have been quite as much blamed had she stayed away. It is also certain that nothing short of a quarrel and resigning would have stopped her: perhaps not even that; . . . but to take such a step, one ought to have been much more positive against the measure than I have ever been from the first."

"Thursday.

"DEAR C.,

"The Qn. (as I found on going to her house at 20 minutes before six this morning) started at a quarter past five, and drove down Constitution Hill in the mulberry—Lady A[nne] H[amilton] and Lady Hood sitting opposite. Hesse (in uniform) and Lord H[ood] in another carriage went before. I followed on foot and found she had swept the crowd after her: it was very great, even at that hour. She passed thro' Storey's Gate, and then round Dean's Yard, where she was separated from the crowd by the gates being closed. The refusal was peremptory at all the doors of the Abbey when she tried, and one was banged in her face. . . . She was saluted by all the soldiery, and even the people in the seats, who had paid 10 and 5 guineas down, and might be expected to hiss most at the untimely interruption, hissed very little and applauded loudly in most places. In some they were silent, but the applause and waving handkerchiefs prevailed. I speak from hearsay of various persons of different parties, having been obliged to leave

it speedily, being recognised and threatened with honors.

"About $\frac{1}{2}$ past six [A.M.] she had finished her walks and calls at the doors, and got into the carriage to return. She came by Whitehall, Pall Mall and Piccadilly. The crowd in the Broad Street of Whitehall was immense (the barriers being across Parlt. St. and King St.). All, or nearly all followed her and risked losing their places. They crammed Cockspur Street and Pall Mall, &c., hooting and cursing the King and his friends, and huzzaing her. A vast multitude followed her home, and then broke windows. But they soon (in two or three hours) dispersed or went back.

"I had just got home and she sent for me, so I went and breakfasted with her, and am now going to dine, which makes me break off; but I must add that the King was *not* well received at all—silence in many places, and a mixture of hisses and groans in others. However, there were some bounds kept with him. For Wood and Waithman—a division of hissing and shouting—for the Atty. and Solr. Gen. an unmixed hissing of the loudest kind. *This* verdict is really of some moment, when you consider that the jury was very much a special, if not a packed, one. The general feeling, even of her own partisans, was very much agt. her going; but far more agt. their behaviour to her. I still can't see it in that light; and as she will go quietly back to B[randenburg] House,* avoiding all mob most carefully, she gains more than she loses, and I think her very lucky in being excluded. They put it on not being at liberty to recognise her or any one, except as ticket-bearers. Lord H[ood] shewed me one which they said of course would pass *any one* of the party, but she refused to go in except as Q. and without a ticket. The one Lord H. shewed me was the Beau's,† and I have it as a memorial of the business. . . ."

Brougham now made plans to rouse the North in the Queen's favour, though he appears to have

* She had come to Cambridge House for the Coronation.

† The Duke of Wellington's.

opposed Her Majesty going there in person. His plans, here characteristically sketched in a letter to Creevey, were never carried into effect, death intervening mercifully to remove Queen Caroline from the troubled scene—the scene which her continued presence could only have rendered still more troubled. The appalling severity of the remedies administered can scarcely have failed to accelerate her release.

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey (at Cantley).*

“26th July.

“DEAR C.,

“The Queen certainly goes to Scotland. . . . I should not wonder if she were to go thro’ the manufacturing districts. Possibly Birmingham (where the K. refused to go) may be in her way. It is on the cards that she should be found in the W. Riding and in Lancashire. For aught I know H. M. may then pass across towards Durham and Newcastle. Indeed the great towns are peculiarly interesting to a person of her contemplative cast. One whose mind is improved by foreign travel naturally loves tracts of country where the population is much crowded, and it is worthy of H. M.’s enlightened mind to patronise the ingenuous artizan. The coal trade, too, is highly interesting. I only hope she may not call at Howick on her way. . . . The time of her setting out is not fixed, depending naturally upon her beloved husband’s motions. . . . The Chamberlain’s place is not yet given away. The Ministers are believed to have resolved to bear this no longer, and to have agreed on a remonstrance to the K. about the Green Ribbons.† He will, of course, say something civil that means little—make some promise that means less—let them name to one place, name to the other himself—and so settle matters as to enable him to go over to Ireland. . . . The Queen

* Michael Angelo Taylor’s place in Yorkshire.

† The King had been creating Knights of the Thistle without taking the advice of his Ministers.

has lost incalculably by getting out of her carriage and tramping about; going and being refused, and damaging the Coronation, was all very well, but the way of doing it was very bad. . . ."

"28th July.

"The Chamberlain not yet given away, and there seems an idea of Wellesley. I heartily wish the present state of squabble between the K. and his Ministers was over, and he and Ly. C[onyngnam] no longer civil to the Whigs. There is no chance of its bringing about any change, but the risk is frightful—I mean of any change operated by *such* means. His dining with the Beau* to-morrow, and the whole Ministers dining with him [the King] to-day, looks like matters being settled between them. At the Levee yesterday he was particularly rude to Hesse; so was he to the Lord Mayor at the Coronation. . . . I have not seen her [the Queen], but I shall to-night, and certainly shall throw cold water on the northern expedition. . . .

"H. B."

Viscount Hood (Lord Chamberlain to Queen Caroline) to Henry Brougham, M.P.

"21 July, 1821, Brandenburg House.

"MY DEAR SIR,

" . . . Her Majesty has commanded me to say she intends visiting Scotland, but I have not as yet heard the time fixed. . . ."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Cantley, Aug. 8.

" . . . Brougham was here for a very short time on Sunday night, having left London at six on Saturday evening, travelled all night, and being obliged to go to York that night (40 miles), so as to be ready for the assizes in the morning. . . . As to his Royal

* The Duke of Wellington.

Mistress, his account was most curious. On Friday last she lost sixty-four ounces of blood; took first of all 15 grains of calomel, which they think she threw up again in the whole or in part; and then she took 40 grains more of calomel which she kept entirely in her stomach; add to this a quantity of castor oil that would have turned the stomach of a horse. Nevertheless, on Friday night the inflammation had subsided, tho' not the obstruction on the liver.

"Her will and certain deeds had been got all ready by Friday night according to her own instructions. Brougham asked her if it was her pleasure then to execute them; to which she said—'Yes, Mr. Brougham; where is Mr. Denman?' in the tone of voice of a person in perfect health. Denman then opened the curtain of her bed, there being likewise Lushington, Wilde and two Proctors from the Commons. The will and papers being read to her, she put her hand out of bed, and signed her name four different times in the steadiest manner possible. In doing so she said with great firmness—'I am going to die, Mr. Brougham; but it does not signify.'—Brougham said—'Your Majesty's physicians are quite of a different opinion.'—'Ah,' she said, 'I know better than them. I tell you I shall die, but I don't mind it.' . . ."

Viscount Hood to Henry Brougham, M.P.

"Brandenburgh House, 8th Aug., 1821.

"... The melancholy event took place at 25 minutes past 10 o'clock last night, when our dear Queen breathed her last. Her Majesty has quitted a scene of uninterrupted persecution, and for herself I think her death is not to be regretted. . . . She died in peace with all her enemies. *Je ne mourrai sans douleur, mais je mourrai sans regret*—was frequently expressed by her Majesty. I never beheld a firmer mind, or any one with less feelings at the thought of dying, which she spoke of without the least agitation, and at different periods of her illness, even to very few hours of her dissolution, arranged her worldly concerns. . . ."

Mr. Wilde to Henry Brougham, M.P.

" Guildford, 8th Aug., 1821.

" . . . Lushington and myself this morning saw Lord Liverpool and gave copies of the will and codicils. Government take charge of the funeral, which they intend shall be a private one. Lord Liverpool referred me to Lord Melville, who we saw, and he will immediately order a squadron, which will be ready in a week. The body is to be embarked at Harwich and landed at Cuxhaven. . . . Lushington is married this morning; and has left London, to return on Friday. . . ."

Dr. Lushington to Henry Brougham, M.P.

" Carlton, near Newmarket, 9 Aug., 1821.

" MY DEAR B.,

" . . . I arrived just before 4 on Tuesday, and the Queen immediately desired to see me. . . . Baillie soon after assured me she was dying, but that the event would not take place for some hours. I went away for a short time, and then remained in the room till death closed the scene. . . . On her death happening, Wilde and myself secured all the repositories as well as we could. This occupied us till between 2 and 3 in the morning. . . . My situation was truly painful. You know I was to be married that very morning—Wednesday. I could not, for various reasons, postpone it; so, having taken 2 hours rest, I went to Hampstead, was married, and immediately returned to town. I had, on the death taking place, sent an express to Lord Liverpool. He came to town. I saw him with Wilde. He behaved extremely well—said Government would defray the expense of the funeral, and that he issued orders from the Chamberlain's office. He readily assented that the body should not be opened, and that the funeral should take place at Brunswick. By his desire I went over to Lord Melville, and he arranged that two frigates should be sent to Harwich and convey it to Cuxhaven. . . ."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

" Cantley, Aug. 11.

" . . . The death of this poor woman under all its circumstances is a most striking event and gave me an infernal lump in my throat most part of Thursday. . . . Nothing in my mind could be so calculated to injure this poor woman as the extraordinary overture made by Brougham to the Government in 1819. It seems that, at his request or by his direction, the Queen came from Italy to Lyons in the autumn of that year for the sole purpose of meeting Brougham there, to consult with him upon her situation; but, forsooth, 'he could not go—he was *busy*.' This is all the excuse he makes for himself, and then he seems to think it odd she was very angry at this disappointment. He admits, likewise, that on this occasion she became very ill. So he was to have gone to her at Milan in the Easter of 1820, as you know he told me, when he asked me to go with him. . . . But he never mentioned having so lately brought the poor woman to Lyons for nothing. When I recall to mind how often, during our journey to Middleton at that time,* he spoke of the Whig candidates for office with the most sovereign contempt—how he hinted at his own intercourse with the Crown and Ministers, and conveyed to me the impression that he thought himself more likely to be sent for to make a Ministry than any one else—how clear it is that the accomplishment of this divorce was to be the ways and means by which his purposes were to be effected.† . . . There

* See vol. i. p. 295.

† Mr. Creevey was not singular in his suspicion of Brougham. Writing on 12th April, 1821, J. W. Croker observes: "Brougham, it is said, *grossly* has sold the Queen. There is no doubt that he has withdrawn himself a good deal from her, and I believe has been for some time in underground communication with Carlton House." Again on April 22nd: "Brougham and Denman sworn in the day before yesterday as Attorney- and Solicitor-General to the Queen. Brougham, I hear, wished to secure the profits without the inconveniences of the appointment, and offered not to assume it if Government would give him a patent of precedence, but the Chancellor refused" [*The Croker Papers*, i. 172-3].

is one subject which gives me some uneasiness—in the making of her will, the Queen wished to leave some diamonds to Victorine, the child of Bergami, of whom she was so fond. This was not liked by Brougham and her other lawyers, so the bequest does not appear in the will; but the jewels are nevertheless to be conveyed to Victorine. This, you know, is most delicate matter—to be employed on her death-bed in sending her jewels from Lady Anne Hamilton and Lady Hood to Bergami's child appears to me truly alarming. I mean, should it be known, and one is sure it will be so, for Taylor had a letter from Denison last night mentioning such a report, and being quite horrified at it. On the other hand, when I expressed the same sentiment to Brougham, he thought nothing of it. His creed is that she was a *child-fancier*: that Bergami's elevation was all owing to her attachment to Victorine, and he says his conviction is strengthened every day of her entire innocence as to Bergami. This, from Brougham, is a great deal, because I think it is not going too far to say that he absolutely *hated* her; nor do I think her love for her Attorney General was very great."

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Aug. 14, 1821.

"DEAR C.,

"I have seen Lushington and Wilde repeatedly. They are at this moment in negociation with the Govt.; or rather throwing up all concern with the funeral on account of this indecent hurry. Their ground is a clear one: they won't take charge of it from Stade—the port in Hanover—to Brunswick without knowing that arrangements are ready to receive them. . . . The Govt., only wishing the speedy embarkation, *as they avow*, for the sake of not delaying the dinner at Dublin, insist on getting it on board as quick as possible, and don't mind what happens afterwards. . . . I shall, I think, be satisfied with going to Harwich with it, and not go, as I had intended, to Brunswick."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

" Cantley, Aug. 18th.

" . . . Here is Brougham again. He has been at Harwich, where he saw the body of the Queen embarked about 3 o'clock on Thursday; and then immediately came across the country, and, after travelling all night, got here to dinner yesterday, and proceeds to Durham to-night to join the circuit there. I wish very much I had been at Harwich: according to Brougham's account it must have been the most touching spectacle that can be imagined—the day magnificently beautiful—the sea as smooth as glass—our officers by land and sea all full dressed—soldiers and sailors all behaving themselves with the most touching solemnity—the yards of the four ships of war all manned—the Royal Standard drooping over the coffin and the Queen's attendants in the centre boat—every officer with his hat off the whole time—minute guns firing from the ships and shore, and thousands of people on the beach sobbing out aloud. . . . It was as it should be—and the only thing that was so during the six and twenty years' connection of this unhappy woman with this country. . . . The Queen appointed as executors of her will Bagot,* the Minister of this country to America, and Lord Clarendon, and she left them all her papers sealed up. The other day Lord Jersey received a letter from Lord Clarendon begging him to come to him, which he did. He [Lord Clarendon] then told him that he was going as executor to open his [Lord Jersey's] mother's papers.† The seal was then taken off, and letters from the Monarch to his former sweetheart caught Jersey's eye in great abundance. Lord Clarendon then proceeded to put them all in the fire, saying he had merely wished Lord Jersey to be present at their destruction, and as a witness that they had never been seen by any one. Very genteel, this, on Lord Clarendon's part to the

* Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Bagot.

† Frances, wife of the 4th Earl of Jersey. Her relations with the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) were notorious. She died 25th July, 1821.

living Monarch and memory of his mistress, but damned provoking to think that such capital materials for the instruction and improvement of men and womankind should be eternally lost! Let me add to the honor of Jersey, and indeed of his wife (for it was her money, not his), that he had raised his mother's jointure from £1100 per ann. to £3500, and that he has paid at different times £6000 and £2000 in discharge of her debts. . . .

"And now what do you think Brougham said to me not an hour ago?—that if he had gone with the Queen's body to Brunswick, it would have been going too far—it would have been over-acting his part; '*it being very well known that through the whole of this business he had never been very much for the Queen!*' Now upon my soul, this is quite true, and, being so, did you ever know anything at all to equal it?

"Brougham showed me a letter he has received from Pauline,* from Italy, requiring his influence with the Government to obtain permission for her to go out to St. Helena to her brother Bonaparte. It encloses a variety of medical and other reports, stating his rapidly declining health, and that she wishes to go out to him with all possible dispatch. *Apropos* to this subject, Brougham and Lord Roslyn called on Wilson† one day this week, and found Bertrand and Montholon with him. . . . There are two fellows in London from Talleyrand to negotiate Bonaparte's *Memoires* from them. This is believed to be their object, and Lady Holland writes from Paris that Talleyrand is cursedly alarmed about these said *memoires*."

"Cantley, 27th August, 1821.

"... Lauderdale (who is here) tells me that when the Ministers have any papers for the King to sign, they write a letter to Bloomfield begging him to get the King's signature, and Bloomfield again has to solicit Du Paquier, the King's valet, to seize a favorable opportunity . . . but that, after all, the operation is the most difficult possible to get accomplished.

* Napoleon's second sister, the Princess Borghese.

† Sir Robert Wilson.

"The different opinions Lauderdale and I have of late entertained makes no difference in his manner to me. There is not an atom of anything artificial in him, and he sat down to dinner yesterday with us four in his *green ribbon*, just as he did with us at Brussels. *Apropos* to his green ribbon: he told us that the day the King gave it him, and almost immediately after, he attended an appointment he had with Lord Bathurst . . . so he took that opportunity of saying:—'His Majesty, my lord, has just forced upon me the Knighthood of the Thistle.'—'How?' replied Lord Bathurst with the greatest surprise, 'who has made the vacancy?'—'I don't know anything about that,' says Lauderdale, 'but all I *do* know is that the King has just made *four* of us!' . . . Then again, Lauderdale says when the King knighted these four so unexpectedly to them all, Melville, who was one, said:—'Has your Majesty mentioned it to Lord Liverpool?'—'Not a word of it, my good lord,' says old Prinney, 'it is not the least necessary, I assure you.'—To you and me, this was very pretty humor, I think, and if Prinney never did anything worse, I, for one, would most willingly forgive him.* . . .

"Now for another of Lauderdale's stories. You know his connection with the Duke of York and all about him. He was executor, it seems, to the Duchess; so, before the poor woman was buried, the Minister from the Elector of Hesse requested an audience of Lauderdale, the object of which was to say that, as the Duke no doubt would marry again, he had thought it his duty to mention that the Elector, his master, had a daughter whom he thought well qualified to be the Duke's second wife, and, well-knowing Lauderdale's great influence with the Duke, he had judged it right to make this early application to him. About a week after the Duchess's funeral, Lauderdale mentioned this to the Duke, who immediately said:—'This is the *second* application to me, for the King has communicated to me his wishes that I should marry again; but my mind

* It was, of course, contrary to constitutional custom; because, albeit the Sovereign is the Fountain of Honour, Ministers are the recognised channels through which such honours flow; and such channels do not usually serve to irrigate the Opposition.

is quite made up to do no such thing, and so I have given the King to understand.'

"Not so, however, our dear Prinney. His mind is clearly made up, according to Lauderdale, to have another wife, and all his family are of that opinion. He goes straight for Hanover and Vienna after his Irish trip, so probably he will pick up something before his return at Xmas. . . ."

"Cantley, Sept. 3rd.

"... Lauderdale left us on Wednesday. Mrs. Taylor and myself had each of us a good deal of conversation with him separately about Brougham. To me, he avowed his old opinion as to Brougham's insanity, and renewed his old question whether 'I had any doubt' on the subject. He told me all that Brougham himself had told me as to him (B.) being the first person to propose the divorce, and he added that Lord Hutchinson had no more to do with the concern than he, Lauderdale, had—that Brougham persuaded him [Lord Hutchinson] to go over to St. Omer's merely as a friend, and then decoyed him into making the proposal, upon the ground that *the Queen would suspect any proposition that came from him—B.* . . . I said to Lauderdale—'How could Hutchinson under such circumstances practice the forbearance he did?'—'Because,' said L., 'he must have fought Brougham and ruined him for ever, and he generously preferred sacrificing his own feelings and himself. It was a question much agitated in the family. Kit Hutchinson* was for war with Brougham, but Lord H. would let nothing be done. Had ever man such an escape as Brougham? To Mrs. Taylor, Lauderdale said that he (L.) was the first man Brougham spoke to in the spring of 1819 on the subject of the divorce, desiring him to forward the proposal either to the King or the Government, but that he (L.) positively refused, asking B. at the same time if it was not highly indelicate for such a proposal to come from him. Upon the whole, I am quite convinced that Brougham's intention was to sacrifice the

* The Hon. Christopher H. Hutchinson, M.P. for Cork, younger brother of Lord Hutchinson.

Queen from motives either of personal ambition or revenge; and I am still more convinced now of what I always suspected—that, when he entered the House of Commons on the 7th of June (I think it was) last year on his return from St. Omer's, his fixed intention was to sacrifice her that night by renouncing all further support of her, and that he was prevented from doing so by finding Bennett and myself taking the part we did on that occasion. . . . I enclose you a copy I have taken of a letter from Lady Glengall to Mrs. Taylor—very curious and entertaining. You know she has been Lady Conyngham's 'nearest and dearest' in former times. . . . You know she is an Irishwoman—a niece of old Lord Clare—was at the head of Dublin in the days of all its polished and profligate society; and nothing can be so natural, I think, as her criticism upon it in its present degraded state. In her days, Conyngham was in poverty, and Lady Conyngham owed her first introduction to Dublin high life exclusively to Lady Glengall. . . ."

Countess of Glengall to Mrs. Taylor.

"Dublin, Aug. 27th.

"Now then, to perform my promise! but it would require the wit of a Creevey, the pen of a Pindar* or the pencil of a Gilray to do justice to the scene. Bedlam broke loose would be tame and rational to the madness of this whole nation; for persons of *all* ranks are collected from *all* parts to add their madness and loyalty to that of this *mad-tropolis*. The first sight that struck my eyes on landing out of the steam-boat was the print of his sacred feet cut in the stone,

well turned in, thus



. I proceeded a little further, when a triumphal arch struck my astonished eyes. It was worthy and only fit for Jack-in-the-

* *I.e.* John Wolcott, who, under the pseudonym of "Peter Pindar," wrote *The Lousiad*, and a great quantity of occasional, satirical, and often scurrilous poems.

Green on a May Day. Rags hung from every window which are called flags, but which would be taken by any one in their senses for the sign of a dyer's shop. Not one human being in mourning, and when I appeared in sables at a ball, and was asked who I mourned for, I was called a Radical! He was dead DRUNK when he landed on the 12th of August—his own birthday. They drank all the wine on board the steamboat, and then applied to the whiskey punch, till he could hardly stand. This accounts for his eloquent speech to Lord Kingston, which you may have seen in the papers:—'You blackwhiskered rascal!' etc. They clawed and pawed him all over, and called him his *Ethereal* Majesty. . . . They absolutely kiss his knees and feet, and he is enchanted with it all. Alas! poor degraded country! I cannot but blush for you. Think of their having applauded Castlereagh! It is exactly as if a murderer were brought to view the body of his victim, and that he was to be applauded for his crime; for Dublin is but the mangled corpse of what it was; and he—the man whom they *huzza*—the cut-throat who brought it to its present condition.

"Lady C[onyngham] shows but little in public. She lives at the King's own lodge at the Phoenix Park. He returned from Slane* this day and report says he is to pay another visit there. It is much talked of by all ranks, and many witticisms are dealt forth. . . . Ye Gods! how they will fight next week. The persons who are most active and forward in managing the *fêtes* will be undone, as the money subscribed cannot be collected. It is a melancholy farce from beginning to end, and they have voted him a palace! In short, palaces in the air and drunkards under the table are the order of the day. Ireland, I am ashamed of you! He never can stand it: his head must go. Indeed, were I to tell you half, you would say that it was already going, but in all in which *she* is concerned, I wish to be silent. . . . Far from doing good to this wretched country, his visit is making people spend money which they don't possess. . . . Nothing is so indecent as the total neglect of mourning. He

* The Marquess Conyngham's seat in county Meath.

appeared at his private levee, the day after his arrival, in a bright blue coat with the brightest yellow buttons * . . .

"Ever yours,
"E. GLENGALL."

"Cahir, Sept. 10th.

" . . . The King I find has cut his voyage short by landing at Milford. He was strongly advised to go quietly to Holyhead, but Sir Watkin† had refused to receive a certain part of his cortège, saying that his wife did not know the ladies. . . . I never saw Lady C. in higher spirits or beauty. She went little into public, and the King hurried over all the sights, as he could not bear to be away from her five minutes.‡ Old Sidmouth was never sober: the newspapers are perfectly accurate on this, as on many other occasions. . . . The Catholics think they are quite triumphant and sure of their emancipation, whilst his Majesty's nods and winks to the High Churchmen have quite set their friends at ease with regard to his intentions. It is humbug!! and on every side; but the Duke of Leinster, Lord Meath and the Irish Whigs are become quite as well educated courtiers as your Devonshires and others that shall be nameless. . . ."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Cantley, 13th Sept., 1821.

" . . . My little friend, the youngest Copley,§ can never resist touching up John George [Lambton] for

* "Blomfield tells me that the King intends to wear mourning at his private levee, and crape round his arm for the rest of the time. It was not easy, I learn, to persuade him to this" [*The Croker Papers*, i. 201]. Mr. Croker was present with the King in Dublin.

† Sir W. W. Wynn, 4th baronet of Wynnstay.

‡ "The King went minutely through the Museum and other parts of the interior. Whether this tired him or that he was too impatient to get to Slane, I cannot tell—perhaps both; but he did not appear on the lawn for above four minutes. . . . Great disappointment, and some criticism, which five minutes more would have prevented" [*The Croker Papers*, i. 206].

§ Afterwards married to 3rd Earl Grey.

one of his sublimities. The first day he was here he said he considered £40,000 a year a moderate income—such a one as a man *might jog on with*. This was when we were alone; but it was too good to be lost, and . . . yesterday at breakfast, when we were discussing Lord Harewood's fortune, little Cop said with becoming gravity 'she believed it exceeded a couple of jogs.'"^{*}

On 14th August, when Queen Caroline's body was being removed for embarkation at Colchester, a serious riot took place in the streets, during which two persons lost their lives. At the coroner's inquest upon the bodies, the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some of the Life Guards.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Gosforth House, 28th Sept., 1821.

" . . . As you are all soldiers in your hearts, I send you a letter I got from Sefton last Sunday, with his opinion touching the Life Guards. By the by, Lambton sent up £500 from Cantley as his subscription for buying Wilson an annuity equal to the pay he has lost. . . ."

Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey, enclosed in above.

"Paris, 13th Sept., 1821.

" . . . Let me know what you are at. I take it for granted you are red hot against the Life Guards; if so, I don't agree with you; and if I had followed my inclination, I should have subscribed for them. I think they are always infamously treated by the mob, and are always much too forbearing; but never so much as on the recent occasion. As for the Government, they ought to be impaled, and I hope they will. What will become of Brougham's silk gown? . . . I hear the Whigs have great hopes of coming in. I sincerely hope they will be disappointed. . . ."

"Yours ever,

"SEFTON."

* Mr. Lambton, created Earl of Durham in 1833, henceforward appears in these letters as "King Jog."

CHAPTER II.

1822.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

" Brooks's, Feby. 8th, 1822.

" . . . I dine at Sefton's again to-day. Did I tell you that Albemarle is to be married on Monday to 'Charlotte' Hunlock?*" Such is the case. The lady is 45, which is all very well if he *must* be married.

" 12th Feb.

" . . . I dined with my lord and my lady and the young ladies at $\frac{1}{4}$ before 4, and we all agreed it was much the best hour to dine at. We were in the house by 10 minutes after 5, just as Brougham got up, and of course I heard every word of his speech, and of Castlereagh's answer to him.† It is the fashion to praise Brougham's speech more than it deserves—at least in *my* opinion. It was free from faults, I admit, or very nearly so; and *that* I think was its principal merit. Castlereagh's was an impudent, empty answer, clearly showing the monstrous embarrassments the Ministers are under, as to managing both their pecuniary resources and their House of Commons. The division was a very great one—under all the circumstances a most extraordinary one. The effect of the motion, if carried, was to take off 6 or 7 millions of taxes at once. . . . Against this sweeping motion the

* The 3rd Earl of Albemarle [1772–1849]. Married his second wife, Miss Charlotte Hunloke, 11th February, 1822.

† Brougham's motion was upon the distressed state of the country, and for a reduction of taxation.

Government could only produce 212 votes, and for it were found such men as Davenport M.P. for Cheshire, Walter Burrell and Curtis members for Sussex, John Fane for Oxfordshire, Lawley for Warwickshire, Sir John Boughay for Staffordshire, and a good many Tory members for boroughs. Tierney thought the motion too *strong*, and would not and did not vote, and we had 21 of our men shut out—Lambton with a dinner at his own house, Bennett, Cavendishes and others. Tom Dundas, Chaloner and Ramsden, who had all come up from Yorkshire *on purpose*, were in the same scrape; Lord John Russell and others the same."

"London, 16th Feby.

"... I dined at Sefton's with the ladies, Brougham and Ferguson before four, and was in the House some time before Castlereagh began; and when he did turn off, such *hash* was never delivered by man. The folly of him—his speech as a composition in its *attempt* at style and ornament and figures, and in its real vulgarity, bombast and folly, was such as, coming from a man of his order, with 30 years' parliamentary experience and with an audience quite at his devotion, was such as I say amounted to a perfect miracle. To be sure our Brougham as a rival artist with him in talent and composition, play'd the devil with him, and made a great display. . . . I thought I should have died with laughing when Castlereagh spoke gravely and handsomely of the encreased *cleanliness* of the country from the encreased excise revenue of soap. . . ."

"Brooks's, Feby. 28th.

"My *benefit* went off last night as well as possible.* The 'front row' of course could not attend, so I went down and occupied it with myself and my books, with Folkestone on one side of me and Bennet on the other. I disported myself for upwards of an hour with Bankes, Finance Committees and 'high and efficient' public men. . . . Our lads were in extacies,

* It was a motion to curtail the powers of the Government under the Civil Offices Pensions Act of 1817. Creevey's speech occupies nine pages of Hansard.

and kept shouting and cheering me as I went on, with the greatest perseverance. Brougham and Sefton were amongst my bottle holders in the front row, and in common with all our people complimented me hugely. . . . Petty asked me how Hume came off last night. *Apropos* to Hume, never was a villain more completely defeated than Croker,* and so it is admitted on all hands, so that our Joe is raised again to the highest pinnacle of fame for his accuracy and arithmetic. . . . Here is Grey, publicly damning the newspapers for reporting my speech so badly, but he has 'seen enough to satisfy himself it must have been very good.'"

"March 15th.

". . . I made a very good speech (altho' you will find little trace of it in the newspapers), and rolled the new Buckingham Board of Controul about to their heart's content, and to the universal satisfaction of the House. Tierney of course betrayed me by his hollow support, and then I had all the weight of Canning's jokes to sustain, evidently prepared and fired upon me in the successive, and of course successful, peals. . . . I must, or ought to, regret very much that I let Canning off so easily; because, to do the House justice, they gave me perfectly fair play, and when I fired into the 'Idle Ambassador' at Lisbon, I had him dead beat. He dropt his head into his chest, and evidently skulked from what he thought might come. . . . It was a great, and perhaps the only opportunity of shewing up the Joker's life and what it has all ended in—banishment to India from want of honesty. . . . I think I shall have full measure of these bridal visits. I dine at Ly. Anson's to-day, on Sunday at McDonald's, on Thursday with the *young* people at the Duke of Norfolk's, to-morrow with the *Whigs* at Ridley's."

"Brooks's, 16th March.

"I can't get the better of my chagrin at not having done myself justice upon Canning the other night. . . .

* A dispute between Joseph Hume and J. W. Croker, Secretary to the Admiralty, upon the Navy Estimates.

I dined at Ly. Anson's yesterday. We had Coke* and Ly. Anne, Miss Coke, Lord and Ly. Rosebery, Digby and Lady Andover,† Hinchcliffe (Ld. Crewe's nephew), Mr. Lloyd and myself. I sat next Lady Anson by her desire. I was introduced both by her and Coke to Lady Anne, who, to my mind, has neither beauty nor elegance nor manners to recommend her, but if ever I saw a *deep one*, it is her. She was perfectly at her ease. On the other hand, I never saw more perfect behaviour than that of all the ladies of the family. Miss Coke I thought was *low*. We had, however, a very merry dinner, and I went upstairs and staid till eleven. I kept up a kind of running fire upon Coke, and Ly. Anson kept her hand upon my arm all the time, pinching me and keeping me in check when she thought I was going too far. . . . I was at Whitehall last night—Ly. Ossulston, Miss Lemon, Ferguson, Sefton and Vaughan, and then I came here (Brooks's), and was fool enough to sit looking over a whist table till between 4 and 5 this morning. Sefton and I walked away together, he having won by the evening a thousand and twenty pounds."

"April 26th.

"... Another event of yesterday was Denman being elected Common Serjeant by the Common Council of London. The Queen's counsel, who on that occasion compared her husband to Nero! . . . This was homage to Denman's honesty. I don't think Brougham could have succeeded, superior as he is to the other in talent."

"Brooks's, April 27th.

"I had a long conversation here to-day with Thanet.‡ I must say, 'altho'' it might appear to anybody but you parasitical *in his member* to say so, that in agreeableness and honesty he surpasses all his

* Thomas Coke of Holkham, M.P. for Norfolk, created Earl of Leicester in 1837. Married his second wife, Lady Anne Keppel, on 26th February, 1822, mother of the present earl.

† Viscountess Andover, widow of the 15th Earl of Suffolk's eldest son, married in 1806 Admiral Sir Henry Digby.

‡ Sackville Tufton, 9th Earl of Thanet.

order—easy. To-morrow I dine with Sefton. Here is little Derby sitting by my side—very, *very* old in looks, but as merry as ever. Here is Brougham, too, but in a most *disgruntled*, unsatisfactory state. His manners to me are barely civil, but I take no notice, presuming that time will bring him round, and if it don't—I can't help it."

"Brooks's, 3rd May.

"... Your philosophy is well and solidly grounded. These are feeble grievances as long as you are all well: nay, I might add, what are grievances like these to those of Lord and Ly. Salisbury—the one, the descendant of old Cecil and aged 80 years—the other, the head and ornament and patroness of the *beau monde* of London for the last 40 years, and yet to have £2000 per ann. taken out of their pockets at last by a rude and *virtuous* House of Commons. . . . If this distress will but pinch these dirty, shabby landed voters two sessions more, there's no saying at what degree of purity we shall arrive. Meantime, all your place and pension holders must shake in their shoes. . . . Here is Grey in such roaring spirits, and so *affable* that I should not be surprised at the offer of a place from him when he comes in, which I am sure he *now* thinks must be very soon indeed. But Abercromby for *my* money: he told me last night *it was all over* with the present men."

"7th May.

"... Brougham was sitting at Holland House on Sunday morning with my lady and various others, when a slight thunderstorm came on, and, according to invariable custom, my lady *bolted*. Presently the page summoned Brougham and conducted him to my lady's bedchamber, where he found all the windows closed and the candles lighted. She said she did not like to be left alone, so she pressed him to stay and dine, but upon his saying he must keep his engagement at Ridley's—'Ah,' said she, 'you will meet Creevey there, I suppose. What *can* be the reason he never comes near me?'—We both of us laughed heartily at her conscience and fears thus

smiting her when she thought herself in danger ; so I must leave her to another storm or two before I go to her."

"Denbies, 28th May.

". . . Mrs. Taylor says Lady Glengall told her last night she had not a single ticket left for the Hibernian ball out of her 100. . . . You know the original plan was to have had the affair at Willis's Rooms. The leading female managers being Lady Hertford and Dowr. Richmond, &c., &c. The block-heads, it seems, made up their list of patronesses without including Ly. Conyngham in the number, and she was not a lady to submit quietly to such an insult ; so she started this opposition ball at the Opera House, with the King as patron, and all the same ladies as patronesses that were on the other list, except Lady Hertford and Dowr. Richmond. The former is incensed at this practical retort from her successful rival* beyond all bounds. . . . If you wish for anything in the public line, let me tell you that on Thursday or Friday last, Castlereagh, being in Hyde Park on horseback, met Tavistock, and tho' he has very slight acquaintance with him, he turned his horse about, and lost no time in unbosoming himself upon the state of public affairs. He described the *torment* of carrying on the Government under the general circumstances of the country as beyond endurance, and said if he could once get out of it, no power on earth should get him into it again."†

"Brooks's, 15th June.

". . . As it is not very often I am in the literary line, let me boast of having read three hours this morning, being very much delighted with a new book I have got. It is the poems and other pieces of Sir Charles Hanbury-Williams, grandfather to the present Lord Essex. . . . As a wit and poet, I assure you the Welchman is of high order. . . . Then, what with text and notes, you have the whole town before you — male and female — political and domestic — during 30 years of the last century. . . ."

* In the affections of the King.

† Within a few weeks of this Castlereagh died by his own hand.

" 18th June.

" . . . On Saturday I dined at John Williams's in Lincoln's Inn, being carried there by Lambton in his coach, protected by *two* footmen. Sunday I dined at Cowper's with Sefton, Jerseys, Ossulston, George Lambs, Carnarvon, Kensington and Wm. Lambe. . . . I am sorry to find that my friend Sir Charles Hy. Williams has some great objections to him on the score of delicacy."

" Cantley, July 21.

" . . . Well, I wonder whether you will be anything like as much interested by O'Meara and Buonaparte as I have been and am still. I can think of nothing else. . . . I am perfectly satisfied Buonaparte said all that O'Meara puts into his mouth. Whether *that* is all true is another thing. . . . There are parts of the conversations, too, which are quite confirmed, or capable of being so, by evidence. For instance—when O'Meara lent him the *Edinburgh Review*, just come out, with a sketch of his life in it, he expresses to O'Meara the greatest surprise at some facts there stated, as he says he is sure they are, or were, only known to his own family. It turns out the article in question was written by Allen, and the facts referred to were told to Lord Holland when at Rome by Cardinal Fesch. Again; the conversations which Nap states to have taken place between him and young de Staël, the latter says are perfectly correct as to the periods and the subject of them, tho' he denies some of Nap's statements in them to be true. It is very difficult to predict what is to cause any permanent impression or effect, but, judging from my own feelings, I shd. say these conversations of Nap's are calculated to produce a very strong and very universal one upon very many subjects, and upon most people in future times, as well as our own." *

* Lord Rosebery's is the latest hand that has dealt with the prisoner of St. Helena, and that with a very sympathetic touch. Of O'Meara's book he says—" *A Voice from St. Helena*, by O'Meara is perhaps the most popular of all the Longwood narratives, and few

The following extract from a letter by Lord Derby refers to the candidature of his grandson, afterwards fourteenth earl, for Stockbridge, and marks the first public appearance of the future "Rupert of debate."

"Knowsley, 10th August, 1822.

"MY DEAR CREEVEY,

"I last night received your very kind letter and take the earliest opportunity of thanking you for the communication of Ld. Sefton's letter concerning Edward Stanley's *début* at Stockbridge. It is most gratifying to me to hear him so well spoken of. . . . You could not have told me anything that was more acceptable to me, and I feel most grateful to you for this attention. . . . Speaking in Parliament is, however, so very different thing from speaking on the hustings or at an election dinner that I shall still be very anxious for his success in the house, and I earnestly hope that he may not be in too great a hurry to begin. . . ."

Lord Castlereagh, who succeeded his father as second Marquess of Londonderry on 8th April, 1821, but who will always be best recognised under the title which he raised to distinction, perished by his own hand on 13th August, 1822. The circumstances

publications ever excited so great a sensation as this worthless book. Worthless it undoubtedly is, in spite of its spirited flow and the vivid interest of the dialogue. No one can read the volumes of Forsyth, in which are printed the letters of O'Meara to Lowe, or the handy and readable treatise in which Mr. Seaton distils the essence of these volumes, and retain any confidence in O'Meara's facts. He may sometimes report conversations correctly, or he may not, but in any doubtful case it is impossible to accept his evidence. He was the confidential servant of Napoleon; unknown to Napoleon, he was the confidential agent of Lowe; and behind both their backs he was the confidential informant of the British Government, for whom he wrote letters to be circulated to the Cabinet. Testimony from such a source is obviously tainted" [*Napoleon: the Last Phase*, 1900].

are too well known to require further reference, except to note that the different causes mentioned by Mr. Creevey to account for this great statesman's derangement are wide of the mark. Castlereagh had submitted to a peculiarly nefarious system of blackmail by some villains who had entrapped him, and the agony of apprehension resulting from this, acting upon a mind perhaps overstrained in the public service during a long and peculiarly agitated period, brought about the disaster.

Suicide was of painfully frequent occurrence among public men in the first half of the nineteenth century. Paull, the enemy of Marquess Wellesley, in 1808—Samuel Whitbread in 1815—Sir Samuel Romilly in 1818—and now Castlereagh in 1822, are among the figures who disappeared in this melancholy manner from the stage depicted in these papers. It may be idle to speculate upon the source of a tendency which prevails no longer among our legislators; but those who have had occasion to peruse the memoirs and study the social habits of the period under consideration, cannot have overlooked two agencies which must have sapped all but the most robust constitutions. One was the habit of hard drinking, encouraged by all who could afford to give hospitality, in emulation of the example furnished by those who set the fashions. The other was the constant recourse to drastic physic and excessive bleeding to remedy the disorders induced by high living. If these were not contributing causes to suicide, their discontinuance at all events coincides with a marked reduction in its frequency.

It had been agreeable to trace in Creevey's correspondence some signs of large-hearted regret for the

removal of one who had borne so great a part in the national history, and had so long led the House of Commons. The spirit of party seems to have been too acrid at the time to admit any infusion of gentler sentiment towards a fallen foe.

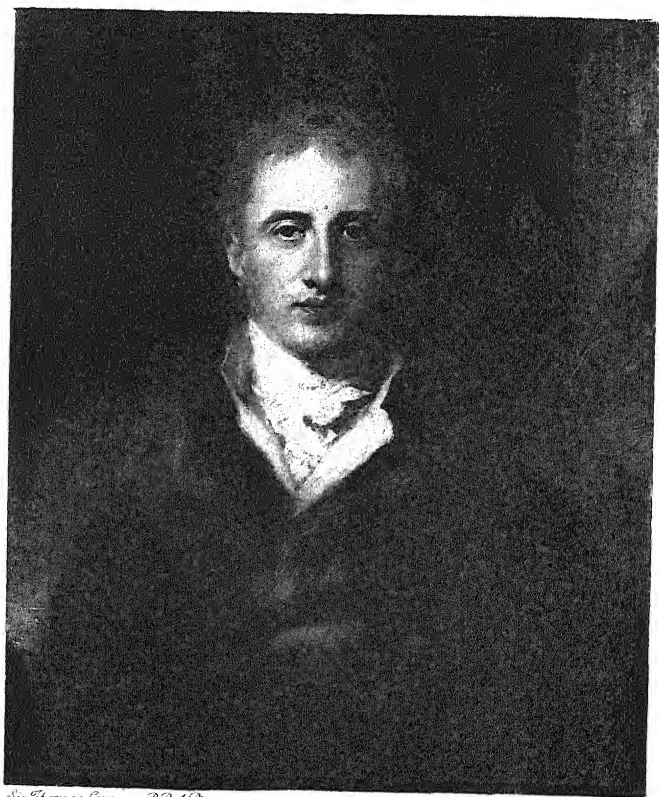
Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

“Cantley, 14 Aug., 1822.

“. . . And now for Castlereagh—what an extraordinary event! I take for granted his self-destruction has been one of the common cases of pressure upon the brain which produces irritability, ending in derangement. Taylor will have it, and Ferguson also believes in this nonsense, that Bonaparte’s charge against him as told by O’Meara, of his having bagged part of Nap’s money has had something to do with it. Do you remember my telling you of a conversation Castlereagh forced upon Tavistock in the Park in the spring—about his anxiety to quit office and politicks and Parliament? * He did the same thing to Ferguson one of the last nights at Almack’s, stating his great fatigue and exhaustion and anxiety to be done with the concern altogether—just as poor Whitbread did to me both by letter and conversation two years before his death. It is a curious thing to recollect that one night at Paris in 1815 when I was at a ball at the Beau’s, Castlereagh came up to me and asked if I had not been greatly surprised at Whitbread’s death, and the manner of it, and then we had a good deal of conversation on the subject.

“Death settles a fellow’s reputation in no time, and now that Castlereagh is dead, I defy any human being to discover a single feature of his character that can stand a moment’s criticism. By experience, good manners and great courage, he managed a corrupt House of Commons pretty well, with some address. This is the whole of his intellectual merit. He had a limited understanding and no knowledge, and his

* See p. 38.



By Thomas Lawrence P.R.A. Del.

Walker & Co. Sculpsit.

Lord Castlereagh.

whole life was spent in an avowed, cold-blooded contempt of every honest public principle. A worse, or, if he had had talent and ambition for it, a more dangerous, public man never existed. However, he was one of Nap's *imbéciles*, and as the said Nap over and over again observes, posterity will do them both justice. . . .

"Now, what will come next? Will the perfidious Canning forego his Indian prospects—stay with his wife and daughter to succeed Castlereagh. I *think* not. I think the former enmity between him and Eldon has been too publicly exposed and encreased, by their late sparring match upon the Marriage Act, to let them come together. Then I think the Beau will claim and have the Foreign Office, and Peel will claim to lead in the House of Commons. *Mais-nous verrons!* I suppose the King will approve the step Lord Castlereagh has taken, as he was Lady Conyngham's abhorrence, and Lady Castlereagh would not speak to Lady Conyngham.

"What a striking thing this death of Castlereagh is under all the circumstances! This time last year he was revelling with his Sovereign in the country he had betrayed and sold, over the corpse of the Queen whom he had so inhumanly exposed and murdered. Ah, Prinney, Prinney! your time will come, my boy; and then your fame and reputation will have fair play too. . . . Taylor had a letter from Denison yesterday with a good deal of London jaw in it, and some of it is curious enough considering the quarter it comes from.* Bloomfield is to go to Stockholm as our minister! and then Denison says, had he not been discharged, the Privy Purse was in such a state, Parliament must have been applied to. Bloomfield's defence is, the Privy Purse was exhausted by paying for diamonds for Lady Conyngham; and all these honors and emoluments showered on him by the Crown are given him to make him hold his tongue. . . ."

* William Joseph Denison of Denbies, M.P., was brother to the Marchioness of Conyngham.

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

“ Carlisle, 19th Aug.

“. . . Well! this is really a considerable event in point of size. Put all their other men together in one scale, and poor Castlereagh in the other—single, he plainly weighed them down. . . . One can't help feeling a little for him, after being pitted against him for several years pretty regularly. It is like losing a connection suddenly. Also, he was a *gentleman*, and the only one amongst them. But there are material advantages; and among them I reckon not the least that our excellent friends that are gone, and for whom we felt so bitterly, are, as it were, revenged. I mean Whitbread and Romilly.* I cannot describe to you how this idea has filled my mind these last 24 hours. No mortal will now presume to whisper a word against these great and good men—I mean in our time; for there never was any chance of their doing so in after time. All we wanted was a *gag* for the present, and God knows here we have it in absolute perfection. Hitherto we were indulged with the enemy's silence, but it was by a sort of forbearance; *now* we have it of right.

As for the question of his successor—who cares one farthing about it? We know the enemy is incalculably damaged anyhow. Let that suffice! He has left behind him the choice between the Merry Andrew and the Spinning Jenny;† and the Court—the vile, stupid, absurd, superannuated Court—may make its election and welcome. The damaged Prig or the damaged Joker signifies very little. I rather agree with Taylor that they will take Wellington for the Secy. of State, and that Canning will still go to India. . . . I rather think I shd. prefer the very vulnerable Canning remaining at home. By the way, I hope to live to see medical men like Bankhead tried for manslaughter, at the least. What think you of removing things from poor C., and then leaving him alone, even for 5 minutes? . . .”

Both of whom committed suicide.

† Canning and Peel.

George IV. made a royal progress to Edinburgh in August of this year. Thanks, in great measure, to the influence of Sir Walter Scott, his Majesty was received in the northern capital with far more respect and enthusiasm than he had been accustomed of late to experience in the south.

From — Stuart to Mr. Ferguson of Raith.

“Edinburgh, 17th Aug., 1822.

“... I send you a *Scotsman* [newspaper], the Account in which as to the King is pretty correct. He has been received by the people in the most respectful and orderly manner. All have turn'd out in their holiday cloaths, and in numbers which are hardly credible. . . . I have been much disappointed to-day with the levee. . . . There was nothing interesting or imposing about it. A vast crowd, with barely standing room for two hours: afterwards moved to the Presence Chamber, where no one was for a minute. . . . The King did not seem to move a muscle, and we all asked each other, when we came away, what had made us take so much trouble. He was dressed in tartan. Sir Walter Scott has ridiculously made us appear to be a nation of Highlanders, and the bagpipe and the tartan are the order of the day.”

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

“Lancaster, 21st August.

“... I dined the day before yesterday at old Bolton's circuit dinner, and found Canning there. I had a good deal of talk with him about Castlereagh, and he spoke very properly. Neither of us canted about the matter; but he shewed the right degree of feeling. I don't think he is going to be sent for, and am pretty sure he will go to India. If they are kind enough to do so excellent a thing as try it with the low, miserable Spinning Jenny,* thank God for it!

* Peel.

Only lose no time in reminding Barnes, as from yourself, of the magazine of ammunition for attacking him the moment the arrangement is made—I mean, in the debates of 1819, when I laid it into him in a merciless manner. It is pretty correctly given, and is a fund of attack; the rather that the fellow was caught in the fact of the very lowest trick ever man attempted. It was like having his hand seized while picking a pocket.

“Yours ever,
“H. B.”

“Lancaster, 22nd Aug.

“... I hope you are sufficiently angry at the cursed cant of the liberal daily papers about Castlereagh. I ought rather to say their childish giving vent to feelings, and bepraising C. absurdly and falsely, merely because he is dead. Such stuff takes away all authority from the press, and makes attacks really of no kind of importance. If they go on upon all subjects upon the mere impulse of the moment, they will soon cease to be any more attended to than a parcel of infants or lunatics.”

“Brougham, 24 Aug.

“DEAR C.,

“I long to know your speculations upon these times, as I have heard nothing from you since we were bereaved of our Castlereagh; therefore I can't be sure that you have survived that event. . . . Don't believe in Canning's coming in. He may be unwise enough to desire it, and Jenky* may try for him, and it may go so far as a kind of offer; but nothing short of the event will ever convince me of his being in the Cabinet with these men and with this King. . . .”

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

“Cantley, Aug. 24, 1822.

“This Royalty is certainly the very devil. . . . Sussex arrived on Wednesday between 3 and 4, himself in a very low barouche and pair, and a

* Lord Liverpool.

thundering coach behind with four horses—his staff, Stevenson, a son of Albemarle's, a Gore, servants, groom of the chambers, a black *valet-de-chambre* and two footmen, clad *en militaires*. . . . It has been my good fortune during his stay here to be considered by all parties as his fittest companion. Accordingly, I had a *tête-à-tête* with him of nearly *four* hours together on Thursday, and of 2½ yesterday, and my health has really been greatly impaired by this calamity. He has every appearance of being a good-natured man, is very civil and obliging, never says anything that makes you think him foolish; but there is a *nothingness* in him that is to the last degree fatiguing. . . . Althorpe was here yesterday, and told me there had certainly been rejoicings in the neighbouring market towns upon Castlereagh's death. . . .

"Robert Ferguson* tells me that he has seen a great deal of Major Poppleton lately, the officer of the 53rd who was stationed about Bonaparte. Bob says Poppleton is quite as devoted to Nap, and as adverse to Lowe as O'Meara, and that all the officers of the 53rd were the same. . . . Poppleton has a beautiful snuff-box poor Nap gave him. What would I give to have such a keepsake from him, and, above all, to have seen him. O'Meara has a *tooth* of his he drew, which he always carries about with him. . . ."

"Cantley, Aug. 29.

". . . Did I tell you that our Sussex is to come back to us for Doncaster races? . . . Miss Poyntz has refused Lord Gower,† as has Miss Bould of Bould Hall Lord Clare. . . . Miss Seymour (Minny) when she landed at Calais had O'Meara's book in her hand, which, when recognised, was instantly seized by the police. What a specimen of a great nation and the proud situation of the Bourbons! However, Sussex told me the book was already translated into both French and German, so the Hereditary Asses of all nations won't escape, with all their precautions. Did I tell you that Sussex says none of his sisters will

* Son of General [Sir] Ronald Ferguson, M.P., originally in the 53rd Foot, succeeded his brother in 1840 as laird of Raith.

† Afterwards 2nd Duke of Sutherland.

touch Ly. Conyngham, which gives mortal offence to Prinney; nor can their justification be very agreeable, for they say, after his insisting upon their not speaking to the late Queen, how can they do so to Ly. C.?

“Cantley, Sept. 3.

“. . . Maria Copley says Miss Canning is quite broken-hearted at going [to India]. She says that her *forte* is her memory, as proof of which she gave me two instances. One was, getting by heart in a few hours the 39 Articles: the other was, in a somewhat longer time, repeating the whole of a *Times* newspaper, from beginning to end, advertisements and all. Maria says Lady Charlotte Greville, having dined at the Pavilion not long ago, and having sat next the King, describes him as grown the greatest bore she ever saw. . . . His irritability of temper, they say, is become quite intolerable; his prevailing subject of complaint is his *old age*, at which he feels, of course, the most royal indignation. . . .”

“Cantley, Sept. 7, 1822.

“. . . Maria Copley has read me a letter from Lady Francis Leveson from her new and noble parents' Cock Robin Castle,* at the other extremity of Scotland. It is really not amiss as an exhibition of the tip-top noble domestic. Lord Francis† had left Edinbro immediately upon Lord Stafford's‡ illness, and Lady Francis followed immediately to pass a month there [at Dunrobin]. She says—'Figure to yourself my introduction into a room about 12 feet square, the company being Lord and Lady Stafford, Lord and Lady Wilton, Lord and Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, Lord and Lady Surrey, and Lord Gower. A table in the midst of the room, highly polished, I admit, but not a book nor a piece of work to be seen: the company formed into a circle, and every man and his wife sitting next each other, after the manner of the Marquis of Newcastle's family in the picture in his book.'”

* Dunrobin.

† Afterwards created Earl of Ellesmere.

‡ Created Duke of Sutherland in 1833.

"Cantley, Sept. 15th, 1822.

"... Amongst other people whom I saw at the ball was Tom Smith the hunter and M.P.* Upon my saying Canning had made a bad thing of it in bringing in no one with him, he said it was quite bad enough to have him brought in without any other of his set, and that he (Smith) was of Falstaff's opinion that Canning was as rotten as a stewed prune, or words to that effect. . . ."

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Brougham, 14 Sept.

"DEAR C.,

"Many thanks for your letter. I had, however, yesterday heard (*via* Bowood where the Hollands are) that all was settled. Canning succeeds to Foreign Office, lead of the House, &c.—in short, all of Castle-reagh except his good judgt., good manners and bad English. . . . Now don't *still* call me obstinate if I withhold my belief till I see them fairly under weigh. I know the Chancellor's† tricks: he is 'the most subtle of all the beasts.' . . . The Beau‡ is still very unwell, and was cupped again on Thursday night."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Cantley, Sept. 19.

"... What a victim of temper poor Lambton is! He has been complaining to me of his *unhappiness*. I observed in reply that he had a good many of the articles men in general considered as tolerable ingredients for promoting happiness; to which he replied:—'I don't know that; but I *do* know that it's damned hard that a man with £80,000 a year can't sleep!' He has not much merit but his looks, his property and his voice and power of publick speaking. He has not the slightest power or turn for conversation, and would like to live exclusively on the flattery

* Thomas Assheton Smith.

† Lord Eldon.

‡ The Duke of Wellington

of toadies ; nevertheless, I am doomed to go to Lambton : he will hear of nothing less, and I have shirked him so often, I suppose I must go. . . .”

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

“Raby, Sept., 1822.

“DEAR CITIZEN,

“Your letter gives me some comfort, and indeed much coincides with my own view of the Merryman’s* case. Certainly he presents more sore places to the eye of the amateur than most men. Moreover his coin is now about cried down—at least hardly current. He is stamp’d as a joker, and therefore dare not joke : not to mention that hard figures of arithmetick are too hard to be got over by figures of rhetorick. All these things, and his gout and irritability, I try to console myself withal, but still I own I am somewhat low—not so much at what we are to have, which is most excellent in its way—but at what we have lost, which is by far the best thing in the world—namely, the Spinning Jenny,† Vesey,‡ Kew, Bellamy and Co. It was indeed too good a thing to happen. . . .”

“Brougham, Tuesday [Sept., 1822].

“: . . I hope you are sufficiently vexed at Hume making such an ass of himself as he did t’other day by his stupid vanity and his attack, thro’ such vanity, on the rest of the Opposition. His kind patronage of Archy is only laughable, but to see him splitting on that rock (of egotism and vanity) is rather provoking. What right has HE to talk of the Whigs never coming to his support on Parly. Reform ? I can remind him of their dividing some 120 on it in 1812, when he was sitting at Perceval’s back, toad-eating him for a place, and acting the part of their covert doer of all sorts of dirty work in the coarsest and most offensive way, thro’ the whole battle of the Orders in Council, when

* Canning.

† Peel.

‡ Right Hon. W. Vesey Fitzgerald, M.P. [1783-1843], afterwards Lord Fitzgerald.

we beat them and him! I always have defended him when that period of his life has been cast in my teeth, and on this one ground—that Bentham, Mill, &c., who converted him, persuaded me that his former conduct was from mere want of education, and that he was radically honest. But off hands! an't please you, good Master Joseph! In truth I cannot reckon a man's conduct at all pure who shows up others at public meetings behind their backs, whom he never whispers a word against in their places. There is extreme meanness in this sneaking way of ingratiating himself at their expense, and the utter falsehood of the charge is glaring. Parly. Reform has never once been touched by him (luckily for the question). The motions on it last session were Lord John's and my own. His boro' reform professedly steered clear of the question. I trust he has been misrepresented, but I heard in Scotland that people were everywhere laughing at him for his arrogance and vanity."

Earl of Thanet to Mr. Creevey.

"... I am just returned from Kent, more disgusted than usual at the language and temper of those I saw, which I take for a sample of the rest; everybody complaining, without an idea that they could do anything towards attaining relief. Landlords and farmers seem to have no other occupation than comparing their respective distresses. They ask what is to happen. I answer—you will be ruined, and they stare like stuck pigs. I could not hear of one Tory gentleman who had changed. One booby says it is the Poor Rate—another the Tithe—another high rents—all omit the real cause, taxation, the mother of all evil. It is a besotted country, and may, for aught I know, be a proper audience for Mr. Merriman.

"Brougham has been bidding £15,000 for two farms in Westmorland. The seller has taken time to consider, and, if he does not nail him, he must have found one as insane as himself."

One is accustomed to associate the introduction of the battue with the reign of Queen Victoria, and

especially with the Prince Consort, but here we have an early example of the practice, and not only the practice, but the very term "battue" is applied to it. Holkham has long been famed for shooting, but it is certainly surprising to find that bags on this scale could be made eighty years ago, by men shooting with flint-lock muzzle-loaders. There are few rabbits in the covers at Holkham now; possibly they were more numerous there when George IV. was king.

Viscountess Anson to Mr. Creevey.

"Holkham, Nov. 5, 1822.

"... Though not much of a sportsman yourself, you may be living with those who are, and I suppose it would be incorrect to write a letter from hence—the day after the first battue—without mentioning that 780 head of game were killed by 10 guns, and that 25 woodcocks formed a grand feature in the chasse."

Upon Castlereagh's death, Wellington went on the embassy to Verona in his place. It was Canning's policy, on succeeding Castlereagh at the Foreign Office, to make it appear that his predecessor had entered upon an aggressive line in regard to European complications, from which he—Canning—extricated the British Cabinet. But in truth Wellington carried with him and acted upon instructions drafted by Castlereagh himself, whereof the keynote was "to observe a strict neutrality." Especially was this so in regard to the French invasion of Spain, then imminent. "There seems nothing to add to or to vary in the course of policy hitherto pursued. Solitude for the safety of the royal family, observance of our obligations with Portugal, and a rigid abstinence

from any interference in the internal affairs of that country"—these are Castlereagh's own words as drafted for his own guidance when he, and not Wellington, was to have been the British plenipotentiary at the Congress; and they disprove the claim made by the partisans of Canning that it was he, not Castlereagh, who first established the policy of non-intervention in the domestic affairs of foreign countries so far as consistent with treaty obligations. This was the more notable, because the Emperor of Russia, formerly distinguished for liberal views, had of late ranged himself in line with the other crowned heads of Europe in desiring to repress by force the revolutionary movement in Spain, which country, he told Wellington, "he considered the headquarters of revolution and Jacobinism; that the King and royal family were in the utmost danger, and that so long as the revolution in that country should be allowed to continue, every country in Europe, and France in particular, was unsafe."*

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Farnley, 14th Nov., 1822.

"... I am happy to see from the papers that the Beau is getting upon his legs again, and I am still more happy that he is at Verona instead of that terrible fellow Castlereagh. It appears to me impossible after all Wellington has said to me about the King of Spain and his perfidy, and with his intimacy with Alava, one of Ferdinand's victims, that the Beau should be for helping him out of his difficulties. Then he knows the Spanish nation better than anybody else here—their universal hatred of the French—their great resources from their mountains and guerilla warfare. In short, I rely with confidence upon him

* Wellington's *Civil Despatches*, i. 343.

as the only man who, on this occasion, could keep those Royal Imbeciles and Villains of Europe in any order, and I consider his being there as our minister as quite a godsend. If this vapouring French ministry *do* once cross the Spanish frontier, the devil take the hindmost of the Bourbons, both French and Spanish."

Creevey, having had rather a heated correspondence with Mr. Lambton (afterwards Earl of Durham) on political subjects, chiefly connected with an election for York, and being about to meet him at Croxteth, felt uncertain as to the terms on which they stood together. He therefore wrote to Lambton, bluntly seeking for an understanding.

Mr. Lambton to Mr. Creevey.

"Howick, Nov. 15, 1822.

"DEAR CREEVEY,

"You have already smote me on one cheek, and I now, in the true spirit of scriptural precept, offer you the other. In other and more profane words, you have used me shamefully. You promised to come to our races: I kept a room for you until the second day after they had begun, altho' beds were as scarce as honest men; yet you neither came nor sent me word that you had altered your mind. You—— but I had better stop, or I shall work myself up into that vindictive spirit which you deprecate.

"Now for a proof of my forgiving disposition. I not only shall meet you at Croxteth in perfect amity, but shall be happy to take you there, if my time suits your convenience. I am to be at Croxteth on Friday next, and sleep at Skipton on Thursday night. Skipton, I fancy, is about 15 miles from Farnley, and if you will join me there on Friday morning, I will carry you and your luggage safely to Croxteth. You must, however, break your usual rule, and let me know whether this offer suits you or not. . . . Don't talk to me about politics—I have done with them. If you

can tell me anything respecting the Leger—if you have any dark horse who is not spavined—I shall listen to you with attention; but as to Verona, the Bourbons, Reform, Spain, the Pirates, &c., &c., throw them to the dogs: I'll have none on't!

“Yours, in the true spirit of Christian feeling,
“J. G. LAMBTON.”

*Wm. Cobbett to Mr. Fawkes [a candidate for
Parliament].*

“12th Nov., 1822.

“. . . The ruin in this part of the country is *general*. An unruined farmer is an exception. The Pitt system seems destined to fulfil *all* my prophecies—even those that were thought the most *wild*. Faith! your antagonist Mr. Canning has his hands full. He has already discovered what it is to negotiate with a debt of 800 millions and a dead weight of 100 millions hanging round the neck of the country. This was one of the points that Windham told me I was *mad* upon. I said—you can have neither war nor peace in safety without getting rid of this infernal debt. He used to say—‘let us beat the French first.’ I used to say that to beat them with bank notes was to beat ourselves in the end. And thus it has been. The country becomes a poor, low, pitiful, feeble, cowardly thing, unless we get rid of the debt; and that is not to be got rid of without a reform in the House of Commons. The conduct of the Lords has always been to me the most surprising thing. Terrified out of their wits at Hunt,* who is really as inoffensive as Pistol or Bardolph, and hugging to their bosoms the Barings, the Ricardos and all that tribe. . . . However, it is useless to exclaim. . . . The war used to be called an ‘eventful period;’ but *this* is the eventful period for England.”

* Henry Hunt [1773–1835], radical politician, commonly known as “Orator Hunt.”

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Croxteth, Nov. 26, 1822.

"Well! I found the King* at Skipton before nine on Friday, breakfasting on his own tea, his own sugar, his own bread and even his own butter—all brought from Lambton. However, the Monarch was very amiable, and barring one volcanic eruption against the postboys for losing their way within 5 miles of this house, our journey was very agreeable. . . ."

"Dec. 3rd.

"... Lord Hertford owes his blue ribbon to his having purchased *four* seats in Parliament since his father's death, and to his avowed intention of dealing still more largely in the same commodity. . . . We continue to go on quite capitally in this house. I never saw Sefton in greater force. I wish you could see the manner of both father and son to the different tenants we see from time to time on our different shooting and coursing excursions. What a contrast to the acid and contemptuous Lambton! However, poor devil, he pays for it pretty dearly, and will probably be a victim to his temper. . . . Lady Georgiana [Molyneux] amused me yesterday by telling me of a conversation she had with Lady Holland, in which the latter had deplored my present hostility to her, and had requested Ly. Georgiana's assistance in discovering the cause, and producing a reconciliation. . . ."

"Croxteth, Dec. 12.

"... The truth is that all the Whigs are either fools or rogues enough to believe that our Monarch is really very fond of them, and that (according to the angry Boy† who left us yesterday) if we, the Whigs, could but arrange our matters between ourselves, the Sovereign would be happy to send for us. This is all he is waiting for; and with reference to it, Lambton told Sefton in *the strictest confidence* that it is of vital importance to gain Brougham's consent to Scarlett

* Mr. Lambton.

† Mr. Lambton.

being Chancellor, and for Brougham to take the office of Atty. Genl. ! . . . You may suppose the anxiety of the Earl's mind till he found me for the purpose of unburthening himself of this confidential communication ; and having done so, we indulged ourselves in a duet that might have been heard in the remotest corner of the house. Is it not perfectly incredible ? Lambton was in constant communication with Grey whilst here, and (very judiciously !) shewed Sefton some of his dispatches on this subject. . . ."

"Croxteth, 15th.

" . . . We all dined at Knowsley last night. The new dining-room is opened : it is 53 feet by 37, and such a height that it destroys the effect of all the other apartments. . . . You enter it from a passage by two great Gothic church-like doors the whole height of the room. This entrance is in itself fatal to the effect. Ly. Derby (like herself), when I objected to the immensity of the doors, said : ' You've heard Genl. Grosvenor's remark upon them have you not ? He asked in his grave, pompous manner—" Pray are those great doors to be opened for every pat of butter that comes into the room ? "' At the opposite end of the room is an immense Gothic window, and the rest of the light is given by a sky-light mountains high. There are two fireplaces ; and the day we dined there, there were 36 wax candles over the table, 14 on it, and ten great lamps on tall pedestals about the room ; and yet those at the bottom of the table said it was quite petrifying in that neighbourhood, and the report here is that they have since been obliged to abandon it entirely from the cold. . . . My lord and my lady were all kindness to me, but only think of their neither knowing nor caring about Spain or France, nor whether war or peace between these two nations was at all in agitation !

" . . . I must say I never saw man or woman live more happily with nine grown up children. It is my lord [Derby] who is the great moving principle. . . . What a contrast to that poor victim of temper who left us last week ! [Mr. Lambton]."

“Croxteth, 23rd.

“... Brougham arrived here on Saturday, on his way—or rather *out* of his way—to his nearest and dearest. . . . Of domestic matters, I think his principal article is that Mrs. Taylor’s niece, Ly. Londonderry,* has transferred her affections from her lord to other objects: in the first instance to young Bloomfield, Sir Benjamin’s son; and since, to a person of somewhat higher rank, viz., the Emperor of Russia, and that she is now following the latter lover to Petersburg. Lady Holland is the author of these statements, and vouches for the truth of them.

“*Apropos* to Lady Holland, in addition to all her former insults upon the town, she has set up a huge *cat*, which is never permitted to be out of her sight, and to whose vagaries she demands unqualified submission from all her visitors. Rogers, it seems, has already sustained considerable injury in a personal affair with this animal. Brougham only keeps *him* or *her* at arm’s length by snuff, and Luttrell has sent in a formal resignation of all further visits till this odious new favorite is dismissed from the Cabinet. . . . But think of my having so long forgot to mention that Brougham says *many of the best informed* people in London, such as Dog Dent and others, are perfectly convinced of the truth of the report that dear Prinney is really to marry Ly. Elizabeth Conyngham; on which event the Earl here humorously observes that the least the King can do for the Queen’s family is to make Denison † ‘Great Infant of England.’ ”

* Frances Anne, only daughter and heiress of Sir Harry Vane-Tempest of Wynyard, Bart.

† Lord Albert Denison Conyngham, 3rd son of Elizabeth Denison, 1st Marchioness of Conyngham. He was born in 1805, and was supposed to be the son of the Prince of Wales (George IV.).

CHAPTER III.

1823-1824.

Miss Maria Copley to Mr. Creevey.*

"Sprotbrough, January 12th.

"... We have had a great deal of very agreeable society, chiefly composed of the old ingredients of Grevilles, Levesons, Granvilles, Wortleys, Bentincks, &c.; but they are now all flown—the Grevilles to Welbeck, Ld. F. Leveson to Madrid, the Granvilles to other battues. . . . Lord F. Leveson's † going to Madrid has surprised everybody—me among others who had seen them together for a length of time. People are inclined to think it a proof of perfect indifference on both sides, but at least certainly on his. The fact is that having, like few other young men, a great aversion to being idle, he applied to Canning for employment; who, when this opportunity occurred, offered it to him, and as it is a remarkably interesting expedition, Harriet ‡ wd. not allow him to refuse it. He will be absent only six weeks.

"Lord F. Conyngham's § appointment gives great disgust, and I don't wonder at it. Lord Alvanley calls him *Canningham*. The King is quite delighted with his Secretary of State, and was seen the other day at the Pavilion walking about with his arm round Canning's neck.

* Married Lord Howick (afterwards 3rd Earl Grey) in 1832.

† Second son of 1st Duke of Sutherland, created Earl of Ellesmere in 1833, married in 1822 Harriet, daughter of Charles Greville, Esq.

‡ Lady Francis Leveson.

§ Succeeded in 1824 as 2nd Marquess Conyngham.

"Two of your friend Lady Oxford's daughters are going to be married—Ly. Charlotte to a Mr. Bacon and Lady Fanny to a Mr. Cuthbert. The last is not so certain as the first, as somebody is to be asked for a consent, which I think it probable that most fathers, mothers and guardians would refuse. It must be a bad speculation to take a wife out of that school. Mr. Warrender* is going to marry Lady Julia Maitland at last, and Sir George is to be very magnificent. . . . Your friend, Lady Glengall, is in London, giving *ecarté* parties every night to the great detriment of society in general, and annoyance of the young ladies in particular. If things should go on *en empirant* this spring, I prophesy a meeting among that much injured race. . . . The Beau† has been staying at the Pavilion: he is in the progress of telling charming stories of the Congress. I would give my ears to hear them. He is very much recovered, but looks older and thinner from his illness. I hear thro' a secret channel that Ly. Granville had a great deal to say in Lord Clanwilliam's getting the situation at Berlin. Mr. Canning's diplomatic dependents are amazed at such a thing having slipped through their fingers. It is certainly more disinterested than Lord F. C[onyngham]'s, and does him more credit in the eyes of the world. . . . Write, and tell me you are not bored to death by such a letter from a young lady."

"Sprotbrough, Saturday, 1823.

"DEAR MR. CREEVEY,

". . . The Taylors are still with us and we are within an ace of a schism about politics at least three times a day. Though I cordially agree with you about the Three Gentlemen of Verona, I cannot think your friend Mr. Brougham's speech prudent. At this time, when one must sincerely wish peace to be preserved in Europe, it has a most inflammatory tendency. I will not, however, *dare* to say a syllable about politics to you: a safer line of conduct for me

* Succeeded his brother as 5th baronet of Lochend.

† The Duke of Wellington, who, when Castlereagh committed suicide in 1822, had been appointed Plenipotentiary at the Congress of Verona.

is to agree with Michael [Taylor]. I am painfully striving to inform myself about Spain, and have just read Blaquiere's book. *Comme il fait de la prose*. I never read so dull a book made out of so interesting a subject. Las Casas' book is the most delicious effusion of a sentimental old French twaddle that ever was read; but as far as it goes appears to be very authentic. He paints Bonaparte in the brightest colours, and evidently leaves out all spots and dark shades, or softens and explains them away, so that nothing remains but the most admirable *hero de roman* that ever existed. . . . I am in horror at the thought of the King's dying. In the first place (though I am no respecter of his), I think he does as well for us, or better than the Duke of York: *secondo*—we should have a horrid radical Parliament chosen: *terzo*—*London wd. be spoilt this year*. There speaks the young lady!"

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Feby. 4, 1823.

"... Who should arrive at Brooks's last night fresh from Paris but Og King of Bashan?*" You never saw a fellow in such a state of fury against Cochon.† He is for a declaration of war this very afternoon in his friend Canning's speech. He complains bitterly that we are none of us up to the true mark: that if we would but give Spain a lift now before the Russians and Prussians come to be quartered in France (which he is perfectly sure is part of the present plan) that the Bourbons wd. not be on their throne 3 months. . . ."

"House of Commons, $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3.

"Just heard the King's Speech, and upon my word the part about Spain is much better than I expected. I don't see what Brougham is to do with his amendment after it. The first sentence relating to Spain ‡

* The 2nd Lord Kensington.

† Louis XVIII.

‡ "Faithful to the principles which his Majesty has promulgated to the world as constituting the rule of his conduct, his Majesty has

is a regular spat on the face to the Villains of Verona, and the whole certainly more in favor of Spain than of France."

"Feb. 5, Brooks's.

"... Well! I had no difficulty in making Brougham prefer the King's speech last night to his own projected amendment, and to change his regrets into warm admiration. You will see, however, that he by no means abandoned his plan of castigation of the Royal and Imperial scoundrels of Verona. . . . So faithful a picture of villains—portrait after portrait—was never produced by any artist before. If anything could add to the gratification the Allied Sovereigns must have received had they been present, it would be from the way in which our otherwise discordant fellows lapped up this truly British cordial like mother's milk. Peel could scarcely make himself heard, yet he went further than the Speech, and gave an unequivocal opinion in favor of Spain against France; but Liverpool went still further, and shewed clearly that he is in earnest in trying to keep the peace—that he thinks there is some little, *little* chance of it; and further, he clearly thinks that if war is once begun, we shall not be able to keep out of it."

"Brooks's, 14th Feb.

"I dined here last night much more agreeably, tho' not so cheaply, with Thanet, Brougham, Kensington, &c., &c. Every day's experience impresses me more strongly with the great superiority of Thanet over *every* politician that I see. He is gone to Paris this morning to add, as every one expects, £10,000 more to his already great losses at play. And yet he seems perfectly convinced of his almost approaching beggary under all the overpowering difficulties in which land is now involved!

"Yesterday morning Lord Sefton drove me to the Freemason's Tavern, the great room of which is fitted up as a court for the tribunal which sits in judgment

declined being a party to any proceedings at Verona which could be deemed an interference in the internal concerns of Spain on the part of foreign powers."

upon Lord Portsmouth's sanity or insanity. Certainly, never was a more disgraceful thing than the Chancellor's conduct on this occasion—to put the property of the family to the expense of £40,000, which it is said it will undoubtedly cost, rather than decide this point himself, which every one who has seen Lord Portsmouth has long since decided.* . . .

“The publick functionaries in Ireland are coming to close quarters. Wellesley has dismissed at a moment's warning Sir Charles Vernon, the Chamberlain, and two others—men who had held their situations about the Court for years. Their offence was dining at a Beefsteak Club last week, where Lord Chancellor Manners was likewise, and drinking as a toast:—‘Success to the export trade of Ireland, and may Lord Wellesley be the first article exported!’† . . .

“I never saw a fellow look more uncomfortable than Canning.‡ Independent of the difficulty of the times, he is surrounded by perfidy quite equal to his own. People in office are in loud and undisguised hostility to him: it may be heard at all corners of the streets. I never saw such a contrast as between the manners of ministerial men even to him, and what it used to be to Castlereagh. Business begins in earnest on Monday, and I must launch my ‘supply’ on that or some early day, if my nerves are equal to it; but I find them fail me more and more every day.”

“Brooks's, 21st Feby.

“. . . Well! we got into a fine mess the night before last upon our Joe's motion,§ but Canning did what he could for us by his ill-timed and unnecessary vehemence and violence. His own people already pronounce that his irritability must prove injurious to him, and the loss of Castlereagh's composure and good manners is deplored in a manner not very flattering to his successor.”

* The 3rd Earl of Portsmouth. The enquiry lasted 17 days, and the jury pronounced him to be insane.

† The Marquess Wellesley was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland at the time.

‡ Who was now leader of the House of Commons.

§ Joseph Hume.

" 25th.

" . . . Yesterday I spent a very amusing hour with Sefton at the Opera House, seeing the *maitre de ballet* manœuvre about 50 *figurantes* for the approaching new ballet of *Alfred*. . . . This done, we went to our *own* playhouse, where we saw 1st a *pas de trois* between Wilson, Hobhouse and Canning, and then a *pas de deux* between Brougham and Canning. . . . After the House I dined at Sefton's *en famille*, and to-day I would have you to know I dine with the Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, Premier Duke, &c., *alias* Barney, *alias* Scroope!"

" 4th March.

" . . . I dined on Saturday at Lord King's: the party—Duke and Duchess of Somerset; Heber the Tory and classical member for Oxford; George Phillips the patriotic and fashionable *savant* from Manchester; Sir — Johnson,* a powdered beau of the first order and *ci-devant* Indian judge; Lord Clare, Lavallette Bruce, George Fortescue and Bennet. Was there ever such a hash? However, the day, contrary to my expectation, was very well. I got on extremely well with Mrs. Somerset.† You know she is the false devil who robbed her brother Archie of his birthright."

Miss Maria Copley to Mr. Creevey.

" Sprotbrough, March 6th, 1823.

" Our friend the Beau does not think Ferdinand's life worth a long purchase after the French army enter Spain. He says that they—the French—will meet with no more resistance in marching to Madrid than he does in going to the Ordnance Office. Two inches of cold steel will do his business very shortly. . . . Lord Francis Leveson (at Madrid) is of the same

* Sir John Johnson, Superintendent-General and Inspector-General of Indian affairs in British North America.

† The first wife of the 11th Duke of Somerset, Lady Charlotte Douglas-Hamilton, daughter of the 9th Duke of Hamilton.

opinion as to Ferdinand's prospect of a long reign. . . . I hope *we* shall not interfere, as it must increase both our debt and our difficulties. . . . Pray what do they think at Michael's* of O'Meara? I was malicious enough to talk of nothing but the *Quarterly Review* last time that I saw Mrs. Taylor, notwithstanding that she pertinaciously asserted that she had not read a line of it.† She made a determination not to believe one word of it till she saw those notes at Murray's, with a sight of which I assured her she might be gratified immediately. . . . I am curious to see O'Meara's defence. How he is to exculpate himself from the *many charges* of double dealing baffles my poor imagination. He must be a sad, shuffling, dirty wretch.

"A still more difficult riddle for me to solve is your friend Mr. Brougham. Why does he make such love to Canning?—Why is he in none of your divisions?—Why is he in astonishment at the small demand of Ministers?—Is it catalepsy? All your good humour and civility make the debates very flat. . . . Allow me to set you right upon a point which nearly concerns the honour of my family. Heaven forbid that *Miss Lemon* should have a daughter. Her sister married a Sir Something Davy.‡ Another time be more cautious of taking away the credit of an unfortunate damsel by a stroke of your pen—particularly in a letter to her cousin!"

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"March 11th.

"I send you herewith Brougham's dispatch which I received yesterday. I had charity enough for him not to shew it to any one but Sefton, and he quite agrees with me that he is *mad*. His lunacy, you may

* Michael Angelo Taylor's.

† Croker's article on O'Meara's book appeared in the *Quarterly* in February, 1823. At Mrs. Taylor's Whig and Radical *salon* O'Meara's narrative had been accepted as gospel, and Ministers were roundly execrated for the supposed oppressive treatment of their captive.

‡ Sir John Davie, 8th baronet of Creedy, Devon.

plainly see, is to be in power. He cannot endure for a moment anything or any man he thinks can by possibility obstruct his march. He has himself entirely spiked his guns in the House of Commons; he has put it at Canning's feet, and then he is raving in the country that Hume should presume to open his mouth without his (Brougham's) permission."

There is little apparent madness in Brougham's letter referred to above. On the contrary, it seems brimful of common sense, chiefly referring to a projected attack on the Church of England by Joseph Hume, but it was not militant enough for Creevey.

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey [enclosed in above].

"Durham, Saturday.

"... As to Joseph, I hope it may do good. I know that things may with safety be brought on by him, which in any other man's hands wd. do harm. Therefore I always thought the attack on the Church was safer in his hands than in any others. But I fear he may throw away a great case, and (*except your testimony*) I see nothing in the other night's debate to change this opinion. Don't let us deceive ourselves. There are millions—and among them very powerful and very respectable people—who will go a certain way with us, but will be quite staggered by our going *pell-mell* at it. The people of this country are not prepared to give up the Church. For one—I am certainly not; and my reason is this. There is a vast mass of religion in the country, shaped in various forms and burning with various degrees of heat—from regular lukewarmness to Methodism. Some Church establishment this feeling *must have*; and I am quite clear that a much-reformed Ch. of Engd. is the safest form in which such an establishment can exist. It is a quiet and somewhat lazy Church: certainly not a persecuting one. Clip its wings of temporal power (which it unceasingly uses in behalf of a political slavery)* and

* *I.e.* against Reform.

purify its more glaring abuses, and you are far better off than with a fanatical Church and Dominion of *Saints*, like that of the 17th century; or no Church at all and a Dominion of Sects, like that of America. . . . The Irish case is a great and an extreme one, and by keeping it *strictly on its own grounds* and abstaining from any topics common to both Churches, a body blow may be given. But if any means are afforded to the Ch. and its friends here of making common cause with the Irish fellows, I fear you convert a most powerful case into an ordinary one, which must fall. . . . I write this in court, and in some haste. Let me hear whether I am still in the wrong."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"11th March.

"I never told you that I caught the Beau one day last week just mounting his horse, so I went up and stopt him, and had a very hearty hand-shaking. . . . I never saw a man's looks so altered. He is a perfect shadow, and as old looking as the ark. . . . There must have been an amusing scene between him and Slice* this day week in Ly. Salisbury's box at the Opera. Slice made a long oration to him against French aggression upon Spain, and ended with requiring to know Wellington's sentiments upon the probable result. The Beau contented himself by replying—'It won't succeed.' Slice would not be put off this way, and made a second harangue, ending with the same demand of an official opinion; but our Beau again wd. not advance further than—'It won't succeed.'"

"17th.

"... Thanet has won £40,000 in one night at Paris. He broke the bank at the Salon *twice*: the question is—will he bring any of this money home with him? I take it for granted *not*."

"April 18th.

"You never saw such confusion and consternation as was produced in the Ministerial row by Burdett's speech [on Catholic emancipation]. . . . In the midst

* H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester.

of the debate arose that alarming episode between Brougham and Canning. . . . Brougham was laying about him upon Canning's 'truckling' to Eldon for his late admission into the Cabinet,* when the latter sprung up in the greatest fury saying—'THAT IS FALSE!' Upon this we had the devil to pay for near an hour, and Wilson had at last the credit of settling it by a speech of very great merit, and to the satisfaction of all parties. Brougham, I think, was wrong to begin with; he was speaking under the impression produced upon him by Canning's blackguard observation to Folkestone the night before, viz. that 'if he had *truckled* to the Bourbons, as stated by Folkestone, at all events he would never truckle to *him*.' Brougham was going on like a madman, but Canning was much worse in his rage, and in his violation of the rules of the House. . . . The House generally was *decidedly* against Canning, as it had been the night before upon his passion and low-lived tirade against Folkestone, saying 'he spoke with all the contortions of the Sibyl without her inspiration.' . . . In short, Canning's temper is playing the devil with him, as I always felt sure it would."

"April 21st.

"On Saturday I dined at Harry Martin's, with the Admiral and his wife, Lord Erskine, old Alexander the Master in Chancery, &c., &c. Poor Erskine at last looks very old and forlorn, tho' his ethereal spark is by no means extinct. Somebody was talking about old Cochon's† powers of eating, upon which Erskine said he wished 'the damned scoundrel wd. *eat his words*.' . . . He talks for both Spaniards and Greeks with all the enthusiasm of youth."

"28th.

". . . Ward (John William)‡ met me in the street yesterday, and begged me, after all his estrangement from me, to turn about with him, as he wished much to have some talk; and so, as I declined, he turned

* Implying that Canning, who had always advocated emancipation of the Catholics, had consented, as the price of his admission, not to press the question.

† Louis XVIII.

‡ Created Earl of Dudley in 1827.

about himself, putting his arm thro' mine; and his discourse was that the Government must be strangled—that the Opposition, with the least management in the world, must destroy them—that Peel was lower and lower every day, quite incompetent, and that Canning, with all his talents and superiority, had no support—that Peel had all the Tories, and Canning no one of any party with him. A pleasant statement this to be made by a man who calls Canning his master, or at least who has called him so. . . . Sefton and I were walking in the streets two days ago, when we saw my Lady Holland's carriage standing at a shop door; so Sefton said—'Now's your time! go and get it over.' So I did: I put my head into the carriage as if nothing had happened—shook hands and cracked my jokes as usual. . . . So when I left her she squeezed Sefton's hand with the greatest tenderness and said—'*Nothing* could be better done!' . . .

"Og* told me a story of the Duke of Buckingham which Canning had told him in confidence, and which ought to be preserved to perpetuate the base, intriguing spirit of this genuine noble Grenville. . . . Upon Castlereagh's death this said Duke, altho' Canning and he had never been on very good terms, wrote the most nauseous complimentary letter to Canning, taking for granted the Government would never let so distinguished a statesman leave the country,† and urging him by all he owed to his country to accept the offer when made to him. Canning shewed this letter to Kensington at the time, convulsed with laughter at its style and mean contents. Not content with this, the Duke wrote another letter to Lord Morley, still more extravagant in Canning's praises, well knowing the latter was sure to see the letter, hoping Canning would not run any risque of serving his country by claims made for any of his friends, for that, when once Minister, all would be at his feet.

"Well—upon Canning's first interview with Lord Liverpool after his acceptance of office, the latter said—'What is to become of India?' to which Canning replied it was an appointment to which he was quite

* Lord Kensington.

† Canning had been appointed Governor General of India.

indifferent, the only object he had at heart being an arrangement for putting Huskisson in a high and responsible official situation. Upon which Liverpool said he knew the Speaker* was desirous of going to India, and if Canning would see and sound the Directors—if they were agreeable to appoint him Governor General, then Wynne† might be placed in the chair and Huskisson have the Board of Controul. Canning accordingly saw the Directors, but tho' they were very desirous of Wynne being removed from the Board of Controul, as being perfectly inefficient, still they had the greatest possible objections to the Speaker as Governor General. However, Huskisson's appointment was so very agreeable to them, that at a second conference they struck. Wynne, who hitherto had shown no reluctance to this arrangement, being now called upon for its execution, declared his fixed determination not to give up the Board of Controul unless the Duke of Buckingham had that office, or was one of the Secretaries of State, and of course in the Cabinet. This claim being universally scouted, all was at an end."

"May 3, 1823.

"... I dined at Hughes'‡ on Thursday—17 or 18 people—crowded and dull as be damned. But then the footmen had such cloaths—such rich laced waistcoats—such beautiful new *silk* stockings and silver buckles!... My Lord Lansdowne was *affable* beyond measure yesterday. He has had a special messenger from Marshal Soult, offering him in the first instance, and before any one else, his Murillos, taken by him when in Spain, and only asking as the price of them *one hundred thousand pounds!* My lord said Soult had shown them to him when he was last in Paris, and certainly they were the finest things ever seen—great altar-pieces, &c. . . . I have been to look at the Queen's trial by Hayter, and never was I more disappointed—a regular daub—and yet I find myself singular in this opinion so far."

* Charles Manners Sutton, created Viscount Canterbury in 1835, died in 1845.

† The Right Hon. C. W. Williams Wynn.

‡ Mr. Hughes of Kinnel, afterwards created Lord Dinorben.

" 6th.

"I really had a most agreeable dinner at Sam Whitbread's brewery on Saturday. We sat down 22, I think. Sam and William both behaved as well as could be. . . . The entertainment of the day to me was going over the brewery after dinner by gas-light. A stable brilliantly illuminated, containing ninety horses worth 50 or 60 guineas apiece upon an average, is a sight to be seen nowhere but in this 'tight little island.' The beauty and amiability of the horses was quite affecting; such as were lying down we favored with sitting upon—four or five of us upon a horse. . . ."

" May 9th.

". . . Yesterday I dined at Og's*—his first great state dinner and new French cook, just imported; our company being Jockey of Norfolk,† Althorpe, Bennet, Lambton, Ferguson, Titchfield, my lady [Kensington], two daughters and two sons, and I assure you we had a most jolly day of it. . . . At night, Bennet and I went to Lady Derby's, and certainly an uglier set of old harridans I never beheld in all my life. . . . Humbug Leopold‡ and Bore Slice§ were there. Lady Sefton and I sat together to quiz the whole set, of which none were ever more worthy. To-day I dined at Lord King's, and there is the devil to do about Lady Jersey wanting to get Brougham not to dine there, but to dine with her to meet Prince d'Arenberg, who wants particularly to meet Brougham. The latter tells Lady Jersey that as *Mrs.* Brougham dines at *Ld.* King's, he can't let her go there alone; so 'Sister Sally' writes to *Mrs.* Brougham to beg as a particular favor that she will dine at Lady King's without Brougham. *Mrs.* B. replies upon Sally, in a dispatch of four sides of paper, that she can't presume to do so—that she knows full well she never is asked

* Lord Kensington's.

† Referring to the 12th Duke under the nickname usually given to the 11th Duke.

‡ Chosen King of the Belgians in 1831.

§ H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester.

anywhere but on account of Mr. Brougham, and that she can't think of incurring the odium of going anywhere without him. . . ."

" 10th May.

" . . . As I walked up to Lord King's door yesterday, up drove Brougham's carriage, and in it was Mrs. Brougham *alone*. So I handed her out, dressed like an interesting villager, all in white, with a wreath of roses round her temples, and she made Brougham's apologies to Lady King for *unavoidable absence on account of business*; so it was all very well, and I complimented her upon her powers of face. I sat next to her at dinner, and her languishing was really beyond all bearing."

" May 12.

" . . . Og has been down to Canning at Gloucester Lodge. . . . The object of his visit was to tender his son's resignation of his seat in Parliament, the said son having voted with Burdett on Tuesday, altho' his seat was given him by Canning. The latter said he had observed Edwardes go out in the division; but behaved very handsomely indeed about it—said he was a young one and might think differently in future, and, in short, desired he might have his head and do as he liked for some time longer. But Og observed there was no chance of his mending, for that his mother was in his confidence, and he had entrusted to her his decided opinion against the Government."

" June 3rd.

" . . . My visit to Stoke Farm has been *perfect*. . . . As a place, it has no other merit than that of having Windsor Castle full in front of it, distant 3 miles. It is on a dead flat, if not in a hollow. It was Sefton's first residence 30 years ago, during which period he told me he had spent £40,000 on it, and he adds it may now be worth from £6,000 to £10,000. . . ."

" 24th.

" . . . On Monday, after dining at Sefton's, I went to Lady Jersey's. Her parties are not nearly so numerous as they used to be, and of course they are

so much the worse, because they were never too crowded. . . . While I was talking to Ly. Jersey, Humbug Leopold interrupted us, so she sent me a message by her 'brother Brougham' to come to her next Monday, and stay and be one of the supper click, which always terminates these evenings. . . . I suppose you know Ly. Elizabeth Conyngham's marriage with Lord Burford * is off. He became so unmannerly and cross that the lady sent him a letter of dismissal last Saturday. . . . Here is the town in a mutiny at the King giving Lord Salisbury's blue ribbon to Lord Bath, quite unknown to any of the Ministers. I am delighted, because Lord Bath is the man who said that if he had seen Bergami and the late Queen in bed together it would not alter his vote *against* the Bill that was to crush her."

"July 18, 1823.

" . . . I had really a charming day at Roehampton yesterday. It is quite a superb villa or house, with 500 acres of beautiful ground about it, and all Richmond Park appearing to belong to it. What a contrast between Lady Duncannon and her sister Lady Jersey! The quietness and retiredness of the former. She seems, however, very merry and very happy with her nine white-haired children, some of them very pretty. . . ."

"Stoke Farm [Lord Sefton's], 25th July.

" . . . My life here is a most agreeable one. I am much the earliest riser in the House, and have above two hours to dispose of before breakfast, which is at eleven o'clock or even later. Then I live with myself again till about 3, when the ladies and I ride for 3 hours or so. . . . We dine at $\frac{1}{4}$ past seven, and the critics would say not badly. We drink in great moderation—walk out, all of us, before tea, and then crack jokes and *fiddle* till about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 or 1. . . . If you want any London scandal, there is a shop at present which is said to surpass what Devonshire House ever was. The receiving house is [*erased*]
the principal ladies Mrs. F—— L——, young Duchess

* Afterwards 9th Duke of St. Albans.

of R—, Lady E— V—, Lady C— P—
— the men, young Lister, Geo. Anson, Francis
Russell, &c., &c.”

“ 11th Feb., 1824.

“ . . . I dined yesterday at Vesuvius Kinnaird's,* and such a mixture was never before got together— Sir Francis Burdett and Sir Charles Flint, Lavelette Bruce, and Lord Fitzroy Somerset,† Mr. Creevey and Sir George Warrender—and, what is more, the last two gentlemen sat next to each other to the great amusement of Ellice.‡ . . . I cracked my jokes with such success that old Rat Warrender was compelled to ask me to drink wine with him, tho' he was infernally annoyed all the time, and made a most precipitate retreat after dinner. But my delight was Lord Fitzroy Somerset. . . . I never was more pleased with any one than I was with him during our conversation, which was of some length. . . . ”

“ March 1.

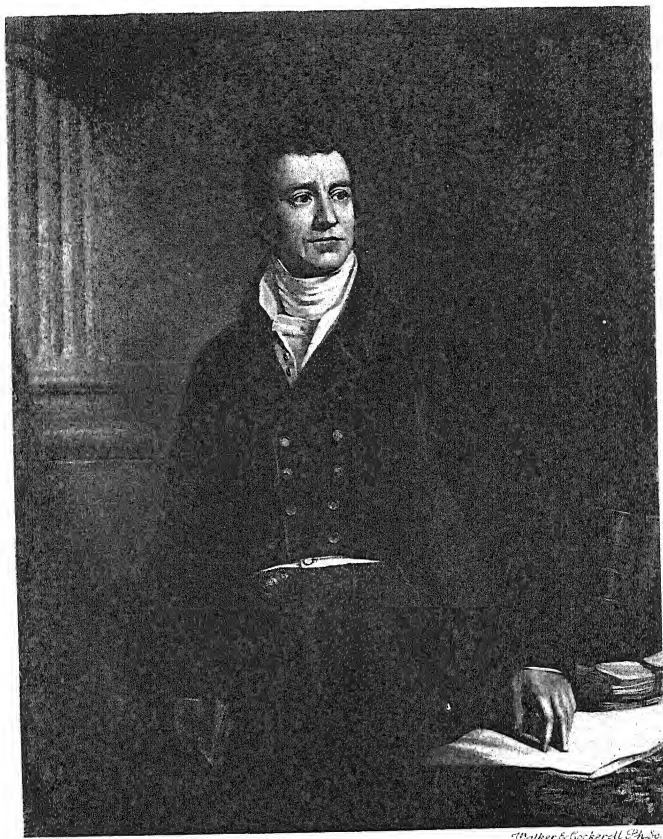
“ . . . On Saturday I dined at Hume's, where I had the good fortune to sit between Mina and one of the Greek deputies. . . . Mina§ is my delight. Hobhouse wanted to flatter him at the expense of Morillo, Abisbal and Ballisteros, but Mina would not touch it. He spoke in high terms of the talents and courage of Morillo, and of the infinite difficulties all Spaniards were surrounded with. If ever I saw an honest man, he is one; and then he is so hearty and likeable. . . . Yesterday I made my long owing visit at Holland House, and found my lord and my lady alone—she with a bad cold, and he, of course, nursing her. My visit seemed to answer, and I am to dine and stay all night there on Sunday. Would you believe it? Lady H. wd. not let Holland dine with Lord Lansdowne

* Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, a banker in Westminster.

† Created Lord Raglan in 1852.

‡ Sir George, originally a Whig, had become a supporter of the Government, and had quarrelled with Creevey about a taunting speech he (Creevey) had made in the House on the subject of “ratting.”

§ General Espoz y Mina, a distinguished Spanish soldier, commanded a corps under Wellington in the Peninsular war.



For Hume, 1840.

Walker & Co. 1840.

Joseph Hume.

last week—a dinner made purposely for Mina, merely because she thought it might not please the King if he heard of it! Nor will she let Mina or any Spaniard approach Holland House for the same reason. Was there ever such a ——?”

“April 2.

“. . . In talking with Lady Derby about young Gill Heathcote's duel, she put me in mind that young Gill and Mrs. Johnson are cousins—their two grandmothers, Ly. Louisa Manners and Lady Jane Hallyday, having been sisters. So, as the Countess justly observed, after Gill had received Lord Brudenel's shot for maltreating his sister, he ought to have said—‘Now, my lord, I must beg you to receive my shot for your conduct to my cousin!’ Damned fair, I think. . . . At night I am sorry to say I went with Lord Sefton into that famous, or rather infamous, salon in St. James's Street, where all the world at present assembles. It far surpasses the salon at Paris in splendor, tho' nothing like so large nor so agreeable. To me it appears inevitable that all the young ones must be ruined there. I found Sir Colin Campbell at the hazard table, young Lord William Lennox, Lord Bury and various others whom I knew—all in the face of day—no concealment, but in the great and principal apartment of the house. . . . On Sunday, Sefton and I go to hear Irving,* and I am engaged to dine with him, altho' Sussex has since asked me to dine with him to meet Mina.”

“May 12.

“. . . A piece of news in the *fashionable* world which has been referred to in the papers is the separation of Henry B—— from his wife. She has long been known to be a ‘neat un,’ but her vagaries at Paris were so undisguised that some friend wrote and advertised her husband of it here, and he, to justify himself before proceeding to extremities, took to breaking open her boxes in pursuit of evidence against her. In one of these he is said to have found 20 locks of hair, with a label on each containing the name of the lover to whom it belonged, such as ‘*dear*

* Edward Irving, the famous Scottish preacher.

John Warrender's.' So having collected his trophies of this kind, with letters equally instructive, he sallied forth to meet her return, and Rochester was the place they came together. Here, upon her giving her solemn word of honor that all the children *but one* were his, he banished her and *the one* from his sight for ever, and has taken all the other children from her. She is a Yankee by birth and origin: her husband is a notorious gambler, for whom nobody seems to care a damn.

"Another *ship* is Mrs. Alderman C—— with our tragedian, Kean. . . . *He* has been at his letters too, one of which to the lady was intercepted by the alderman, and begun—'You dear imprudent little ——.' Can anything be more soft or romantic? . . .

"I don't know whether you noticed that Edward Stanley* made a regular attack upon Hume, defended the Church, and eventually voted against Hume and our people, as did his father.† You may well suppose this heresy was mightily extolled by the enemy. . . . Lord Derby has been made really ill by it."

"4th May.

". . . I told you of my dinner with King Tom,‡ and of my satisfaction with the Crown Prince.§ The latter is really like a young Newfoundland puppy—quite as strong, intelligent and good-natured. . . . At night, Coke was to take me to the honble. House; but . . . we first looked in at Brooks's, where we found that the whole concern had been knocked up by *the Balloon!* So many members had run out to see it that Alderman Kit Smith, a furious enemy of the Saints, call'd for the House to be counted. . . . Not forty had remained in it, so all was over! Sefton's delight in the mischief was unbounded. Brougham had been in bed most of the day on purpose, and had ordered himself to be called at 5 so as to be quite fresh for his reply. Wilberforce had given all his *serious*

* Afterwards 14th Earl of Derby.

† Lord Stanley, afterwards 13th Earl of Derby. The Stanleys hitherto had been consistent Whigs.

‡ Mr. Coke of Holkham, created Earl of Leicester in 1837.

§ The present Earl of Leicester, born in 1822.

acquaintance notice that he meant to take leave of publick life in his speech on this occasion,* so that every hole and corner was crammed with saints and missionaries in expectation of this great event; when, lo and behold! this wicked aeronaut proved more attractive to the giddy Council of the Nation."

"June 18, Stoke Farm.

"... Our course for the last three days has been to breakfast punctually at 10, to start for Ascot about 11, not to be home again before 6, and after dinner to be engaged in gambles of one kind or another with cards till one or later. . . . Our old acquaintance Prinney was at the races each day, and tho' in health he appeared perfect, he has all the appearance of a slang leg—a plain brown hat, black cravat, scratch wig, and his hat cocked over one eye. There he sat, in one corner of his stand, Lady Conyngham rather behind him, hardly visible but by her feathers. He had the same limited set of *jips* about him each day, and arrived and departed in private. I must say he cut the lowest figure; and the real noblesse—Whig and Tory—were with his brother York."

"June 19.

"... I wish I could sufficiently condense the facts of an affair which now forms the pre-eminent subject of conversation in the *beau monde*. The parties are P—— G—— and Lady G——. The latter has been parted some time from her husband, and P—— has been the lover of the lady. It seems that Mrs. Peter Free, the sister of Lady G——, has long been pressing her to discard P—— as quite unworthy of her, and in the end she succeeded; so that one fine day our heroine sets forth in all the consciousness of virtuous triumph to carry to her sister, not only the vicious correspondence which had passed between her and her lover, but a copy of the letter which she had written and sent to P——, closing all intercourse with him for ever. By some secret

* The occasion was an adjourned debate on Brougham's motion for an enquiry into the trial by court-martial of an English missionary in Demerara.

management of the Devil, no doubt, the lady was tempted by him in the shape of a gown to go into a shop; and, having deposited and left upon the counter her ridicule [reticule], the aforesaid Enemy of man and womankind had the address to have it conveyed to the house of Sir B——, who opened and examined its contents. You have of course anticipated that the fatal correspondence was enclosed in it, which he has been kind enough to shew to a pretty numerous circle of his friends. Tom Duncombe tells me he has seen every letter. The parties correspond under the imposing signatures of Jupiter and Juno. . . . The principal *novelty* to Sir B—— is a child which the lady has born to P——, which is receiving its nourishment and education in the New Road. It is the conduct of P—— to this interesting infant which constitutes the lady's grounds for abandoning him for ever. It seems the child had lately suffered severely in cutting a tooth—an event which agitated its mother extreamly, but which P—— is alleged to have witnessed with the most stoical indifference; so much so, that she is very naturally led to contrast his conduct with that of his friend De Ros,* who actually *wept* over the child; and, what is more, has promised to provide for it by his will. It is this last anecdote which peculiarly delights the town, De Ros being one of the cleverest and most hardened villains in it. . . .”

“June 22nd.

“. . . We are all full of a battle that is to take place in the H. of Lords between the Duke of York and our Scroop.† Lord Holland has brought in a bill to enable Scroop, tho' a Catholic, to officiate in future as Earl Marshal. It was read a 2nd time on Saturday, tho' the Duke of York and old Eldon were in the minority; but since then the D. of York has become perfectly furious, and has written to every peer he knows, calling upon him to come and protect the Crown against the insidious Scroop. We had a jolly day enough at Whitehall on Saturday, altho' I never

* The 19th Baron de Ros.

† The 12th Duke of Norfolk.

see Sydney Smith without thinking him too much of a buffoon."

"25th June.

"I dined last night at Lord Carnarvon's, where by comparison for amusement Bedlam* decidedly kept the lead, altho' our company were no other than the Dukes of Sussex and Leinster, Marquis Downshire, Earls Grey, Jersey, Darnley, Cowper and Rosslyn, Lords King, Ellenborough and John Russell, and last and least Messrs. Brougham and Creevey. Carnarvon never uttered, and little Sussex very justly whispered to me as we came away that 'it had been a *malancholy* day.' . . . Grey, Rosslyn, Cowper and Jersey went full fig from Carnarvon's to the Beau's, to meet the King who dined there, and Grey says to-day *cut* him most clearly and decidedly. . . ."

"15 July.

"... We had beautiful weather at Newmarket. . . . Sefton has a capital house, and, according to custom, his dinners were admirably arranged. Tavistock, Lord Jersey, Punch Greville† and Shelley dined there each day, and on Tuesday the Duke of Grafton and the Duke of York. I had never seen the latter in this sort of way before, and was extreemly entertained. He is the very image of the late Lord Petre; perhaps not quite so clever, and certainly not so polite—in short, a very civil and apparently most good-tempered idiot, without any manners at all. Shelley played the fool in patronising him and shewing him off, and Punch Greville disgraced himself by hunching him; but he took both in the same good humor, and we all drank freely in compliment to the royal guest. . . ."

"Cantley, nr. Doncaster [Michael Taylor, M.P.'s], Sept. 7th.

"... I had a most prosperous journey down here. There never was such perfection of travelling. I left London at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 on Friday morning, and, without an

* He had paid a visit that morning to the new Bedlam, south of Westminster Bridge.

† Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville [1794-1865], Clerk of the Council and political diarist.

effort, and in a coach loaded with luggage, I was at Doncaster by 5 the following morning—a distance of 160 miles! . . . Lady Anson goes to town next week to be present at the wedding of her niece, the pretty ‘Aurora’—‘Light of Day’—Miss Digby . . . who is going to be married to Lord Ellenborough. . . . It was Miss Russell who refused Ld. Ellenborough, as many others besides are said to have done. Lady Anson will have it that he was a very good husband to his first wife, but all my impressions are that he is a damned fellow.”*

“Cantley [Doncaster Races], 24th Sept.

“. . . George Payne’s loss (in bets) turns out to be £21,000 and not £25,000 as I had been told when I wrote to you on Monday. The £4000 saved is better than nothing, but the whole thing is damnable. . . . If one could suppose such a knockdown blow wd. cure him, it might turn out to be money well laid out; but I fear that is hopeless. He says he shall keep to hunting in future and cut the turf. . . . Lady Londonderry is the great shew of the balls here in her jewels, which are out of all question the finest I ever beheld—such immense amethysts and emeralds, &c. Poor Mrs. Carnac, who had a regular *haystack* of diamonds last night, was really nothing by the side of the other, tho’ in beauty the two ladies are very fairly matched. Such a dumpy, rum-shaped and rum-faced article as Lady Londonderry one can rarely see. . . .”

“Lambton, Oct. 20.

“. . . I got here on Monday night, the company being at dinner, and in the second course. However King Jog, hearing I was arrived, left his throne, and came out, and took me in with him. I found nearer 30 than 20 people there, in a very long and lofty apartment—the roof highly *collegiate*, from which hung the massive chandeliers—the curtain drapery of dark-coloured velvet, profusely fringed with gold, and much resembling palls. The company, sitting at a long and

* This marriage turned out badly, and was dissolved by Act of Parliament in 1830. “Aurora” consoled herself by *three* subsequent marriages, and died at Damascus in 1881

narrowish table, never uttered a single, solitary sound for long and long after I was there; so that it really might have been the family vault of the Lambtons, and the company the male and female Lambtons who had been buried in their best cloaths and in a sitting position. Grey and Ly. Elizabeth and Lord Howick are here, the Milbanks, the Wiltons and Bob Grosvenor, the Cavendishes and Henry and his wife, the Dundas's, the Normanbys, Mr. Hobhouse, Sir Hedworth Williamson, young Liddel, Mat Ridley, [*illegible*] three deep, Capt. Berkley and other captains and majors who ride at our races, not omitting John Mills. To-day, too, my Lord and Lady Londonderry, with Sir Something and Lady Something Gresley,* come. The place is really a fine one, considering how confined it is by coal-pits and smoke, and part of the house quite unrivalled. . . . The capricious young tyrant and devil† is all graciousity to myself. . . . Mrs. Taylor had caught fresh cold before I left Cantley, so that she was bled on Sunday morning and fainted away. . . . We'll go to our races of to-day. Grey had over and over again expressed to me his nervousness about 14 or 15 of these young men starting for the Cup; the course being very slippery and not wide enough for such a number. You may judge, then, what cause there was for his apprehension when three horses out of the number came in without their riders. . . . Lady Wilton was standing up as white as a sheet, whilst Lady Augusta Milbank fell to the bottom of the coach as if she had been shot. Just then, however, the good-natured Mat Ridley came galloping up with all his might and main to announce that all was safe. . . . Milbank is the only one hurt. . . . he has been bled, and is somewhat bruised. . . . Well—all being over, we came home and dined pretty punctually at seven—and such a dinner I defy any human being to fancy for such an occasion. . . . I handed Mrs. Dundas out (Miss Williamson that was) and a pretty good laugh I had out of her at our fare. A round of beef at a side table was run at with as much keenness as a banker's shop before a stoppage. . . . Was there ever such an

* Sir Roger and Lady Sophia Gresley.

† Mr. Lambton¹

instance of derangement, with all this expense in other subjects and all his means? I have just been saying to Mills that it is a low Crockford's, and he admits it is so; but he adds that it is certainly better than last year, for then there was no beef at the side table, but only a sucking-pig! Oh dear, oh dear! it is a neat concern: and yet the comfort of these rooms is *beyond*. I have got my book I was in search of, and his civility about it makes me almost ashamed of thinking him such a stingy, swindling, tyrannical kip as he certainly is.

"Well, as to *kips*, I think this Lord Wilton* must certainly be a decided one. He has the worst countenance, I think, I ever saw, and he appears a sulky, selfish chap: but she seems very happy . . . and there is a great charm in all she does. . . ."

"Lambton, 23rd Sept.

" . . . A very large division of us have got to quiz the whole concern of dinner, so that we really have a very jolly time. King Jog himself still sits silent and involved in thought. . . . We are really very much indebted to these grandees for the damned fools they make of themselves. Let me present you with a few particulars. . . . The night before last, between 12 and 1, I being in the library where the same cold fowl always is with wine and water, Lambton came in out of the hazard room, and, finding no water, begun belabouring the bell in a way that I thought must inevitably have brought the whole concern down. No effect was produced, so he sallied forth, evidently boiling, and when he returned he said:—'I don't think I shall have to ring so long another time.' This is all I know of my own knowledge; but, says Lady Augusta Milbank to me yesterday—'Do you know what happened last night?'—'Du tout,' says I.—'Why,' says she, 'Mr. Lambton rung the bell for water so long, that he went and rung the house bell, when his own man came; and upon saying something in his own justification which displeased the Monarch, he laid hold of a stick and struck him twice; upon which

* The 3rd Earl of Wilton, a renowned character in the chase and on the turf.

his man told him he could not stand that, and that if he did it again he should be obliged to knock him down. So the master held his hand and the man gave him notice he had done with him. . . .

"Lady — has two maids here—one French and the other Italian, the latter of which presides over the bonnet department. [Follows a story about the Italian.] . . . So much for the Italian maid, and now for the French one. Mrs. William Lambton was going along a passage near her ladyship's room between 12 and 1 this morning, when she found *la petite* on the floor crying bitterly, and upon enquiring the cause, she said my lady had beat her so : upon which Mrs. W. Lambton sent her maid to her with some *sal volatile*, and just as she was administering it, my lord — came out and would not let her have it, saying she did not deserve it and that she was shamming. Now I should be glad to know if there was *ever* ! You never saw any one enjoy these things more than Grey, except indeed Lady Wilton. What a good thing she will make of it all for little Derby and the Countess !"

"Lambton, Oct. 24th.

". . . I think I never saw Grey to greater advantage, nor Lady Louisa to so much. As for Lady Elizabeth, you never saw a creature so thin or altered in looks. . . . The other night Ly. Wilton, she, Hobhouse, Mills and I had a jaw about life, youth and age. Ly. Elizth. was all for childhood—that she shd. never be so happy again, and that if it was not for her friends, she would as soon die as live. This may be Grey gloom, but I am afraid it must be the behaviour of Lord Lothian."

"Croxteth, Nov. 10, 1824.

". . . I left FitzClarence at Gosforth and continue to like him as well as ever. Ly. Sefton says he is out and out the best of the family. . . . Tho' shy, he is not without the *ingenuousness* of the family. He said the King was getting very old and cross—that the Duchess of Clarence was the best and most charming woman in the world—that Prince Leopold was a damned humbug, and that he [FitzClarence] disliked the Duchess of Kent."

CHAPTER IV.

1825-1826.

DOMESTIC politics were in an uneventful stage in the fifth year of George IV. Ten years of peace had told their tale upon the resources of the United Kingdom; the mineral and textile industries were fully employed, and were developing apace; even farmers had ceased to have cause for complaint, if the *Annual Register* may be taken as well informed, for "agricultural distress had disappeared," according to that authority, which is scarcely to be reconciled with Lord Sefton's account of affairs in Lancashire. Mr. Creevey's letters are chiefly filled with descriptions of the various country houses which he visited, and of their inmates. January finds him north of the Tweed, paying a visit to his friend Mr. Ferguson of Raith.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Raith, 18th January, 1825.

"... On Sunday I went to *Kirk* to hear the great luminary of this county, Dr. Chalmers,* Professor of Humā-nity at Glasgow, and an author upon many subjects. He dined here on Saturday, and was treated as a regular Jeroboam. His appearance on that day was that of a very quiet, good kind of man, with very dirty hands and nails; but on Sunday I never beheld a fitter subject for Bedlam than he was. . . . The stuff the fellow preached could only be surpassed by his

In 1823 he was Professor of Moral Philosophy in St. Andrews, but in 1824 he was transferred to the chair of Theology in Edinburgh.

manner of roaring it out. I expected he would have carried the poor Kirkcaldy pulpit clean away. Then his *Scotch* too! His sermon was to prove that the *manner* of doing a kindness was more valuable than the matter, in support of which I remember two notable illustrations.—‘If,’ said he, ‘you suppose a fā-mily to be suddenly veesited with the cā-lā-mity of pō-verty, the tear of a menial—the fallen countenance of a domēstick—in such cases will afford greater relief to the fā-mily than a speceefick sum of money without a corresponding sympathy.’ A pretty good start, was it not—for Scotland, too, of all places in the world! but it was followed by a still higher flight.—‘Why,’ said he, or rather shouted he, ‘Why is it that an øpple presented by an infant to its parent produces greater plesure than an øpple found by the raud-side? Why, because it is the moral influence of the geft, and not the speceefick quality of the øpple that in this case constitutes the plesure of the parent.’ Now what think you of the tip-top showman of all Scotland? . . .

“Having heard that the London artist Irving had formerly to do with Kirkcaldy, I asked Fergus and he replied—‘Oh yes: he kept an acā-demy for youth at Kirkcaldy and was the greatest tyrant of a dominie that ever I *hard* of. He had three different indictments found against him for beating his pupils.’—‘Oh!’ said I, ‘you joke.’—‘No,’ replied Fergus, ‘I never made a joke in my life. I have seen, with my own eyes, his pupils carried home, from his having bruised them so unmercifully; and the truth is, I canno bear to hear his name mentioned.’ The said Fergus is a man of 70 years of age at least, and Provost of Kirkcaldy. Is it not a capital account of the London charmer to whom the fine ladies, Jemmy McKintosh, and Canning, and anybody else of any fame, fly in all directions?”

Lord Thanet’s death at this time seriously affected Mr. Creevey’s position in Parliament as member for Appleby, which seat was in the deceased lord’s gift. By the custom of the unreformed Parliament he felt bound to resign the seat if called on to do so by his lordship’s successor.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Raith, Feby. 6th, 1825.

"... *Soyez tranquille* as to Parliament—as to my having a seat in it, I mean. You have already my mind on this subject . . . particularly as to the value to one's feelings of not being turned out on a notice or by the intrigues of Ly. Holland, Ly. Blessington, &c., &c. . . . The death of poor Thanet makes a great difference in my feelings as to parliamentary attendance. It was due to *him* to be at my post; I feel no such obligation to the present earl or my dear constituents. . . ."

"Raby Castle [Earl of Darlington's], Feb. 16th, 1825.

"... This house is itself *by far* the most magnificent and unique in several ways that I have ever seen. Then what are we to say of its being presided over by a poplolly!! a magnificent woman, dressed to perfection, without a vestige of her former habits—in short, *in manners* as produceable a countess as the best blood could give you. . . . As long as I have heard of anything, I have heard of being driven into the hall of this house in one's carriage, and being set down by the fire. You can have no idea of the magnificent perfection with which this is accomplished. Then the band of musick which plays in this same hall during dinner! then the gold plate!! and then—the poplolly at the head of all!!!"*

"Raby, 20th Feby.

"... My lady [Darlington] drove me about and shewed me many lions I had not seen before. I am compelled to admit that, in the familiarity of a duet and outing, the cloven foot appeared. I don't mean more than that tendency to *slang*, which I conceive it impossible for any person who has been long in the ranks entirely to get over.† To be sure when I

* The 3rd Earl of Darlington was created Duke of Cleveland in 1833. By his second wife, alluded to above, who died in 1861, he had no children.

† It requires an effort to realise how very recent is the toleration of slang in ladies of position. Men, as is amply manifest in Mr. Creevey's correspondence, permitted themselves to use language of the utmost

look at these three young women,* and at this brazen-faced Pop who is placed over them, and shews that she is so, the whole transaction—I mean the *marriage*, appears to me the wickedest thing I ever heard of; for altho' these young ladies appear to be gifted with no great talents, and altho' they have all more or less of the quality squall, yet their manners are particularly correct and modest. . . .”

“London, March 7th.

“. . . I wish you could hear Atty Hill's † imitation of old Dowr. Richmond upon the marriage that is about to take place between Mrs. Tighe's eldest son and a young Lady [Louisa] Lennox. The Dowr. had fixed her mind upon having Lord Hervey, which was more than he did, so Tighe and the young one settled their affairs. . . .”

At this time may be noted the earliest appearance in Parliament of the great railway movement. Mr. Creevey was appointed a member of the Committee to deal with the Bill of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company, to which, it would appear, he applied himself in no judicial frame of mind. He acted openly in the interests of his friends Lords Derby and Sefton, who, like most territorial magnates at that time, viewed the designs of railway engineers with the utmost apprehension and abhorrence.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

“London, March 16, 1825.

“. . . Sefton and I have come to the conclusion that our Ferguson is *insane*. He quite foamed at the mouth with rage in our Railway Committee in support of this infernal nuisance—the loco-motive Monster, licence; but, if swearing was reckoned a grace in male conversation, slang was pronounced a disgrace among ladies.

* Lord Darlington's daughters.

† Lord Arthur Hill, second son of 2nd Marquess of Downshire, succeeded his mother as Baron Sandys.

carrying *eighty tons* of goods, and navigated by a tail of smoke and sulphur, coming thro' every man's grounds between Manchester and Liverpool. He was supported by Scotchmen only, except a son of Sir Robert Peel's, and against every landed gentleman of the county—his own particular friends, who were all present, such as Ld. Stanley, Ld. Sefton, Ld. Geo. Cavendish, &c."

"25th March.

". . . I get daily more interested about this railroad—on its own grounds, to begin with, and the infernal, impudent, lying jobbing by its promoters. . . ."

"31st May.

". . . This railway is the devil's own—from 12 till 4 daily is really too much. We very near did the business to-day; we were 36 to 37 on the Bill itself. I led for the Opposition in a speech of half an hour. . . ."

"June 1.

". . . Well—this devil of a railway is strangled at last. I was sure that yesterday's division had put him on his last legs, and to-day we had a clear majority in the Committee in our favour, and the promoters of the Bill withdrew it, and took their leave of us. . . . We had to fight this long battle against an almost universal prejudice to start with—interested shareholders and perfidious Whigs, several of whom affected to oppose us upon *conscientious* scruples. Sefton's ecstasies are *beyond*, and he is pleased to say it has been all my doing; so it's all mighty well."

"6th.

". . . Another charming day we had [at Ascot]. Prinney came as before, bowling along the course in his carriage and four. In passing the young Duchess of Richmond's open landau he played off his nods and winks and kissing his hand, just as he did to all of you 20 years ago on the Brighton racecourse. . . . Lords Cowper and Jersey joined our sandwich party. . . . As Cowper was an inmate of the Court, I inquired as to their goings on, and how the King lived.—'Why,' said he, 'yesterday I think we sat down about 24 or 25 to dinner at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7, and the King ate very heartily of

turtle, accompanying it with punch, sherry and champagne. The dinner always lasts a very long time, and yesterday we sat very late after it. The King was in deep conversation with Lauderdale, and I think must have drunk a couple of bottles of claret before we rose from table.' . . . He had prepared for the week by having 12 oz. of blood taken from him by cupping on the Monday. Nevertheless, we all think he will beat brother York still. It was not amiss to hear bold York congratulating Sefton and the Countess upon *their victory over the railway*. . . .

"Our dinner at Bruffam's yesterday was damnable in cookery, comfort, and everything else, tho' the dear Countess of Darlington was there, better dressed and looking better than any countess in London. Mrs. Brougham sat like an overgrown doll at the top of the table in a bandeau of roses, her face in a perpetual simper without utterance. Bruffam, at the other end, was jawing about nothing from beginning to end, without attending to any one, and only caring about hearing himself talk. The company were the Darlings and Ly. Arabella, the Taylors, Dr. and Mrs. Lushington, Lord Nugent, Anacreon Moore, a son of a brother of Brougham's, and myself."

"June 25th.

"... There has been a blow-up again between Prinney and Ly. Conyngham, but matters are all settled again thro' the kind and skilful negociation of Lauderdale. She has become of late very restless and impatient under what she calls her terrible restraint and confinement, and about 10 days ago announced her fixed determination to go abroad. . . . Lauderdale, however, has satisfied her for the present that, however blameable it was in her at first to get into her present situation, *now* it is her bounden duty to submit and go thro' with it."

Busy intrigues were afoot at this time about seats in Parliament. Brougham was negotiating secretly with various noble lords in order to get his friends in; and although his correspondence with Creevey was as cordial in appearance as heretofore yet

Creevey was duly informed by kind friends what was going on. He deeply resented what he considered Brougham's treachery in trying to oust him from his seat, and wrote with great bitterness and frequency about the villainy of "Wicked Shifts." Lord Darlington had five seats to dispose of.

M. A. Taylor, M.P., to Sir Robert Wilson.

"Cantley, 11th Sept.

"... All my accustomed correspondents are absent from town; I therefore have nothing from the great emporium of news. While Canning is viewing the scenery of the Lakes, and the King is fishing in a punt upon Virginia Water, I am bound to suppose there is no tempest upon the political ocean. I wish that Ferdinand [King of Spain] was hanged—Rothschild, Baring and all the gambling crew in the *Gazette*—the Sultan driven forth from Constantinople—his wives and concubines let loose—that balloons were actual and safe conveyances, and that I had a villa in the Thracian Bosphorus. . . ."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Cantley, 21 Sept. 1825.

"... Mrs. Taylor has had an interview with the Countess [of Darlington] upon my case. She said she *now* spoke with Lord Darlington's authority—that what she said must be considered as coming from himself. It was, therefore, matter of deep regret to him that Mrs. Taylor had not mentioned Mr. Creevey's case till his Parliamentary arrangements were all made, which unfortunately they now were, and that all that remained for him now to say was that the first vacancy which happened in any seat of his, Mr. Creevey should have it, and that he never should be without one. Now; altho' reversionary prospects for a gentleman in his 58th year are no very brilliant matters, yet I think it is all mighty well . . . and as she has once taken me and my concerns into her holy keeping, when we come to cement the connection with a few gambols at

Raby, she may perhaps open the Earl's eyes to an interest in some borough which he never thought of before. . . . We were 23 at dinner to-day, to say nothing of a buck from Ld. Tankerville, another from Lambton, a third from Ld. Darlington, half a one from Lord Fitzwilliam, another half from Ld. Tavistock; not to mention a turtle—also a present, and pines without end."

"Cantley, Sept. 29.

". . . What a devil of a good hand Mrs. Taylor is for living in a storm . . . She was evidently much pleased with her grandee of a niece* taking the amiable and *dutiful* line to her aunt as she did. . . . There are usually only three balls, but, as Lady Londonderry justly observed to Mrs. Taylor, that it must be very dull for people to stay at home in their lodgings on the Tuesday and Thursday evenings, she got up publick balls for these nights also, and at all five balls she [Lady Londonderry] was there the first and went away the last . . . and the result was every one was charmed with her. . . ."

Despite the evil impression Creevey had received upon his first visit to Lambton, he returned there for the races in the following year. His report thereon to Miss Ord contains, as usual, some curious particulars of the *ménage*.

"Lambton, 24th Oct., 1825.

". . . Altho' our King Jog *did* receive me so graciously yesterday . . . the sunshine was of very limited duration. You must know by a new ordinance *livery* servants are proscribed the dining-room; so our Michael and Frances [Taylor] were none the better for their two Cantley footmen, and this was the case too with Mrs. General Grey, whom I handed out to dinner. . . . Soup was handed round—from where, God knows; but before Lambton stood a dish with one small haddock and three small whittings in it, which he instantly ordered off the table, to avoid the

* The Marchioness of Londonderry, a very great lady indeed, who was staying at Cantley with her aunt, Mrs. Taylor, for Doncaster races.

trouble of helping. Mrs. Grey and myself were at least ten minutes without any prospect of getting any servant to attend to us, altho' I made repeated application to Lambton, who was all this time eating his own fish as comfortably as could be. So my blood beginning to boil, I said:—'Lambton, I wish you would tell me what quarter I am to apply to for some fish.' To which he replied in the most impertinent manner:—'The servant, I suppose.' I turned to Mills and said pretty loud:—'Now, if it was not for the fuss and jaw of the thing, I would leave the room and the house this instant'; and I dwelt on the damned outrage. Mills said:—'He hears every word you say'; to which I said: 'I hope he does.' . . . It was a regular scene. . . ."

"Nov. 3, Newton House [Earl of Darlington's].

". . . In taking leave of Lambton, let me observe once for all that nothing could be better than Lady Louisa,* in her quiet way, to everybody. In every respect and upon all occasions she is a very sensible, discreet person. . . . Nothing on earth can be more *natural* and comfortable than we all are here. The size of the house, as well as of the party, makes it more of a domestic concern than it is at Raby, and both he and she shine excessively in this point of view. As for her [Lady Darlington] I consider her a miracle. To see a 'bould face' turn into a countess, living in this beautiful house of her own, and never to shew the slightest sign of being set up, is so unlike all others of the kind I have seen, that she must be a very sensible woman. Then she is so *clean*, and she is looking so beautiful at present. . . ."

"Thorp Perrow [Mr. Milbank's], Nov. 8.

"Well—now for Milbank and Ly. Augusta†—or Gusty, as he calls her. Their house is in every way worthy of them—a great, big, fat house three stories high. . . . All the living rooms are on the ground

* Mr. Lambton's second wife. She was Lady Louisa Grey, daughter of the 2nd Earl Grey.

† A daughter of Lord Darlington.

floor, one a very handsome one about 50 feet long, with a great bow furnished with rose-colored satin, and the whole furniture of which cost £4000. Everything is of a piece—excellent and plentiful dinners, a fat service of plate, a fat butler, a table with a barrel of oysters and a hot pheasant, &c., wheeled into the drawing room every night at $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten . . . but our *events* for record are few. . . . In answer to your question about Brancepeth Castle, it belonged to Mrs. Taylor's uncle, Mr. Tempest. . . . Having left it to his nephew, Sir Harry Vane, the latter sold it to Russell, who has rebuilt the whole ancient castle. . . . Few people could devote £80,000 per ann. to accomplish the job as Russell did. Lord Londonderry told Ly. Ramsden he wished he had never taken Frances [Lady Londonderry] there, for she had raved of nothing else ever since, and was quite out of heart with all they are doing at Wynyard; and Frances is quite right."

At this time Mr. Creevey was much taken up in preparing for publication a series of letters on Reform addressed to Lord John Russell. He submitted the proofs to Brougham for approval, and his letters to Miss Ord are full of references to the forthcoming work. "You know," he writes, "one is always occupied at the last in twisting and twining about sentences in one's head to try if one can make them look better." The letters were published by Ridgway early in 1826 in the form of a pamphlet.

Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey.

"Croxteth, Oct. 2, 1825.

". . . I cannot help congratulating you upon your conversion to reform. I have been long convinced that nothing else will bring down taxation and tythes, and therefore would not give a farthing for any other remedy. . . . I hear our friend the Bear Ellice must be a bankrupt; he is trying to defer the evil day, but fall

he must. Did you read Cobbett's life of Canning in the *Statesman*? What the devil does he mean by all at once being so completely mollified, and complimenting his talents and beauty? . . . Nothing can exceed the distress here among the farmers: 40 per cent. reduction of rents is the lowest they talk of, and even then I don't believe they will be able to pay the remainder. Little Derby is very sore. Old Blackburne* begins to think everything is not quite right; he even goes so far as to say he does not see how it will all end."

The year 1826 opened upon a very different scene to the preceding one. Activity in all branches of industry had brought about the usual results in headlong speculation and over production. A period of depression and inactivity followed in due sequence upon the wave of prosperity, so that the autumn witnessed the failure of many country banks and the collapse of many commercial houses. The Roman Catholic agitation in Ireland was becoming formidable; amendments were moved to the Address in both Houses calling upon the Government to repeal or revise the Corn Laws, and thereby alleviate the general distress, and the commercial panic had to be dealt with by legislation on the currency. "The political sky looks very cloudy," wrote Mr. Croker to Lord Hertford; "the three C's—Corn, Currency and Catholics—will perplex if not dissolve the Government." As regards the currency, a measure was passed prohibiting the circulation of bank notes for less than £5 face value. Scotland successfully resisted this restriction, and enjoys her £1 notes to this day, but these disappeared entirely from England.

The Corn Laws were more thorny matter to

* John Blackburne of Orford Hall [1754–1833], M.P. for Lancashire for 46 years.

handle; nevertheless, in May an Act was passed permitting the importation of 500,000 quarters of foreign wheat, irrespective of the current price in English markets at the time. Thus was the gauntlet thrown down between the rival interests of agriculture and manufacture—the land and the towns; presenting a difficult and disagreeable dilemma for the great Whig landowners, and driving a wedge deep into the Tory phalanx, which had so long withstood external assault.

Countess Grey to Mrs. Taylor.

“Tuesday [February, 1826].

“. . . Things are worse and worse in the City. I have just had a note from thence, and this day all the things in the Stocks have fallen worse than ever. Every soul to whom a shilling is due comes to ask for it. In short, it is a fearful time. As to the opinions on the £1 and £2 notes business, people are so divided that it is impossible to come at the truth. Sir Robert Wilson, Brougham, Lord Lansdowne are with Ministers, and even Lord Dacre; then others—the strongest of the Tories—are against them. Lord Auckland thinks it ruin to us all, and even those who vote for it say that it will make things worse for the present. Ld. Dacre says that he makes up his mind to get no rents for 2 or 3 years, but that he thinks it will eventually do good. I understand nothing about it, but dislike it if it will prevent us receiving rents, which seems allowed on all hands.

“Last night Harriet had her *écarté* party, and it was very good and very agreeable, except that I lost my £10, which made me rather blue.

“There is a strong report of the Chancellor [Eldon] going out. Gifford, it is supposed, cannot be Chancellor, as all the Bar declare him incompetent, and he himself feels it. Copley is trying, but they say it is impossible, as he is not a Chancery man.* Some say

* Nevertheless, he became Chancellor [Lord Lyndhurst] in the following year.

that our Leach *must* get it, as he is the only one who can do the business. I think it more likely that the Seals will be put in commission. If Leach gets it, Mr. Vane is sure to get the best thing going. He told me so long since. To be sure, we won't get all the best things for all our friends, and if he don't obey we will neither dine with him nor allow him to play at *écarté*. Lady Elizabeth [Conyngham's] marriage still drags on. She now says she cannot think of fixing a time for it, as she cannot make up her mind to quit her mother; that is—Lady C[onyngham] puts this into her mouth, and then says:—‘It is so, is it not, Tissy?’—‘Yes, mama,’ answers she. . . . I hear from those who have been there that the Cottage* is more dull than ever: that Lady C. throws herself back on the sofa and never speaks; and the opinion is (which I don't believe) that *she hates Kingy*. We have just got over Shoenfeld, the man who fought with Cradock about Mme. de G[enlis] and Mme. de Firmaçon. The Dauphine at Lady Granville's ball said to him:—‘Monsieur, quand partez-vous?’ which was reckoned a *congé*, and he was in consequence sent here as *attaché* to Esterhazy. He is all whiskers and white teeth, and evidently means to be a ladykiller, and, if I am not mistaken, will succeed. I find that he was with Esterhazy at the very time we were living so much with the Princesse, and that he used to dine every day with us all, at the bottom of the table. So little effect did he make, that we never saw the animal; but he has now gotten a new *applique* in the shape of a top knot, and passes off for a youth *à bonnes fortunes*, which is very amusing. . . . I am happy to tell you that a serious phalanx is arranging for the *Age* newspaper. About 6 or 7 people are going to prosecute—Mr. Fox Lane for his wife, who they chose to say ‘had *exposed* herself in her box at the Opera with Poodle Byng.’ She had not seen him even by accident for 8 months, and then only in the streets; and on the very night mentioned she was sitting over her own fire with her father and brother!

“Lord Kirkwall,† it is said, marries Lord Boston's

* George IV.'s cottage at Virginia Water, where Lady Conyngham resided.

† Afterwards 5th Earl of Orkney.

daughter. The Belfasts have bought Lord Boston's house in my street. . . . Houses are dearer than ever. Their's will stand them furnished in £400 a year. . . . If I dared, I would entreat of you to take no more blue pill. I think that you are ruining yourself, but I know that you have no faith in my knowledge of medicine; but what can be so bad as to take medicine to that excess as to bring on such misery as to affect the mouth.* . . ."

Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey.

"13th Feby.

"... I dined yesterday with old Sussex. After dinner he proposed Stephenson's and Lady Mary Keppel's healths,† and thus announced that most interesting and opulent alliance. Albemarle was there, and seemed contented. I hear old Coke is furious about it.‡ . . . We shall have a division on Robinson's plan.§ Most of the Oppn. will vote for him. I certainly shall. We are gone too far to recede."

"Alnwick, Feby. 25, 1826.

"... I send you an *interesting* scrap I received last night; from the tip-top reformer of all—Lord John Russell. I had desired Ridgway to send him a copy of 'the Work,' and at the same time I wrote him [Lord J. R.] a few lines myself. It was always one of my hobbies on this subject to make little Johnny's speech for him, knowing that my materials were much better than any he had ever produced, or had the means of producing. So I was quite sure, if I succeeded, he would be gravelled, and it is quite clear he is so, and I am glad of it, for he is a conceited little puppy. If he is so complimentary as to think the work 'calculated to do good when money ceases to be uppermost,' I

* By salivation.

† Henry Frederick Stephenson, private secretary to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, married Lady Mary Keppel, 3rd daughter of the 4th Earl of Albemarle.

‡ Mr. Coke of Holkham had married Lady Anne Keppel, an elder daughter of Lord Albemarle's.

§ The Chancellor of the Exchequer's Currency Bill.

wonder when he thinks his speeches upon Reform will come into play as doing good!"

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Brancepeth Castle, March 13, 1826.

"... Tho' I say it who should not say it, I don't think I ever followed faster hounds than my friend Russell's, nor did I ever see a more beautiful run, nor a fox more gallantly run into and killed. I was in at the death, I assure you. . . . *Oh* what a house this is for beautiful apartments and comforts without end! O'Callaghan, who knows Lowther well, says it is not to be mentioned in the same year with it—such perfect good taste in everything, and the man who did it all just lived in it seven months. . . ."

"London, March 20th.

"... I have just been at Ridgway's for the first time, and altho' I am only in a 2nd edition,* I know I am in port. Hobhouse,† who, you know, is a brother author, told me yesterday unasked that it was *unique* and quite unanswerable, and so he intended to say on Lord John Russell's motion next month. . . . This I shall immediately follow up by putting my name to it."

"London, March 21.

"Never did I see anything like the town for dulness. . . . The only thing going on is at Ly. Tankerville's and a few other houses, where ladies of easy virtue meet every night, and as many dandies as the town can supply. *Écarté* is the universal go with them—the men winning and losing hundreds a night; and as the ladies play guineas, their settlement each night cannot be a small one. I met Vesuvius‡ yesterday, who came up to me open-mouthed about my *work*. He said a review of it would appear very shortly in the *Westminster Review*. . . . I saw little white-faced Lord John [Russell] too, but not a word of compliment from *him*. . . ."

* Of his pamphlet on Reform.

† John Cam Hobhouse, M.P. [1776–1854], created Lord Broughton in 1851: a copious writer.

‡ Hon. Douglas Kinnaird.

"April 14th.

"... I was in time to hear Hobhouse tell Canning that it was with real heartfelt pain that he still heard from him his deliberate opinion against all parliamentary reform, because he [Hobhouse] was one of a great portion of this country who looked to him with *gratitude* and AFFECTION for his conduct since he came into office, which would amount to VENERATION if he would but give way upon this vital question!!! And this from a man who took such pains to insult Canning by a picture of him three or four years ago in the House! To do some part of the House justice, this affectionate address was received with a very marked titter . . . from the Old Tories at the expense of both Hobhouse and Canning. Lord Rosslyn satisfied me afterwards by *facts* that nothing can equal the rage of the Old Tory Highflyers at the liberal jaw of Canning and Huskisson. . . . I saw Brougham, who told me that *by some accident* the letters to Lord John Russell * would not be reviewed in the next number of the *Edinboro' Review*, which had been in the press for a fortnight. I beg you will suppress your indignation, as I do, at this monstrous piece of perfidy and villainy, considering all that has passed between him and me on the subject. . . . I dined at Sefton's yesterday. Bold York dined with them the last time as usual, and I trust will do so again, but his life is considered in great jeopardy. To think of these two men—him and his brother, the King—both turned 60, and terrible bad lives, having new palaces building for them! The Duke of York's is 150 feet by 130 outside, with 40 compleat sleeping apartments, and all this for a single man. . . . Billy Clarence,† too, is rigging up in a small way in the stable-yard, but that is doing by the Government."

"April 26th, Newmarket [at Lord Sefton's].

"... My racing campaign is over for the present, and I have had four very agreeable days—very good sport each day, and one's time one way and another

* *I.e.* Creevey's pamphlet on Reform.

† William IV.

quite occupied. . . . We have had Jersey, Shelley, F. Russell, Ld. Wilton, Bob Grosvenor, Lord Titchfield and Lord George Bentinck, Lady Caroline and Pawlett, Mills, Irby, Wortley and his son, different days. Wortley is dying for me to pair off with him, but I must do my duty you know. . . . I start per coach at $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten, and as the distance is only 60 miles, I hope to be in time for Michael [Taylor]'s dinner."

"May 3rd.

". . . I was one of the majority last night in support of his Majesty's Ministers for cheaper corn than the landed grandees will now favor us with. . . . It certainly is the boldest thing that ever was attempted by a Government—after deprecating any discussion on the Corn Laws during the present session, to try at the end of it to carry a Corn Law of their own by a *coup-de-main*, and to hold out the landed grandees as the enemies of the manufacturing population if they oppose it. . . . If a good ultra-Tory Government could be made, Canning and Huskisson must inevitably be ruined by this daring step. You never heard such language as the old sticklers apply to them; and, unhappily for Toryism, that prig Peel seems as deeply bitten by 'liberality,' in every way but on the Catholic question, as any of his fellows. I was laughing with Lord Dudley under the gallery at this curious state of things, who said if the Duke of York wd. but come down to the House of Lords and declare that 'so help him G——, corn should never be under 80s.,' he would drive this Radical Government to the devil in an instant."

"May 5.

". . . Well—the villains jibbed after all. . . . In *language* the Ministers are everything we could wish, but in *measures* they dare not go their lengths for fear of being beat, as undoubtedly they would. Indeed it is very doubtful if even this temporising scheme of letting in 500,000 quarters of corn, *in the event of scarcity*, will go down in the Lords. . . . I never saw anything like the fury of both Whig and Tory landholders at Canning's speech; but the Tories much

the most violent of the two. . . . It is considered, in short, as a breaking down of the Corn Laws."

" 8th.

" . . . The *land* has rallied in the most boisterous manner. The new scheme is considered as a regular humbug, and a perfect insult to the *agricultural intellect*. In short, Canning and Huskisson are rising (or falling) hourly in the execration of all lovers of high prices, Whig and Tory, but particularly the latter. . . ."

" 11th.

" . . . On Monday we beat the *land* black and blue about letting in foreign corn ; but the Lords, it is said, are not to be so easily beat as the booby squires. There is to be a grand fight — the Ministers and Bishops against the Rutlands, Beauforts, Hertfords, &c. Liverpool gives out that, if he is beat, he will give up the Government, which may be safely said, as there is no one else to take it."

" 12th.

" . . . Well, you see the landholders, high and low, are the same mean devils, and alike incapable of fighting when once faced by a Government without any land at all. Was there ever such a rope of sand as the House of Lords last night ? to be beat by 3 to 1 after all their blustering. . . ."

" 13th.

" . . . Sefton and I voted differently on the late measures in our House ; but, to do him justice, no one is more amused at the contemptible figure and compleat defeat of both Squires and Lords. The charm of the power of the Landed Interest is gone ; and in a new Parliament Canning and Huskisson may effect whatever revolution they like in the Corn Laws. . . ."

" 23rd.

" . . . I dined with poor Kinnaird yesterday, and the sight of such persons as him and her in their present condition is as striking a moral lesson as the world can furnish. He is the only man of real

genuine vivacity I know left in the world ; and, wreck as he is, he still preserves the lead in that department. He is doomed to death, and his sufferings are dreadful. Sefton drove down Alava, Douglas Kinnaird and myself ; we were shown into his bedroom, where he lies upon a couch, with a covering over every part of him but his head and arms ; and then he was wheeled in to dinner. . . . Then to look at *her*—a perfect shadow, living, as it were, by stealth likewise ; and to think of what she was when the whole play-house at Dublin used to rise and applaud whenever her sister, Lady Foley, and herself used to enter the house, in admiration of their beauty only, and not their rank, for they did so to no others of the Leinster family. . . . It is just 20 years since I saw old Fox with his white favor in his hat upon the marriage of his cousin Lady Olivia Fitzgerald with Kinnaird."

CHAPTER V.

1827.

THE hour, long expected and prepared for by Canning, at length struck. The public service of Lord Liverpool was brought to a close by his fatal illness in February, 1827. Undoubtedly, by experience, brilliant oratory, and commanding ability, there was no one in the Tory ranks on the same level with Canning. There were impediments, arising both from the King's distrust of Canning on the Roman Catholic question, and the distrust of his own colleagues—Wellington, Eldon, Peel, &c.—upon that and other grounds. Canning occupied in the Ministerial party much the same elevation as Brougham did in the Opposition: everybody paid tribute to the talents of both men, but nobody trusted them or imagined that either of them had much in view except his own aggrandisement.

The most powerful engine of statecraft in the Georgian era was patronage; and although those great hotbeds of patronage, the Bar and the Army, were in the grasp of his High Tory colleagues, Eldon and Wellington, Canning had used his influence over Liverpool with judicious foresight. He had secured the Lord High Stewardship for Lord Conyngham, and the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs for his son, Lord Mount Charles, thereby earning for himself Lady Conyngham's paramount influence at Court. Nor did he neglect (and none knew better than he

how to cultivate) the good graces of Madame de Lieven and the King's physician, Sir William Knighton. With these cards in his hand, he played a strong game against tremendous odds. One cannot but admire the skill and nerve of the player, however much one may deplore the temper displayed by his formidable opponent, the Duke of Wellington, who, when he found himself outwitted, threw up the command of the Army. Creevey, as a bystander, saw a good deal of the game.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Brooks's, Feby. 10, 1827.

"... As Scroop* was very gracious, I said I must ask him if what I heard was true, that the Duke of Clarence said to him at the [Duke of York's] funeral that he hoped before long to see him in the House of Lords.† He said it was not at the funeral, but when the King was last at the House of Lords, when he [Clarence] did say so to him in the hearing of Lord Gwydir, and shaking his hand most heartily at the same time:—'But,' said the Duke [of Norfolk], 'I ought to add that he said precisely the same thing to me at the Coronation, and then voted against us on the very first opportunity!' So our Billy is a wag, is he not? . . ."

"13th Feby.

"... Tyrwhitt continues to see the King at all times, in his bed as well as out of it. . . . He says that Knighton is the greatest villain as well as the lowest blackguard that lives, as well as the most vindictive chap. He is eternally upon the watch, and more than ever during Tom's [Tyrwhitt's] *tête-à-tête*. He came in without knocking, and planted himself at the bottom of the bed, Prinney observing when he saw him:—'Damme, I thought you had been at the other end of

* The 12th Duke of Norfolk.

† The Duke of Norfolk was debarred as a Roman Catholic from sitting in the House of Lords.

the town !' In the course of this conversation, Prinney said :—' I wish my Ministers would leave off this new fashion of giving ambassadors leave of absence from their stations. Here is my Lord Bloomfield, I find, has got leave from his right honorable friend and Secretary Canning to come home ; but if he comes to me, I'll take care to hurry him out again.'*

" It was not amiss to hear the different reasons assigned by Taylor and Tom [Tyrwhitt] for the fall of this truly great man Bloomfield. Taylor's account is direct from Denison—*alias* Lady Conyngham, and he says that the year the King went to Ireland, Bloomfield went first to prepare everything, and being at the play at Dublin when ' God save the King ' was called for and vehemently applauded, Bloomfield was kind enough to step to the front of the box he was in, and to express by his bows and gestures his deep sense of gratitude for this distinction, and that this being reported to the Sovereign, he never forgave it. . . . Bloomfield was ruined from that moment if you can call a man ruined who, in our recollection twenty years back, was little better than a common footman ; and who, having made himself a fortune by palpable cheating and robbery in every department he had to do with, demands and obtains an Irish peerage, the Order of the Bath, and an embassy to a crowned head . . . this, in truth, being the price of keeping his master's secrets.* And this is the apothecary Knighton's hold too, he having all that other rogue McMahon's papers and letters . . . Lady Beauchamp gave McMahon £10,000 for getting her husband advanced from a baron to an earl."

" Feb. 17.

" . . . Here's a business for you. Liverpool has had a paralytic stroke, so says Croker ; but Westmorland only admits that he is not well. However I have no doubt Croker's account is the true one. . . .

* Lieut.-General Benjamin Bloomfield, R.A., was successively gentleman-attendant, marshal, and chief equerry and private secretary to George IV. as Prince of Wales and Prince Regent. He succeeded Sir John McMahon in 1817 as keeper of the privy purse, went as Minister to Stockholm in 1824, and was created an Irish peer in 1825.

It is quite true about Ld. Liverpool. He had a fit of apoplexy at ten this morning. He is a little better, but politically dead. Canning is better, but has some extraordinary violent pain over one eye, nor will he be the better for this new excitement. He'll be beat as well as Liverpool. . . . Did you ever see a more disgraceful thing under all the circumstances of the country than this plunder of £9000 a year for our Billy,* after having got £3000 a year by the Duke of York's death. Who would be in a place, without the possibility of stopping such villainy? Yet the division was respectable, altho' Mother Cole the leader and Jack Calcraft and others did vote for the job. Holland was under the gallery all the time, canvassing openly in the most disgusting manner on behalf of his dear and illustrious connection."

"19th.

"Well—what is your real opinion as to who is to supply Liverpool's place? I think somehow it must be Canning after all, and that then *he'll die of it*. . . ."

"March 5.

"... Yesterday about 3 p.m. Dandy Raikes, who is a member of Brooks's, but was never seen there before, having watched Brougham go in there, followed him, and taking a position with his back to the fire, said aloud:—'Mr. Brougham, I am very much obliged to you for the speech you made at my expence. I don't know what latitude you gentlemen of the Bar consider yourselves entitled to, but I am come here purposely to insult you in the presence of your club.' . . . Brougham was eating some soup, and merely replied with great composure:—'Mr. Raikes, you have chosen a strange place and occasion for offering your insult,' and shortly after walked away, there being present about 8 or 10 persons. I learnt this from Ferguson, who had just entered Brooks's as Raikes was concluding. We both agreed that Brougham must call Raikes out, and that the latter must be expelled the club for the marvellous outrage. . . . In going into Brooks's at 5, which you may suppose was pretty well

* H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence [William IV.].

crammed with gossipers, no tidings were to be had of our Bruffam; but upon returning home * I found he had been here in pursuit of Fergy; and, having caught him, had begged him to carry a challenge for him to Raikes, which the General peremptorily declined to do upon the grounds of having been mixed up in so many such things. So Brougham went off after Wilson. I learnt this at six, and our Taylor and myself went off at seven to dine at Denison's, where we had Lords Say and Seale and Reay, W. Pawlett, Ellice, Ferguson and Stephenson. Brougham was to have been; but as we all supposed he was otherwise engaged we sat down to dinner without him; tho' in about ten minutes in he came, occupied a chair which was next to me, and having talked exclusively to myself the whole night upon every subject but *the* one, I never knew him more agreeable in my life. Upon coming away at eleven, we were to bring Fergy down here in our coach, but Brougham stopt him; and when he followed us, we found that Wilson had forwarded his challenge to Raikes, but that in the meantime Brougham had been taken into custody, carried to Bow Street, and bound over to keep the peace. This had been the handiwork of Jack the Painter, *alias* Spring Rice, who was present at the row at Brooks's, and had taken himself off to Bow Street immediately to inform; his only object, I have no doubt, being not to lose Brougham's vote to-night upon that most vital of all subjects—the Catholic question. . . . From the long time that has elapsed since Brougham made the offensive speech in question, and from the extraordinary mode adopted by Raikes to insult him, I cannot but believe that he has been worked up to this step by such chaps as Lowther, Glengall and Belfast, and that he was made to believe Brougham was a shy cock; for Lady Glengall has always been harping upon that tack of late, as how he was *made* to marry Mrs. Brougham by one of her brothers upon a certain event being known, and such stuff as this.† Lady Mary Butler has just been here,

* Mr. Creevey, on losing his seat in Parliament, had taken up permanent abode with his friends the Taylors, in Whitehall.

† Mrs. Brougham was a widow—Mrs. Spalding of the Holm in Galloway—when she married Brougham. She was a daughter of Sir William Eden of West Auckland, co. Durham.

and said that Mr. Raikes was with them last night, and that Mr. Brougham had been *arrested*, which *was thought very odd*. So he has got into a rare mess with these devils. . . . Tankerville has just said to me it was quite right in Spring Rice to inform Sir Richard Birnie [?] of Brougham and Raikes. *He* you know is the first authority as a fighting man."

"March 6th.

" . . . The King comes to town on Thursday, deeply impregnated, it is said, with his father's conscientious scruples against the Catholics. . . . Lady Conyngham writes word to her brother that the great man will not permit any one whatever to speak to him upon the subject of Lord Liverpool's illness, or who is to succeed him. Moreover, he adds that he will not be spoken to about such matters *for some time yet to come*. Was there ever such a child or Bedlamite? or were there ever such a set of lickspittles as his Ministers to endure such conduct? . . ."

"7th.

" . . . The Catholic question was lost by four last night; but it was, in truth, a fight for power and not for the Catholics. . . . So far the business is done that the Cabinet *must* be broken up; at least it appears impossible it should be otherwise. Who is to be uppermost remains to be seen; *ultimately*, I think Canning must win, tho' he would have no chance if the King *really* has the anti-Catholic feelings of his father, and had but a hundredth part of his courage. But he is a poor devil. . . . In going up to Audley Street I called upon the Pet* in Arlington Street. . . . I think his principal amusement was a note he had got from old Lady Salisbury, in which she says:— 'As I find Creevey can't dine with us on Sunday, suppose we change our day to Wednesday, when I hope he will be disengaged. I leave it to you to settle with him.' So I think to have lived to be called 'Creevey' by old Dow. Salisbury, and to have her dinner party put off for my convenience, is far beyond what any mortal could have predicted.

"Well, our Brooks's parliament has just been sitting in judgment on Dandy Raikes—an immense

* Lord Sefton.

meeting, old Fitzwilliam in the chair. It ended, as it should do, in Raikes sending an apology to the *club*; but matters are getting worse and worse as to Brougham, and I see distinctly he will have to fight Raikes after all. Kangaroo Cooke is Raikes's second. Dear Lady Darlington is just come in to us, and she has not a doubt but that B. must cross the water and have this business out; which, of course, is her lord's opinion likewise, and so says the town in general."

"9th.

"... The Monarch stole back to Windsor yesterday, having been fifteen days at Brighton without leaving his dressing-room, or seeing the face of a single human being—servants, tailors and doctors excepted. What the devil is it to come to? This of course is our Denison's account from his sister. . . . Old Billy* is much more *tender* than any one else in his regrets about my being out of Parliament. He is always at it, and before people. . . . However, it is all mighty well; for, notwithstanding that the Honorable House has been at its best this week in the interest of its debates and the conflict of parties, I have never felt any other sentiment than that of gratification at not being there—so help me ——! Such feeling, I suppose, is partly idleness, partly contempt for *all* the performers, and a conviction from long experience that no possible good can be effected by such an assembly, to say nothing of the perfidy of our own chaps in particular, whenever a chance of doing any good arises."

"13th.

"We had a rum dinner enough at Denison's on Saturday altho' the Earl of Darlington *was* there, and a very merry one at Kensington [Palace] on Sunday, where he and my lady were likewise, and about 14 of us. The Duke [of Sussex] handed out the Countess, the Earl Lady Mary Stephenson, and Mr. Creevey Lady Cis. The Duke said:—'Come, Creevey, come and sit next to Lord Darlington;' which of course I did, and he was mighty playful with me all the day."

* Lord William Russell, brother of the 5th Duke of Bedford. He was murdered in 1840 by his French valet Courvoisier.

"15th.

"... Duncannon shewed me a letter written by the wife of the jaoler in the county of Galway to the maid servants in Lord Besborough's house in that county. . . . I think you will admit it has very pretty fun in it.

"Mrs. Murphy's compliments to the ladies of Wandler [?]. If the maids would like to see Sergeant Black hang'd she will be happy of the honor of their company at breakfast to-morrow. I will have the pleasure of conducting the ladies to the gallows. Mrs. Murphy will take care that the execution shall be deferred till the ladies arrive."

"April 2.

"... Much has been going on at Windsor lately upon our ministerial projects. Canning and Wellington were closeted with Prinney one day, Peel for as long the next, and then—best of all the three—Cheerful Charlie* went down yesterday, his object being, it is said, to protest on behalf of himself and brother Tories against Canning being cock of the walk. . . ."

"April 11th.

"The town will have it to-day that all is settled—Canning Minister, and that he has received the King's commands to form a Govt. on *the same principles as the last*; . . . yet I don't believe it, because Tankerville dined yesterday with the Duke of Wellington, who told him that all was still at sea, and that he—Tankerville—knew just as much how it would all end as he—Wellington—did. Now we all know that, with all his faults, Wellington is precisely the man to speak the truth upon such an occasion without either design or humbug. I would stake my life it was as he said *at the time he said it*. . . ."

Mr. Creevey's confidence in the Duke's candour on this occasion was scarcely justified. On the very day that Wellington made the above statement to Lord

The 5th Duke of Rutland.

Tankerville, he had received Canning's letter informing him that he had been commissioned by the King "to lay before his Majesty . . . a plan of arrangements for the reconstruction of the Administration," and adding, "I need not add how essentially the accomplishment must depend upon your Grace's continuance as a member of the Cabinet." To this Wellington replied on the same day, intimating his anxious desire "to serve his Majesty as I have done hitherto in the Cabinet, with the same colleagues. But before I can give an answer to your obliging proposition, I should wish to know who the person is whom you intend to propose to his Majesty as the head of the Government." There was something of wilful misunderstanding, if indeed it was misunderstanding, in the Duke's failure to perceive that the King had entrusted Canning with the formation of a Cabinet.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Holkham, April 14th.

"This is a damned bore, you must know, not having the London letters and newspapers till four o'clock in the afternoon. It's all mighty fine for King Tom* to have his own house the post-house, which it is; but give me a professional one in preference to a squirearchy postmaster. . . . I was more delighted with my approach to this house than ever, and so I am now with everything both within it and without it—*except the company*, who, God knows, are rum enough, and totally unworthy of all Lord Chief Justice Coke has done for them in creating the estate, and the Earl of Leicester in building and furnishing the house. Our worthy King Tom is decidedly the best; but—without offence be it said—he by no means comes up to his ancestor the Chief Justice. . . . Digby and Lady

* Mr. Coke of Holkham.

Andover* are both speechless [*erased*]; Stanhope and Mrs. Stanhope are worthy, honest, absent, lackadaisical bodies that don't seem to know where they are or who they are with; and this is our present stock, except a young British Museum artist, who is classing manuscripts, and a silent parson without a name! But then—what have we not in reserve? Do not we expect Lord John Russell, the Knight of Kerry, Spring Rice, and various other great and publick men? We do indeed! tho' during the different times I have been here, I have known many expected who never came. But you'll not quote me. In the mean time, it's all the same to me whether they come or not. I came to see the *place*. I doat upon it. . . . I was not sufficiently struck when I have been here before with the furniture of the walls in the three common living rooms, which is Genoa velvet, and what is more, it has been up ever since the house was built, which is eighty years ago; and yet it is as fresh as a four-year-old. To be sure, the said Earl of Leicester was no bad hand at finishing his work: never was a house so built outside and in. The gilded roofs of all the rooms and the doors would of themselves nowadays take a fortune to make; and his pictures are perfect, tho' not numerous."

Canning's appointment as premier was the signal for the resignation of those Ministers who had hitherto resisted the Roman Catholic claims—Wellington, Eldon, Bathurst, Melville, Westmorland, Bexley, and Peel. Canning immediately opened negotiations with the Whig leaders—Lansdowne, &c.—for a coalition.

Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey.

"London, April 13, 1827.

"They all declare their motive for resigning is strictly personal—that the Catholics have nothing to do with it; it never came into question. The D. of Wellington, who has also given up the Army, says nothing

* Lady Andover, widow of the eldest son of the 15th Earl of Suffolk, married Admiral Sir Henry Digby, K.C.B.

shall induce him to connect himself with *that man*. He has just told this to Ly. Jersey, and has shown her letters—one from Canning to him, announcing that he had received his Majesty's commands to form a Government. This he answered to the King. He says Canning's letter was most impertinent. . . . Peel says he could not serve *under* Canning, nor would any of the others. . . . Lord Londonderry has resigned the Bedchamber in a letter to the King saying *he* had prevented the Queen being received at Vienna, and that as H.M. had given his confidence to a man who entertained such different opinions *on that subject*, he could no longer serve him. In short, traits of humour are without end. Bathurst did not know of the Chancellor's, Wellington's and Peel's resignation till he missed them at the Cabinet dinner at Wynne's on Wednesday. He went home and wrote a very formal letter of resignation to Canning. . . . If Opposition support, Canning may stand, and they certainly ought to keep out these villains."

Mrs. Taylor to Mr. Creevey.

"Whitehall, 17th April.

"MY DEAR MR. CREEVEY,

"What a goose you were to leave town in such delightful mischievous times! Dear Brougham arrived the night before last upon a summons from Lord Lansdowne. . . . He called upon Lord Darlington on his way up, and I see his object is to get those two to take office, as an excuse for himself. He is outrageous at the idea of Copley* being Chancellor, and told me he was sure it would never be. . . . As you may believe, he is in a very disturbed state, and up to his ears in some intrigue or other."

"21st.

". . . Brougham was here last night in a state of insanity after the negotiation between Ld. Lansdowne and Canning was broke off, which it was, in consequence

* Sir John Copley, who, on becoming Lord Chancellor on Lord Eldon's resignation at this time, was created Baron Lyndhurst.

of the former not consenting to an entire Protestant Government in Ireland.* From this he went to a meeting he and Sir M. Wilson got up at Brooks's, consisting of Jack the Painter,† the Knight of Kerry, the Calcrafts and a few more shabby ones, anxious for place at any rate; and there it was agreed to send Ld. Auckland and the younger Calcraft to Ld. Lansdowne to remonstrate, and to prevail upon him to renew the negotiation. . . . Brougham told me he had refused being Attorney-General, but I don't believe it was really offered to him, for I hear the higher powers objected to him.

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"April 21st, 1827.

"MY DEAR C.,

"As I am sure by instinct that you are with the true and faithful servants of the Lord in this time of our trial, and not with the vain and foolish Malignants, I write to say that the negotiation was off last night, and we had a row at Brooks's (which I own I created) and the negotiation is on again to-day, with a fair prospect of success. These difficulties come from some of our friends being still in the year 1780. . . . Sefton's letters would put life into a wheelbarrow, or anything but a superannuated Whig. My principle is—*anything* to lock the door for ever on Eldon and Co. I have the easier pushed this great matter, because I can have no sort of interest in its success. My crimes (which I prize as my glory) of 1820 are on my head;‡ and by common consent the King is to be gratified."

* *I.e.* a Lord Lieutenant, Chancellor, and Secretary opposed to Catholic Emancipation.

† Mr. Spring Rice, created Lord Monteagle in 1839.

‡ His defence of Queen Caroline.

"April 27, 1827.

"DEAR C.,

"I fear you *are* a rural politician—*ruris amator*—one of the provincials of whom Jonathan Raine said in his N. Circuit verses—

'Quid memorem quotquot, rurali more, colonis
Ruris amatores dant *sua* jura suis?'

So you have a politick of your own, as Maude has a law. How *can* you, being of [*illegible*] mind, possibly think that the Ministry—or any Ministry—can stand on volunteer and candid support? My only principle is:—'Lock the door on Eldon and Co. ;' and this can only be done by joining C[anning].

"Well, even my not being in office is making the devil's own mischief. Where am I to sit? [*illegible*]'s place, or Pitt's old hill fort? or where? How am I to communicate with C[anning]? Besides, the Tories don't believe me *with* C., and are trying to trap me by motions. Nice, to be sure, had any man such a singular, not to say absurd power over a Govt. as I shall have. Lord L[ansdowne], D. of Devonshire, &c., all take place protesting against my exclusion, and swearing they only submit to it while I do. Scarlett A[ttorney] G[eneral], but Eldon went off in a headache to escape swearing him in. . . .

"H. B."

Edward Ellice, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Brooks's [no date].

"... Be assured Bruffam will bolt! He is very sore at Scarlett's appointment, with all his professions of disinterestedness, and no wonder! He says support of an 'hon. and learned member opposite' is

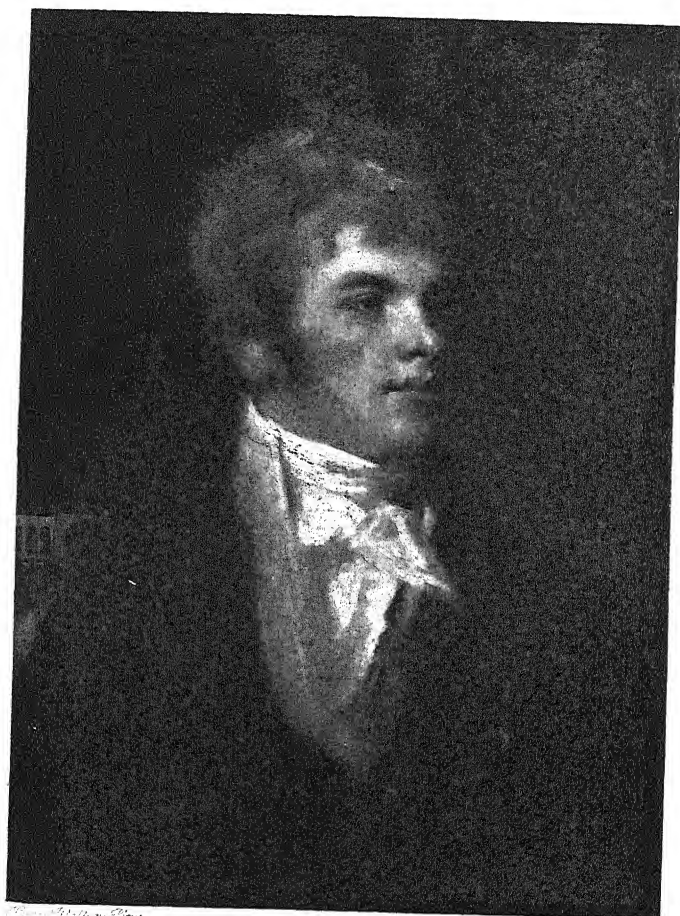
not quite the same thing as that of 'my hon. and learned friend near me;' and that his exclusion will shut his mouth. This is all as I expected. We shall see strange confusion and quarrelling in the end. Lord Grey has shut his door upon Taff., and if they don't take care, will lead the new Govt.—with or without Ld. Lansdowne—a pretty dance in the Lords. . . . I envy none of them the legacy the Tories have left their successors. They have drained the cup of good things to the dregs, and left many a bitter draught for those that follow them. . . . The fellow can't wait for the letters, and indeed I could only add some lies of the day.

"Yours,
"E. E."

Michael Angelo Taylor, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Denbies, May 6th, 1827.

" . . . I am almost sick at what is passing. The scene in the House is to my mind so strange that I know not where I am. I keep my old place. What is to be concocted for the general good I cannot conjecture . . . Brooks's rings with the praises of Canning—how well he does—how ill the Sovereign is, and how improperly Canning has been dealt with. Canning has dissected both Whigs and Tories; and I profess, if I was to swear fealty, I should be more inclined to swear it to him than to Lansdowne and Co. Darlington raves about the new Premier. The Catholic question is only safe by being postponed, he thinks. Duncannon now counts noses on the other side, and sits on the Treasury Bench. I can say for myself that not much of decent respect has been shown to me. I have supported the Whigs for eight and thirty years at an expense of above £30,000. My house and table have been the resort of the party, and on their account, partly, the King has got rid of me. To the astonishment of many, not a syllable has ever been mentioned to me."



Painted by William Verelst.

Engraved by J. Smith.

Marquis of Lansdowne.

Lord Althorp to Mr. Creevey.

"Albany, May 11, 1827.

"... It is impossible for me not to write to you and say how much gratified I am at finding the line which I have taken approved of by all those with whom I first began my political life, which was in 1809, on the Duke of York's business. It is impossible for me to put any confidence in Canning, but I must support him as the least of two evils. Lord Lansdowne and those who, like him, take office or identify themselves with the administration, appear to me to have more courage than discretion; and I think they would have done better to have acted with more caution. But the thing being done, we have only to choose between the two parties, and the line it is our duty to take is plain enough at present. . . . I much fear that His Majesty will be indulged in every sort of extravagance in order to win him over."

Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey.

"London, 28th May, 1827.

"You are indeed a benighted, rural politician, and your letter is truly a provincial reverie. I *do say* the junction is justified by the exclusion of Eldon, Wellington, Peel and Bathurst. It could have been brought about by no other means, and I consider it as an immense benefit conferred on the country. . . . As to the 'baseness of the junction,' and the rest of your apple-blossom twaddle, I really thought at first, Mr. Secretary of the Board of Controul, that you were alluding to the blasted, disgraceful coalition of Fox and the pure, highminded Grey with old Bogy.* *There*, indeed, was a sacrifice of every principle upon earth for place. I don't stand up for Canning, but I think the junction with him is a chance for the country against nothing. Don't forget that Grey, whose opposition is solely personal, once preferred him to Whitbread. He had, as you well know, the choice between them. . . . I don't care a damn—nor do you—for the Catholics; but I say their chance is a

* Lord Grenville.

hundredfold better under the new Cabinet than under the old; and so do they. . . . Depend upon it that horticultural pursuits damage a male's understanding. I am delighted, therefore, that you are once more coming into the civilised world, where I trust you will, with proper care, come to your senses."

Mr. Creevey to the Earl of Sefton.

"Rivenhall Place, May 31st, 1827.

"*Vous vous trompez, mon cher*, when you say Lord Grey ever voted for Canning in preference to Whitbread. At the period to which you refer, he was the only one who voted *for* Whitbread *against* Canning, and he did so under strong circumstances as affecting Whitbread. You are aware of the half kind of hostility that existed between Whitbread and Grey from the time of the latter taking office in 1806, and one act in particular of Whitbread's made Grey furious. When Prinney became Regent, the Whigs and Grenvilles thought the game was all their own again, and in casting the parts for the new administration, Whitbread was to be Secy. of State for the Colonies; but, before he wd. touch it, he made it a *sine quâ non* that Ld. Grenville, as First Lord, should not be Auditor likewise—a proposition, I say, that made Grey furious, as an injustice to Grenville, and a reflection upon their former Government; but as nothing could shake Whitbread, the proposition was laid before Grenville, who, greatly to his honor, wrote a letter in which, tho' he arraigned very freely what he thought the injustice of the demand, still he thought so highly of Whitbread's services, that he struck rather than not have them. Well, all this, as you know, ended in smoke; but shortly after (upon Perceval's death, I believe) when the game was again in view, the question arose whether Canning or Whitbread was to be adopted. Grey voted for Whitbread, in spite of all the provocation he had given him, upon the express ground of having confidence in his character, which he had not in Canning's. You are right, therefore, when you say that Grey's objection to Canning is personal, tho' not entirely so. If such personal objection was well

founded then, as I think it was, surely it is much stronger now, after Canning's leaving his Govt. in the lurch as he did upon the Queen's trial, and his late lies at the expense of his colleagues and Castlereagh, in setting up for the sole deliverer of the new world. All these tricks are of the same school, and make a personal objection to him which I have never known apply to any public man before.

"What you say of coalitions generally, is true—they are all *bad*, and all popular principles are sure to be sacrificed in such a mess. When Brougham wrote and asked me what I thought of this concern, I replied that I had an instinctive horror of the very name of a coalition; and yet, with all the sins of the last one in 1806, it surely is not to be compared in its design and formation with this one. Fox and Grenville had been acting openly together in opposition. When Pitt got the Govt. in 1804, he could not induce Grenville to accept office and leave Fox. When Pitt died, and old Nobbs* sent for Grenville to make the Govt., the latter would not listen to any prejudice against Fox, but made the Crown divide the Govt. between them. Now surely to see Whigs thrusting themselves tail foremost into Canning's pay as subalterns, is, at least, a very low-lived concern as compared with the last coalition. . . . I say both upon public and personal grounds, I never would identify myself with Canning. . . . I should like no better fun than backing the renegade Canning every night against the Tory High-flyers, but as to trusting myself in the same boat with him, and, above all, taking his money—you'll excuse me!"

Mrs. Taylor to Mr. Creevey.

"June 1, 1827.

"... Mr. Canning's weakness was pretty visible in the Penryn case.† Brougham was so very tipsy,

* George III.

† Gross bribery and corruption had been proved to prevail in the little Cornish borough of Penryn, which returned two members. Lord John Russell's motion that it be disfranchised was opposed by the Government, and defeated by 124 votes to 69.

that for some time after he got up to speak he did not know what he said, and neither Tierney, Macdonald nor Abercromby were in the House. Little Sir T. T[yrwhitt] has just come in to tell me he was this moment passed in the street by Mr. Lambton in a travelling carriage alone; so that he is come up to see if peerages are plenty!"

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"London, June 11th.

"... Lambton has called upon Knighton and told him to tell the King that the moment he heard at Naples of the shameful way in which he [the King] had been treated by his servants, he had travelled night and day to *serve* him; in consequence of which, he is to *dine and sleep* one day this week at the Cottage after Ascot. This comes from Ly. C. to her brother Denison. . . . Then Brougham is so anxious about dear Mrs. Brougham that he has consulted Knighton about her case, who is so good as to see her daily. Was there ever? * . . ."

"June 15th.

"... It is said that Lambton owes upwards of £900,000, and has little or no profit from his coal trade to help him out of the mess. . . . The Duke of St. Albans is to be married to Mother Coutts on Saturday. She gives him £30,000 as an outfit—the rest to depend on his good behaviour. . . . Chickens are 15/- a couple, Mrs. Taylor tells me; but what do you think of cock's-combs being 22/- a pound, and it takes a pound and a half to make a dish!"

"Brooks's, 19th.

"... In my walk here I met Althorp . . . and asked him how things were going on.—'Very bad,' says he.—'What an odd thing,' says I, 'that Robinson † should turn out so wretched in the Lords.'—'Yes,' says

* Sir William Knighton being the King's physician and confidential adviser on many things besides his health.

† Mr. J. Robinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer 1823-27, had been made Viscount Goderich, and became Colonial and War Secretary.

he, 'and what is worse, Lansdowne is very little better, so that Grey, acting the part he does, cuts him to atoms.'—'Do you suppose,' says I, 'it was the question of *corn* that made the great Opposition in the Lords?'—'No,' says he, 'it was the question of *Canning*, and only that; for you know no one can have any confidence in him.'"

"June 20.

"... You see the buttering speech Bruffam has been making at Liverpool in favor of Canning, to say nothing of his *lies* about his having refused a silk gown from Eldon, and saying that the latter had always behaved *so well* to him! . . . Sefton said to Mrs. Taylor yesterday at dinner:—'Well, Mrs. Taylor, what is your opinion of Brougham *now*?—'Why,' says she, 'exactly what yours used to be, Ld. Sefton, the worst possible.'"

"June 23.

"... I sallied forth yesterday for a walk before dinner, and who shd. I see but Wellington coming out of Arbuthnot's house in Parliament Street—his horses following him. So thinks I to myself—what line will he take? which was soon decided by his coming up and shaking me by the hand. I said—'Curious times these, Duke!' and then, by way of putting him at his ease and encouraging him to talk, I added—'I am what they call a Malignant: I am all for Ld. Grey. I have this moment left him, telling him my only fear was his becoming too much of a Tory.' . . . Turning me round by main force and putting his arm thro' mine, he walked me off with him to the House of Lords.—'There is no chance,' said he, 'of Ld. Grey being too much of a Tory; but you are quite right, and you may tell him from me that, so long as he keeps his present position, unconnected with either party, he has a power in the country that no other individual ever had before him.'

"Then he fell upon Canning without stint or mercy—said it was impossible for any one to act with him, and that his temper was quite sure to blow him up. He said a part of his (Wellington's) correspondence

had been withheld; that when he found that his amendment to the Corn Bill, if carried, wd. be fatal to the Bill, he wrote to Huskisson saying he was willing to come to any arrangement so as to prevent that; but Canning, thinking that he should beat him in the Lords, would not let Huskisson listen to such a proposal. . . . In short, you never heard a fellow belabour another more compleatly *con amore* than the Beau did Beelzebub—every now and then stopping and nearly pulling the button off my coat from his animation. I am only provoked that I omitted asking him whether he recollected a conversation of ours one day after dinner at his house at Cambray, in which I did my best in describing the perfidious character of Canning, but he would not touch it. . . .

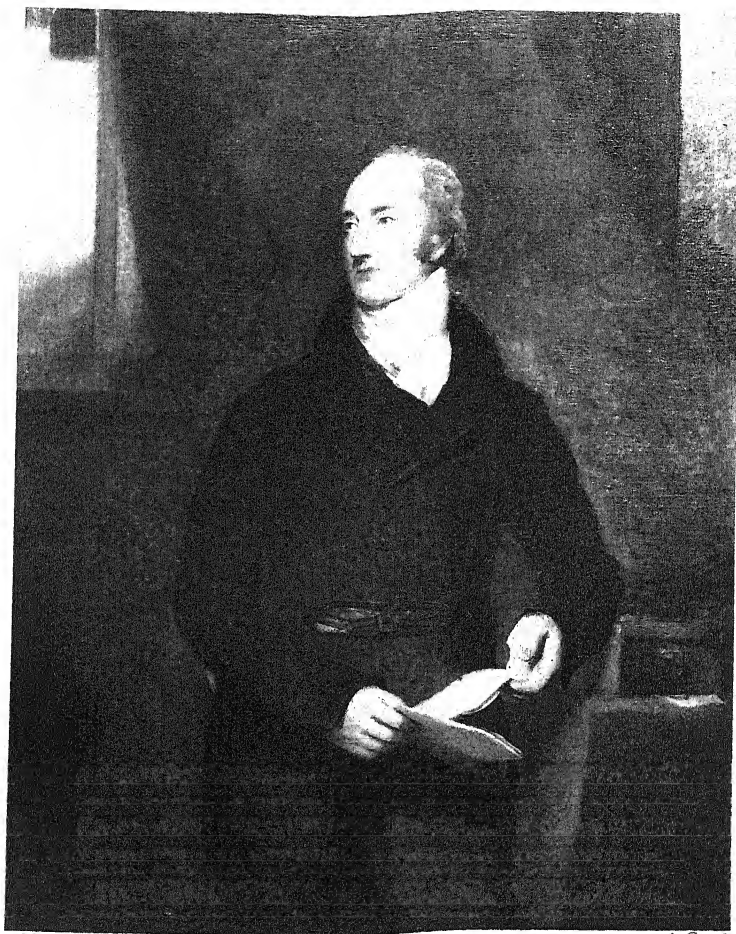
“You will be glad to hear that our impertinent Whigs have been disappointed in their expectation of Darlington claiming his seat from Ld. Howick. Grey told me he waited upon Darlington and tendered his son’s resignation, as a matter perfectly of course from the line he (Grey) had taken, as well as his son; but Ld. Darlington wd. not listen to the thing, and said he should take it as a personal favor never to have the subject mentioned again. It is very creditable to the *Duke of Cleveland* (that would be) to keep up his connection with a man that is such an infernal stumbling-block in the way of all their honors.”*

“Low Gosforth, 9th August.

“Well—I suppose Canning is dead long before this,† and so goes another man killed by publick life. His constitution, it is true, was not a good one, but the knock-down blow has been his possession of supreme power, his means of getting it and the personal abuse it brought down upon his head. And now, what comes next? As far as the present Cabinet is concerned, I should think they would willingly consent to Lansdowne succeeding Canning; but what says George 4th to this? Again, if such was the case,

* Lord Darlington had to wait six years for his dukedom. Lord Howick sat for one of Darlington’s seats in Winchelsea.

† About twenty-four hours.



By Sir Thomas Lawrence R. S. P. A. 1800.

Art. 1800. 2.

*The Right Hon. George Canning
From the portrait in Christ Church, Oxford.*

Brougham *must* lead the House of Commons as a Cabinet Minister, and what would the King and the Church and the Tories say to that?"

In perusing the correspondence of such a voluble gossip as Creevey, one pauses occasionally to wonder whether his information is as trustworthy as it is varied and lively. The following extract, describing the position of the Duke of Wellington in regard to the Command-in-chief of the Army, and his correspondence with the King on the subject, would not be worth printing except as a test of Creevey's accuracy. Taken as such, it is satisfactory to find that nothing could be closer to the facts of the case. The correspondence referred to is printed at length in Wellington's *Civil Despatches*, iv. 37.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Barningham Park [Mr. Mark Milbank's], Aug. 13.

"... The Whigs, I think, are done. Snip Robinson,* you evidently see, is everything with Prinney. Only think of Petty† buckling to under him, and the venerable Tierney too and old goose-rumped Carlisle.‡ . . . I am happy to find that both these Raby and Lowther tits talk very freely of Lord Lansdowne's degradation in having Lord Goodrich [*sic*] put over him. . . . No tidings of the Beau yet! but he must have his *mare* again,§ not only because everybody's language is that the Army is going to the devil under Palmerston,|| but Mrs. Taylor has told me of a correspondence

* Viscount Goderich, who became Prime Minister on Canning's death.

† Lord Lansdowne.

‡ The 6th Earl of Carlisle.

§ A saying current at the time, expressive of a man regaining his old position.

|| Viscount Palmerston was Secretary-at-War.

between the King and the Beau upon this subject, which Grey told her the Duke had shown him.

"It seems for some time after the Duke left the Horse Guards he called perpetually on Sir Herbert Taylor, and gave him his opinion and advice as to what was going on, and Taylor availed himself of one of his interviews with the King to express his great obligations to the Duke for his kind and useful counsel; upon which the King wrote the Beau a letter at the beginning or end of which he called him his 'good friend';* thanked him for all his kindness to Taylor, and urged him to retract his resignation. The Beau considered this as the tricky suggestion of Canning; but, be it so or not, Grey represents his answer as perfect—regretting he should have been misunderstood—that his private honor would never permit him to retract, but his wish was always the same, to be of what use he could to the army. Since then, the King said to Lord Maryborough that the Duke of Wellington never comes to see him now, and upon the other saying he was sure it was only the apprehension of intruding that kept his brother away:—"Oh no," said the King, 'he knows very well I am always delighted to see *him*.' Upon this being told the Duke, he made that last visit to Windsor, which made the jaw in the paper. So I can have no doubt, upon all these grounds, that *his* mare at least is certain, and then I think the noses of the old Click will be poking themselves in one after another, till not a single Whig nose is left in the concern."

"Barningham, Aug. 19th.

"Yesterday I went out for the first time on horseback in pursuit of prospects, and found about 3 miles off upon the 'high road' a perfect one—a single high-arched bridge of great elevation, springing from rocks considerably above the level of the Tees, which comes rumbling down with great majesty over a rocky bed with trees on both sides. Standing on the bridge, the view closes on one side with an abbey ruin of Edward

* The letter begins "My dear Friend," and ends "Ever your sincere Friend, G. R." [Wellington's *Civil Despatches*, iv. 37].

3rd's time, and the other with Rokeby, celebrated, you know, by Sir Walter Scott. The bridge was built by Morritt, the present owner of Rokeby. . . . At dinner our company was the said Morritt and his two nieces."

Earl Grey to Mr. Creevey.

"Lyneham, 21st August.

" . . . I had a very curious letter from Brougham the other day, presuming that Canning's death would remove the obstacle which before existed to my supporting the Government. He tells me that he had given an assurance of his support to whoever might be the leader of the H. of C., feeling it to be essential to the maintenance of a ministry, whose principles, as far as they go, he approves; that he has refused any political situation, *which had been pressed upon him* by Canning; and, being excluded by the personal objections of the King from any other situation in his profession, he must remain as a supporter of the Govt. in his hill-fort: that his support of Govt. is quite disinterested, having received nothing but slights, which had injured him in his profession; that he had asked only that the legal promotions shd. be suspended for a year: that Cross being put over his head, and the appointment of the other King's Counsels, had hurt him in the Circuit. I shortly answered him that the differences of the last session were the more unfortunate as not being likely soon to be removed; that I wished only to explain that my objections were not merely personal to Canning, but that they applied principally to the manner in which the Government was composed; that in this respect they were rather increased than diminished by all I had hitherto learnt of the present changes, and that I must remain in my former position, unconnected with any party, and supporting or opposing as the measures of the Govt. might be accordant or at variance with my principles and opinions."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Aug. 24.

"I am very sorry I did not ask Morritt for a copy of his work on the situation of ancient Troy. You must know that he has a brother, one of the hugest great fat men you ever saw; and as the elder brother is called 'Troy' Morritt, the other goes by the name of 'Avoirdupois' Morritt. Damned fair for the provinces!

"... The perfidy of the Arch-fiend* to Lambton! ... He gave Powlett a history of the peerage as told by Lambton himself to Brougham. Says Lambton:—'I directed *my auditor* to wait upon Ld. Lansdowne, and to make that claim which I thought I had a perfect right to, of being made a peer. But Stephenson refused to execute this commission.'—'When,' said Brougham [to Powlett], 'Lambton opened the case and his claims to me, I thought it but fair to give him my *honest* opinion that he had *none*—that he had only his own seat in Parliament—that he took little or no part in debates, and that, in short, his claim was wholly untenable.' Now whether all or any or what part of all this is fiction, I know not; but was there ever such a perfidious monster as this Bruffam, or such an insolent jackanapes as this Lambton. The latter, I flatter myself, is diddled, tho' he *did* return from Paris to be present, *with myself*, at Canning's funeral. I was rather ashamed to see my name upon such an occasion and in such a crew.†

"Well now, tho' somewhat late, my Portuguese Marshal—Lord Beresford—came to dinner on Sunday, and was off before breakfast yesterday [Thursday]. I can safely say that in my life I never took so strong a prejudice against a man. Such a low-looking ruffian in his air, with damned bad manners, or rather none at all, and a vulgarity in his expressions and pronunciation that made me at once believe he was as ignorant, stupid and illiterate as he was ill-looking. Yet somehow or other he almost wiped away all these

* Brougham.

† Mr. Creevey was not at the funeral, though reported to be so in the papers.

notches before we parted. In the first place, it is with me an invaluable property in any man to have him call a spade a spade. The higher he is in station the more rare and the more entertaining it is. Then I defy any human being to find out that he is either a marshal or a lord; but you *do* find out that he has been in every part of the world, and in all the interesting scenes of it for the last five and thirty years. . . . The history of these two Beresfords is really interesting. They are natural sons of old Lord Waterford,* and were sent over in their infancy to a school at Catterick Bridge under the names of John Poo [Poer ?] (the Admiral) and William Carr (the Marshal), and they kept these names till they were about 12 years old. . . . They are still in ignorance of who their mother was, or whether they had the same; but from the secrecy upon this head, from their being sent from Ireland, and, above all, from Lady Waterford having seemed always to shew more affection to them than to her own children, there is a notion they were *hers* before her marriage."

"Lowther Castle, Aug. 27th.

". . . More perfect civility and politeness was never shown by man to man than by the Earl [of Lonsdale] to myself from the moment I entered the house; and, give me leave to say, for rather a feeble artist and one who was dressed in a star and garter and a blue ribbon, he was very agreeable. But dear Lady Lonsdale is the girl for my money, being either half-witted or half-cracked, and she and I are *one*. . . . This place as a *castle* is a palpable failure compared with Raby or Brancepeth, but the park is most beautiful . . ."

"28th.

". . . Take a specimen of my lord's turn for story-telling. I was going it at breakfast just now with considerable success in the 'Nanny goat'† line; so my lord in his turn said:—'You have heard of Mr.

* The 2nd Earl of Tyrone and 1st Marquess of Waterford.

† Anecdote.

Fitzgerald, who was called the Fighting Fitzgerald, whom I used to see a good deal of at Lord Westmorland's. There was a man who bet a wager he would insult him; so, going very near him in a coffee-house, he said—"I smell an Irishman!" to which the other replied—"You shall never smell another!" and, taking up a knife, cut off his nose."

"Hartlepool [a house of Lord Darlington's], Sept. 9th. .

"... Lansdowne has now compleated his own destruction by letting Prinney and Robinson force Herries* down his throat. . . . What a treasure on such a rainy day to have one's *Decline and Fall* with one. I really think it is a great business for such a lazy devil as myself to have read every word of it. I except no book when I say no single author supplies one with such useful or such general matter. Damn his *writing*, but his *stuff* is invaluable."

"Doncaster, Sept. 18.

"... Soon after our arrival I went out, and the first group of men I fell into was Ld. Jersey, Ld. Wilton, Bob Grosvenor, &c., &c., which soon ended in a *tête-à-tête* between Wilton and me, in which I regretted that Edward Stanley had taken a place so inferior, as I thought, to the claims and position of his house.† He made the only defence that could be made—Edward's love of business, and it was merely a beginning. Then he stated of the Government generally:—"It is a crazy concern altogether. The King is in ecstasies at having carried his point about Herries, and will have all his own way for the future. The Whigs have moved heaven and earth to get Ld. Holland into the Foreign Office, but the King would not hear of it. . . ."

* The Right Hon. J. C. Herries, who became Chancellor of the Exchequer.

† Afterwards 14th Earl of Derby. He had been appointed Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Huskisson being Colonial and War Secretary.

"Doncaster, Sept. 20.

". . . You must know our steward, the Duke of Devonshire, started the first day [of the races] with his coach and six and *twelve* outriders, and old Billy Fitzwilliam* had just the same; but the next day old Billy appeared with *two* coaches and six, and *sixteen* outriders, and has kept the thing up ever since. . . ."

"Wentworth House [Earl Fitzwilliam's], 23rd Sept.

". . . Well, have you read our Bruffam's letters to Lord Grey with all the attention they deserve? and was there ever such a barefaced villain, and so vain a wretch and fool too? I wish you could see the veins of Lord Grey's forehead swell and hear his snorting at Brougham's demand for justice to his *pure disinterested motives*. . . . The judicial situation he refused was Chief Baron of the Exchequer. . . . Lord Rosslyn told me that Brougham in a letter telling him of this offer said:—'It was made me by Canning just before his death, and, as I believe, with no other view than that of getting rid of me.' . . . I told you what Lord Wilton said to me about Holland. Grey says all the Cabinet agreed to it but *cher* Bexley, *alias* Mouldy; but the King when it was proposed to him said he would have no Minister who had insulted all the crowned heads of Europe. Lord Cowper, who as well as Lady Cowper and her daughter are staying here, tells me Alvanley says 'Goodrich will *cry* himself out of office.' Cowper and Milton, who are quite against Grey and us malignants (including Milton's father), state the utter impossibility of such a feeble artist remaining where he is. . . . Princess Lieven says I must be writing a political pamphlet, and Mrs. Taylor is pleased to tell her who it is to, and that I do the same every day. . . ."

Deeper and deeper grew Creevey's distrust of his ancient ally Brougham; wider and ever wider yawned the chasm between the old Whig Guard, represented for the nonce by Lord Grey, and those very men who,

* The 4th Earl Fitzwilliam.

under Grey's leadership, were ultimately to effect the profound, though bloodless, revolution of 1832.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Wentworth, Sept. 24.

"... Another instance of our Bruffam's hypocrisy. Wm. Powlett (I beg pardon, *Lord William Powlett*)* said to me:—'Brougham is very sore at your not having called upon him during your stay at Lowther. My father shewed me a letter from him in which he said—"I cannot but feel greatly hurt that, after the long and intimate connection between Creevey and me, he should have been at Lowther, and never come to see me."' Now was there ever such a canting, mischievous fellow? He has done all he could to injure me—has washed his hands of me in every way—he *knows* I could not come to him—he knows that, if I could have done so, he was *not at home*. He does not care one damn if I was at the bottom of the sea—most probably would rather I was there than not—and yet, for some base purpose of his own—gets up this scene of lying sentiment; to Darlington, too, of all men. . . . At dinner I heard Princess Lieven say to Lord Fitzwilliam:—'Your house, my lord, or your palace, I should rather say, is the finest I have seen in England. It is both beautiful and magnificent.'—To which old Billy replied—'It is indeed.' She then proceeded:—'When foreigners have applied to me heretofore for information as to the houses best worth seeing in England, I have sent them to Stowe and Blenheim; but in future I shall tell them to go down to Wentworth.' The last compliment was received by old Billy *in solemn silence!* not an atom of reply!"

"Stapleton, Sept. 28th.

"... What a comfortable house this is, and how capitably 'dear Eddard'† lives. . . . What a fool this good-natured Eddard is to be eat and drunk out of house and harbour, and to be treated as he is. The

* Second son of Lord Darlington, who was about to be raised to the dignity of a Marquess on 5th October. Lord William afterwards became 3rd Duke of Cleveland.

† Hon. Robert Edward Petre, third son of the 9th Lord Petre.

men take his carriages and horses to carry them to their shooting ground, and leave his fat mother to waddle on foot, tho' she can scarcely get ten yards. Then dinner being announced always for seven, the men neither night have been home before 8, and it has been $\frac{1}{4}$ to 9 that Dow. Julia* and her ladies have been permitted to dine. Then these impertinent jades, the Ladies Ashley, breakfast upstairs, never shew till dinner, and even then have been sent to and waited for. . . . Dow. Julia makes one eternally split with her voice and her words and her criticism upon everybody. She is always at it and always right, and a good honest soul as ever was. . . ."

"Raby Castle, Oct. 4th.

"... Lord Londonderry is so disliked and despised in his own country that it has been injurious to the Beau to be shewn off by him.† . . . The Duke is Commander-in-chief and identifying himself with the Old Tories, and the Bishop of Durham gave him a dinner yesterday that has made the Marquess of Cleveland‡ shake in his shoes. He, tho' Lord-lieutenant, would not accept the Bishop's invitation to meet the Duke of Wellington, and we had quite a scene between him and Lord William two days ago about the latter going. However he was quite firm, and said nothing should prevent him, as member for the county, accepting the invitation. All this on Cleveland's part was dirty toadying of the King and Governmt., saying this was an *opposition* Tory visit of Wellington's to the north. . . . The Marchioness would have liked the fame of having the Beau here, and he had promised Lady Caroline to come *if he was asked*; but Niffy Naffy did not dare."

* Juliana, daughter of Henry Howard of Glossop, and second wife of the 9th Lord Petre.

† The Duke of Wellington had been paying a visit to Wynyard. Lord Londonderry (3rd Marquess) was the Duke's Adjutant General in the Peninsula. Despite the Duke's distrust of him, he continued to address him in correspondence as "My dear Charles," until their final rupture over the Corn Laws in 1846, when the Duke's letters begin "My dear Lord Londonderry."

‡ Lord Darlington's patent of marquess is of the same date as this letter.

"Oct. 6th.

" . . . It should be a rule in coming to this house not to exceed 3 days, when the party is purely domestic, because the artificial situation of the Marchioness becomes much more striking. The delusion can't last: it becomes low comedy—low life above stairs. The scenes are magnificent, the dresses superb, but still it is the part of the Marchioness of Cleveland by Miss Tidswell. . . . The Marquis himself, too, is quite a different man from when I was last here. He is always civil, but there is no *spring* in him, one might almost say no utterance. He seems absorbed in thought and by no means happy. We had, to be sure, a little conversation last night, when he was kind enough to admit Mrs. Taylor and myself to an inspection of a new pattern for his livery buttons! . . . Good God! how I write. I mean so badly. It is now after dinner; I am sure I am not drunk, but the pens are the very devil. . . . Lord Charles Somerset complains that he could not sleep either of the three nights at Wynyard, never having slept before in *cambrick* sheets, and that the Brussels lace with which the pillows were trimmed tickled his face so he had not a moment's peace. . . . Grey says he would not dress Lady Londonderry for £5000 a year: her handkerchiefs cost 50 guineas the dozen; the furniture of her boudoir cost £3000. Alnwick Castle is the place for real comfort! You ladies are handed out to breakfast, as well as at dinner; and, that entertainment over, the sexes are separated as at a cathedral; so much so that Tankerville was arrested by the coat-flap for attempting to invade the seraglio. Cornwall, a London flash, was there lately, and was so bored that, having consented to be one of the Duke's *male* riding party (for here again the sexes are kept separate) he hid himself; but in an unguarded moment looked out of the window to enjoy their being off without him; when the Duke, looking back, saw him, and they returned and took him."

"Howick, Oct. 14th.

" . . . Grey read me a letter he had yesterday from Lady Jersey from Euston. . . . She represents her

host, the Duke of Grafton, and the visitors, Lord John Russell, &c., as hanging very loose indeed by poor Snip* and the Government. Grey says nothing annoys Brougham so much as not being able to make any impression upon Lady Jersey. . . . She is as firm as a rock to Grey and the Beau. Grey's creed is that Brougham must *blow up*: that he is in so many people's power with his lies of different kinds, that one fine day they will be out."

Earl Grey to Mr. Creevey.

"Howick, Oct. 20th.

"I had a letter this morning from good old Fitzwilliam. Brougham had been at Wentworth *uninvited*, and evidently for the purpose either of making recruits, or of holding out the appearance of his being well in that quarter—probably both. Fitzwilliam smoked him, and took care that he should not go away deceived as to his opinions, which are exactly what you would have expected from a good honest Whig—in good times. . . . Circulars are sent from the Foreign Office to all people connected with the Government for subscriptions to Canning's monument. I wish you would write an inscription for it!"

The struggle maintained by the Greeks against the Ottoman power came to a crisis in the autumn of this year. On 6th May the Greek army under Karaiskaki was cut to pieces near Athens; the Acropolis was bombarded at intervals till the garrison capitulated on 2nd June, and the utter subjugation of Greece by the Turks was imminent, when Great Britain, France, and Russia interposed to preserve her independence and presented their ultimatum to the Porte, which succeeded in protracting the negotiations till the end of September. Meanwhile the Turkish general Ibrahim was devastating parts of Greece with circumstances

* Lord Goderich, the Prime Minister.

of the utmost barbarity. The British and French admirals, perceiving in this a breach of the armistice which the Porte had conceded, proceeded to destroy almost the whole Turkish fleet in the Bay of Navarino; an act which was vigorously denounced by the Opposition in the British Parliament.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

“Low Gosforth, Nov. 14th.

“. . . Well! so the magnanimous Allies have really destroyed the Turkish fleet, and a more rascally act was never committed by the great nations, nor upon more false and hypocritical pretences. But the consequences! the consequences! Keep your eye on them, my dear! . . . Altho' Viscount Dudley and Ward* may have some personal objections to his head being placed on Temple Bar without the rest of his body, *that* is the proper position for it, or that of any English Ministers who by this act have opened the East and West to French and Russian ambition and villainy. . . . I take a much more extensive view of this Turkish business than my *brother statesman* Earl Grey does. We long-sighted, old politicians, my dear, see a fixed intention on the part of Russia to make Constantinople a seat of her power, and to re-establish the Greek Church upon the ruins of Mahometanism—a new crusade, in short, by a new and enormous power, brought into the field by our own selves, and that may put our existence at stake to drive out again.”

Time brings its revenges, and we have lived to see the Liberal party adopt and express different views to these about “the unspeakable Turk.” Yet it is opinion, and not the method of the Turk, that has changed.

* Foreign Secretary.

CHAPTER VI.

1827-1828.

THE fusion of a section of the Whigs with the Canningite Ministry wrought confusion in the groups composing both the original parties. The Old Tories, headed by Eldon, Londonderry, and the Duke of Rutland, stood disdainfully aloof, waiting an opportunity for effective flank attack. The Duke of Wellington, hitherto closely identified with that section of the Ministerialists, had resumed his old post at the Horse Guards, after laboriously explaining that his quarrel with Canning had not been the cause of his resignation of his military command, and that his resumption of the same was not in consequence of Canning's death. But there was no whisper of his re-entering the Cabinet under Goderich, whom all men regarded as a minister *pour rire*; everything pointed to a political *rapprochement* (there is no equivalent English term) between Wellington and Grey. Meanwhile, if the ranks of the Tories were seamed by dissension, not less estranged were the Whigs among themselves. The "Malignants," few in number, held apart with Lord Grey. They were drawn from every section of the old Opposition—that haughty old Whig, Earl Fitzwilliam, stood shoulder to shoulder with Thomas

Creevey, representative of the extinct "Mountain" of the Regency days. Nothing could exceed the bitterness which had sprung up between these Malignants and the rest of their party, nor the violence with which among themselves they denounced their ancient colleagues, whether those who had already accepted office, like Lord Lansdowne, or those who openly coveted office, like Lord Holland, or those who were suspected of secretly intriguing for office, like Henry Brougham. So intense was party feeling that it strained, and in many cases severed, friendships of long standing. Creevey never had a heartier ally than Lord Sefton; from the day, five and twenty years before, that he first entered Parliament as an obscure individual known to nobody, Sefton had befriended him, co-operated with him on the "Mountain," and caused him to regard Croxteth, Stoke, and Arlington Street as always open to him. Sefton had given his adhesion to the Coalition Cabinet; this was enough to fire Creevey's indignation, and there ensued some months of estrangement in consequence. That, however, was soon put right by the warm-hearted Sefton, who would suffer no difference of opinion on public affairs to poison the springs of private friendship. He insisted upon Creevey returning to Croxteth, and crushed out all suspicion by his irresistible good humour.

It was very different with Brougham. Closely as Creevey had been associated with him in the past, and profoundly as he admired his talents, it is clear that Brougham never succeeded in winning his confidence. He exhausts his vocabulary of vituperation—a pretty extensive one—in denouncing him at this crisis.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Croxteth, Wed., Nov. 21, 1827.

"MY DEAREST BESSY,

"Well, here you see me after all, and everything as right as ever it can be. I arrived here in a *chay* from Ormskirk yesterday between one and two, and as I pass'd the front of the house, was upon the lookout to see if there were any watchers at the windows. Lady Maria was at her bedroom one, and we had mutual salutations. Where my Lord had seen me from I don't know, but he was below at the hall door to receive me, and in the middle of very cordial handshaking said:—'You old rogue! I did not feel sure of your coming till I saw you.' I was then taken up to see the ladies, and nothing could be warmer than my reception was by each, and Lady Louisa said more than once or twice during the day—'You don't know how happy you have made us all by coming.' So it's all mighty well.

"As we were sitting cozing about the fire, Sefton said:—'Well, Brougham is very angry with you for not coming to see him at Brougham.'—'O,' said I, 'he is a neat artist. The affectionate, tender-hearted creature wrote a blubbering letter to Lord Darlington, saying how deeply hurt he was that such an old and attached friend as I was should have been so near him and never come to see him; but,' I added, 'he never mentioned that he was not at home if I had done so.' . . . A little after, one of the young ladies said—'We have seen a good deal of Mr. Brougham lately; he went to the play with us 3 or 4 times, and you never saw such a figure as he was. He wears a black stock or collar, and it is so wide that you see a dirty coloured handkerchief under, tied tight round his neck. You never saw such an object, or anything half so dirty.' This is all that has passed hitherto respecting the Arch Fiend. . . .

"I said to Sefton just now out a-shooting—who is Montrou?—'Why,' said he, 'he is a *roué* who has no visible living and has one of the best houses going in Paris. He was employed very much by Talleyrand in his jobs and by Buonaparte likewise, and of course

he is in very bad odour with the present Government of France ; but he is a clever man and most entertaining.' I need not add he must be an infernal scoundrel, and to my mind he is the worst mannered man I ever saw. . . . We are expecting hourly a proper match for him invillainy, Henry de R——. . . . He [Montron] is known to and has lived with all the world, but his polar star has been, and continues to be, Talleyrand. He married a Duchesse de Fleury, who was divorced from her husband on purpose ; but who afterwards left him to live with a painter. One of his most conspicuous stations was in the Court of the Princess Borghese, where he lived openly with her principal lady. I never heard anything equal to the depravity of Madame la Princesse, according to the stories Montron tells Sefton, and Montron stated himself as having been the minister to her pleasures in selecting lovers for her. It was for such like offices that the moralist Buonaparte whipped Master Montron into prison one fine day, and kept him there, saying he *would* put an end to the debauchery of his sister's establishment. So much for my new friend ! Is he not a neat one ? . . . I really think there is nothing going on by letter now between Sefton and Brougham, which is odd enough, after all that has passed ; but I feel certain Sefton would not conceal anything that was going on, and if he ever mentions Brougham, it is only to say how impossible it is for me to conceive the state of his *filth* in all ways. . . . Poor Sefton ! he was quite *au désespoir* the night before last ; there had been so few pheasants that day at Kirby Ruff, his best cover. He was really speechless, except when he said it was the last time he ever should be there. In short, he might have lost half his estate at least. To think of the most successful man in life, and with the outside of everything the world can give, and he can't exist without excitement for every moment of the day ; whilst a pauper like myself can live upon idleness and jokes, without a blank day to annoy me. . . ."

" Croxteth, Dec. 6th, 1827.

" . . . I accompanied the shooters yesterday to their ground, about 7 miles off. The day was splendid

—the sport brilliant—Sefton, his 3 sons, Berkeley Craven and Mr. McKenzie killing 141 pheasants, above 100 hares, &c., &c. On coming home the night was so dark that my lord declared he could not see the road; and so it turned out, for he overturned us. . . . We were not a mile from home, so we left the carriage and groped our way on foot. . . .”

Earl Grey to Mr. Creevey.

“Howick, Dec. 13, 1827.

“MY DEAR CREEVEY,

“. . . Sefton's conduct can only be explained on the supposition that he feels himself bound not to abandon, in their difficulties, an administration which he originally promised to support; but I do not think this feeling can prevail long against his own opinion and the increasing opinion of the publick. At present, according to all appearances, they will not be able to extricate themselves from this Turkish scrape. I have a letter to-day from Paris saying that the Russian army has crossed the Pruth, with the intention of permanently occupying the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia. This, in their diplomattick jargon, they say is not to be considered—any more than Navarin—as a measure of war, but as a *moyen d'exécuter le traité de médiation*. This is not very unlike the case of a man who should knock another down, and then say—‘I did not do it with an intention of hurting you, but only from the most friendly desire to keep you quiet.’ Whatever the explanation may be worth, of the fact I have no doubt, and as little that the Russians will not again abandon the possession of these countries. These [*illegible*], notwithstanding the gloss which it is endeavoured to put upon the measure, as well as a general apprehension of the increasing power of Russia, which has been quickened by her late successes in Persia, have already produced speculations on the necessity of a combination to resist her projects, and there seems no great improbability in supposing that the cannon fired at Navarin may prove the signal of another general war in Europe. The best chances against it are to be found in the general poverty of

all the Great Powers. Austria can hardly find the means of moving an army; we are no longer in a condition to give subsidies; and even Russia, in the countries in which her armies will have to act, could not find immediately the means of defraying the cost of their maintenance in active service, and some compromise may thus be produced at the expense of the poor Turks who will be plundered both by friends and foes, and whose helpless imbecillity deprives them of all hopes of a successful resistance. This is the only way which I can at present foresee for the Ministers to escape from the difficulty which Mr. Canning's much-lauded policy has brought upon them, but which would require more energy, more skill, more union and more wisdom than I think likely to be found in our present Councils.

"As to Brougham—I believe him to be mad. Our correspondence has ceased, but I have lately seen, under his own hand, things that would surprise even you . . . that Canning had no more to do with the treaty of the 6th of July than you or I, and that it was entirely the Duke of Wellington's . . . that there is a complaint of the King's unconstitutional interference with the patronage of the Ministers. *If* this should be proved to be so (the *if* is good) nobody wd. be more for resisting it than himself; and, *if requisite*, he should be glad to see a union of the respectable men of all parties, headed by Lord Grey, for that purpose. . . . All this I have seen actually in black and white—does it furnish a case to justify my suspicion of madness?

"At the end comes out the true solution of the riddle. He is full of indignation at Phillimore's being put over Lushington's head, because the latter was counsel for the Queen. No thought of himself, of course! nor any reference to his own situation, proving indisputably his claim to the acknowledgment of disinterestedness, which you may remember in his letter to me. . . . The Duchess of Northumberland told Mrs. Grey the other day that about Navarin the King had said that the actor deserved a ribband, but the act a halter. A pleasant distinction for his My.'s Ministers! Lansdowne, however, I hear is in favour ever since he submitted about Herries,

but that the King spoke neither to Tierney nor to McIntosh at the Council when the latter was sworn in.

“Ever yours,
“GREY.”

“Howick, 15th Dec.

“... With the feelings of sincere regard and great liking that I have for Sefton, nothing can be more gratifying to me than the expression of corresponding feelings on his part: nor could anything give me more sincere pleasure than a visit from him here, more especially if you could meet him. Is there any chance of your coming? ... You will see in the papers the reports of Lord Goodrich's resignation. ... Will the King put the thing fairly into the hands of Lansdowne, allowing him to bring in some of the old Whigs? or will he take it as the head of a Tory administration? Or will Huskisson be the man, with all the load of unpopularity which weighs upon him? or will the whole concern break up, and Peel and the Beau be called upon to form a new Government? ... Holland is the only person of whom I have heard that goes the whole length of defending the business of Navarin in all its parts, and that with a degree of violence that really surprises me. I can only consider him, therefore, as prepared to take anything or do anything to support the Government as it is. ... I had heard of Dudley's love, and of the Countess St. Antonio's joke that he was become 'a Ward in Chancery.'* If the lady takes as much out of him as the Court usually does out of its suitors, I should think there would be little left of him at the meeting of Parliament.”

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

“Liverpool, Dec. 14, 1827.

“I left Croxteth yesterday. ... Sefton first gave me your letter, but his main object [in coming to my room] was to show me in *the most perfect confidence* a letter he received from Brougham this morning, enclosing one the latter had received from Lambton at

* The Earl of Dudley's family name being Ward.

Paris, and as Sefton said when I had seen both letters, it would be for me to decide which was the greatest madman. The subject was Lambton's *peerage*, which he (Lambton) contends should not be a simple *barony*, very properly observing that it is no promotion *for the first commoner of England to be made the last baron!* But, in short, without seeing his letter with one's own eyes, its contents would be perfectly incredible, and the result is his calling upon Brougham by all those ties of early disinterested friendship, which have bound them to each other for life, not to let him be less than an earl. . . . Brougham states in reply, or says he does so, that our friends in power are so jealous of any approach to them, that it is quite impossible to assist him; and then, in his comment upon Lambton's letter, loads him with every species of ridicule for his pretensions; till at length he gravely enters the field himself as a man of family at least two centuries older than that of Lambton, and as having the 2nd barony of England in his (Brougham's) own blood. Now really! was there ever? . . . Punch* writes there is not an individual in the city who does not consider our attack upon the Turkish fleet [at Navarino] as the greatest outrage ever committed by any Government or country, and above all—by ours. In speaking of Lord Goodrich he says he is considered by all as a *mere nullity*, and by no one more so than the King, and does whatever he likes and cares for no one. Pretty well this from Mr. Clerk of the Council, is it not?

“Before these letters came Sefton had said to me: —‘By God! the Government can never stand; this Navarino business must destroy them.’ . . . Only think of there not being a syllable of politicks in Brougham's letter to him yesterday! I saw it all. My own belief is that Brougham is not the person to whom Sefton has bound himself, if in some unguarded moment he has done so; but I suspect it is Petty. He always speaks of Brougham as if he *loathed* him. My dispatch to Grey contains all the matter just stated, except about the Brougham and Lambton correspondence. . . .”

* Charles Greville.

“ Croxteth, Dec. 16.

“ Well, the Pet * was charmed that the rain had not stopt me, and so were the ladies, and all mightily pleased at breakfast with my description of Miss Creevey's drum † and supper. I *did* the company by helping them to stuffing out of the hare, to make up for the little I could get from the hare itself. Then the day became quite fine and all was to be ready for shooting in half an hour. In a turn or two I had with Sefton on the terrace he said:—‘ Well, I have written to Brougham by this post and have said to him—“ I observe you never mention any politicks in your letter of yesterday; from which I conclude, of course, you are ashamed to advert to our late nefarious attack upon the Turks. For myself I can fairly say I have gone as far as any man in my endeavours to prevent the return of the Tories to power; but if I am expected to support the infernal outrage at Navarino, it is too high a price to pay for accomplishing my object, and I think it right to declare I will not do it. And now, as you have hitherto given me an explicit account of the part you meant to take when the Government was about to submit my measure to Parliament, I beg you will be as frank with me upon this occasion as I have been with you.” ’ . . . Sefton is to send me his answer, which one should think must be a *dokiment* of some interest.

“ Well but—to wind up my intercourse with the Pet: when the carriages were ready for the shooters in the stable yard, where they always embark, I went to be present on the occasion, and when Sefton came, who was the last, he said:—‘ Creevey, I want to speak to you; ’ and taking me into the Riding House he said:—‘ I can't let you go without telling you that McKenzie has proposed to Maria. It has happened just now. ’ I said I had seen quite enough to be sure it would come to that and added:—‘ He is a man of fortune, is he not? ’—‘ I fancy so, ’ said Sefton, ‘ but I know nothing about it. He seems a damned good

* Lord Sefton.

† Mr. Creevey had been the night before to a party at his sister's house in Liverpool, and driven out to Croxteth to breakfast.

kind of fellow and a particular friend of [*illegible*].
This was all, but it was quite enough to show it
would do. . . .*"

During the Cabinet crisis in January, 1828, following on Lord Goderich's resignation, Creevey was staying with his step-daughters in Essex, but was kept closely informed by Lord Sefton of every shifting phase of gossip. The letters were written daily, sometimes twice or thrice a day, but the interest of them has for the most part evaporated. The question of greatest moment to the Whigs was whether Huskisson would join the Duke of Wellington's Cabinet.

Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey.

"Brooks's, 12th Jany., 1828.

"... Sir Chas. Stuart is talked of for Foreign Secretary. Petty† may now retire and enjoy his charades at Bowood in quiet. He is admitted by common consent to be the damnedest idiot that ever lived, not even excepting the domestic Goderich."

Earl Grey to Mr. Creevey.

"Berkeley Sq., Jany. 25, 1828.

"... I have not time, nor, indeed, do I know enough, to say much of the present posture of affairs. To me it seems that the Beau, as you call him, is placing himself in a situation of dreadful responsibility and danger. His taking the office of Minister, after all that passed on that subject last year, to say nothing of other objections, would, in my opinion, be a most fatal mistake, and I still hope there may be time, and that he may find friends to advise him to avoid it. But there is another danger which presses still more strongly on my mind. Huskisson's friends boast

* The marriage never took place. Lady Maria Molyneux died unmarried in 1872.

† Lord Lansdowne.

everywhere that Corn Laws, Free Trade, Portugal, Navarino—in short everything—have been conceded to him as the price of his accession to the Government. The Duke, I know, tells a different story; but this proves that these matters are not distinctly understood and settled as they ought to be for the security of the new Government. The consequence is that it is left in the power of that rogue Huskisson to choose his own time and ground for a quarrel, if he shd. find it his interest to break up the Administration.

“No communication or proposition of any kind has been made to me. I hear our old friends are eager for red-hot opposition; but I certainly shall remain in my old position, and act as I may find right, without any consideration of either party. . . .

“Ever yours,
“GREY.”

Brougham's position at this time was a puzzle alike to his political friends and foes. In the previous August he had written to Lord Grey, submitting that Canning's death had removed the last obstacle to prevent Grey supporting Lord Goderich's administration, informing him that he, Brougham, had, within the preceding six weeks, refused “the most easy and secure income for life of £7000 or £8000 a year, and high rank, which I could not take without leaving my friends in the House of Commons exposed to the leaders of different parties.” He claimed, therefore, to have proved that he was acting “without the slightest tincture of interest.” “I have agreed,” he says, “to support the leader of the House of Commons, whoever he may be. . . . As for my real individual interest, I believe no one can doubt that it is clearly my game to see a weak Government, with only Peel (whom I never found very invincible), and myself at the head of the Liberal party.” Reading between the lines of this strange letter, it is easy to see why

Brougham was so tender towards the men in office. Had they been turned out and a purely Liberal administration been formed, he knew it was hopeless for him to look for political office so long as George IV. was king. Brougham had offended too deeply for that in Queen Caroline's trial. Grey, who had deeply disapproved of the coalition under Canning, merely replied that "at present all reasonable grounds for confidence on which I could give any assurance of general support [to the Government] appear to me as much wanting as ever. I must remain, therefore, in the same position, supporting such measures as are consistent with my principles, and opposing, without any inducement to forbearance, whatever may appear to militate against them." To Creevey, Brougham continued to write in a strain of greater levity than he adopted towards Lord Grey.

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"[January] 1828.

"... Don't be alarmed, but endeavour to receive with equanimity, and if possible with fortitude, the painful intelligence that your beloved Sovereign has been most dangerously ill, and is still in a very precarious state. He lost in all 120 ounces of the blood-Royal in the course of about ten days. The complaint was inflammation, I suppose of the bladder, for they say it was owing to some illness of the prostate gland. I am told he is very far indeed from rallying as he used to do when bled formerly, and that all the loyal subjects near his person are in much consternation.

"The Parlt. is likely to open in a very 'unsatisfactory' state—as our friend Castlereagh (God rest his soul) was wont to say. The chief 'feature'—I mean Peel—will find it quite impossible to calculate on a majority on any one question, except perhaps a motion for turning them out or reforming the Parlt. ; and how

he is even to get thro' the forms of a debate, if he is opposed by all the parties not in office, seems inconceivable, for even Vesey is not there, being laid on the shelf for some months. The Ultras are in great force, and the Huskissons full of faction. As a proof of the kind of steps the Tories are taking, I may say that your friend Lord Lonsdale has, in a letter which I have a copy of, been encouraging the Cumberland county meeting, advising them to lay the state of distress before Parlt., because the Beau desires it; and adding that they should not point out any remedies, but *only* ascribe it to the burthens upon agricultural produce and the reduced currency. . . . Lonsdale then seems to have thought that it might be said—'How happens your son Billy to be in office while you are thus mischievously embarrassing H.M. Government?' so he adds, awkwardly enough, that he is convinced Lord Lowther's *first* consideration is the interest of the country, and that he never would keep office if he thought, &c., &c., &c.

"I find that the worthy Laureate, Southey, is to move or second the resoln. that the distress is within the power of the Legislature; and a cousin of the family (H. Lowther), who holds one of their livings, is to move another. Meanwhile, the Beau stands firm and says 'he will keep his position;' meaning, of course, without any change. But unfortunately it is Peel whose position will be to keep; so then, they say, the Beau adds—'he shall bring forward measures, and if the Parlt. won't support him, he can't help it.' His strength is no doubt in the Ultras, whom no one can wish well to, and the Huskissons, whom few will trust, after what happened two years ago. But this feeling won't carry the said Beau thro' everything, and *I am quite confident* he reckons without his host if he counts on it to the extent I hear."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Whitehall, Feby. 5, 1828.

". . . We had Lord Durham (who stood my observations on his being grown taller very affably),* Sydney

* Mr. Lambton had been created Baron Durham on 29th January.

Smith, Bob Adair, Lord Robert Spencer and Ferguson at dinner. . . . There is no end to the disasters of the Whigs. Poor Jim Abercromby and the fair Mary Anne* give out that they leave town for ever and ever next Easter, and fall back upon a little farm in Derbyshire; but no longer to superintend the dear, deaf Dick-aky Duke's property, for that appointment was given to another when Jim was dubbed a Privy Councillor, it being too *infra dig.* to be a Right Honorable Bailiff! and about £2000 a year more derived from law sources were sacrificed for ever in like manner as being inconsistent with his rank. Scarlett, too, is said to be perfectly speechless, except when he tells that being deprived of the power of returning to the circuit is a clear loss to him of £5000 a year. . . . When Mrs. Taylor and I were left alone about one this morning, she said:—'As I know, Mr. Creevey, I may trust you with anything, I must tell you poor Mr. Denison is broken-hearted about his sister Lady Conyngham; and his only relief, he says, is imparting his grief to me.' According to his own account, he protested to her from the first against her living under the King's roof; but that the thing, instead of getting better, has become daily worse and worse. Not that even now he can suppose there is anything criminal between persons of their age, but that he never goes into society without hearing allusions too plain to be misunderstood; and he lives in daily fear and expectation of the subject coming before Parliament. In short, such is his feeling that he has called formally upon his sister to leave her fat and fair friend and to go abroad. He has been backed in this application both by Lord Mountcharles† and Lady Strathaven, and he has told her his will is to be altered immediately if she holds on; but she treats all such interference only with bursts of passion and defiance, always relying upon Lady Hertford's case as her precedent and justification. . . ."

* Third son of General Sir Ralph Abercromby. He was Speaker from 1835 to 1839, and his wife was Marianne Leigh, daughter of Egerton Leigh of the West Hall, Cheshire.

† Lady Conyngham's eldest surviving son.

In the beginning of 1828 the quarrel of the Malignants with Brougham passed into a sharper phase, and occupies a great space in Creevey's correspondence at that period. It would be wearisome to follow the matter in anything like detail; suffice it to explain that Brougham had circulated a report that, at Doncaster races, Lord Grey had explained to Lord Cleveland (Darlington) the reason for his refusing to support Canning's ministry, namely, "that it leaned too much to the people and against the aristocracy." In an evil moment for peace, Brougham imparted this information to Creevey, reckoning, perhaps, on Creevey's ancient impatience with Grey for acting as a drag on the wheels of progress. But by this time Grey had become the idol of Creevey, who promptly remonstrated with his lordship on the imprudence of his sentiments as reported by Brougham. Grey indignantly denied having made any such statement to Cleveland, and received that gentleman's denial of having had any communication with Brougham on the subject. Cleveland also forwarded to Grey an explanatory letter from Brougham, which, to judge from the force of language it elicited from Creevey, scarcely served to re-establish matters on a better basis.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Whitehall, Feb. 15, 1828.

"... This composition of Brougham's is a letter to Lord Cleveland written, of course, at Cleveland House and of four sides' length. No one who has not seen it can conceive its low, lying, dirty, shuffling villainy. However, with all his manœuvres, he can't escape the charge, and he states in his own words, rather at more length and in stronger terms, exactly the same substance of the conversation between Lord

Cleveland and Grey as having passed at Doncaster, that he stated to me. Then he attempts to make out that the words are vague and may not warrant the construction put upon them, and the Lord knows what besides. He goes into fresh lies as to his uniform support of Grey's character, and how he silenced *three* London channels of abuse of him, and was only too late by half an hour in not stopping the hostile article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and concludes with a warning against mischievous tale-bearers, who, for their own purposes, would make mischief between Grey and him.

"Grey's answer to Lord Cleveland is that he is anything but satisfied with his lordship's letter; that Brougham's letter is conclusive proof of the truth of the injurious statement he has made respecting his [Grey's] conversation at Doncaster; and as his lordship had admitted in conversation at Cleveland House that there never was the least foundation for such allegation, he claims in justice to have the same admission under his lordship's hand. This brought another letter from our Niffy-Naffy marquis, in terms as explicit as could possibly be selected, stating the *pleasure* he had in complying with Lord Grey's request, and declaring unequivocally that no such conversation as that alleged to have passed at Doncaster between him and Lord Grey, or anything approaching to it, had ever taken place; and he concludes by expressing his regret that any misunderstanding should take place between Brougham and Lord Grey, and with an offer of his services—tho' unauthorised by Brougham—to bring about their reconciliation. To this Grey returns a civil answer, stating the relief it is to his mind to have this unequivocal denial of the injurious statement circulated by Brougham having any foundation in fact; but that, with respect to Brougham, until *he* shall make the same unequivocal denial of the circulation of the injurious statement, and say that it is entirely destitute of truth, all confidential intercourse between them must be suspended. And so the thing ends, and a charming mess it is for the arch-fiend—Lady Jersey, the Duke of Bedford, &c., having already copies [of the correspondence]. Grey . . . says Rosslyn made him *much milder* in his expressions than he wished."

"6th Feby.

"... After our dinner at Fergy's, Lord Sefton made me go with him to the opera. . . . From the Opera House we went to Crockford's new concern, which is magnificent and perfect in taste and beauty. For a suite of rooms, it is the greatest lion in England, and is said by those who know the palace at Versailles to be even more magnificent than that. . . . After breakfast this morning I sallied forth to see the alterations in St. James's Park, and they are really great improvements, but the new palace* still remains the devil's own. . . . Grey is quite satisfied with the Beau, and says he will do capitally in the Lords as Minister."

"7th.

"... In the course of my political jaw with Grey I said that, altho' I never expected the Beau to apply to him for assistance in the formation of his Cabinet, yet I did expect after all their friendly intercourse, and after all Lord Grey's essential service, he would have communicated to him what was going on. He said very naturally that he did not think himself entitled to such communication, and proceeded to tell me what he did consider as meant from the Beau to him, and with which—little as it was—he seemed quite satisfied. It seems a letter came from the Beau to Lauderdale, directed to him at Howick, the Beau's name being written in the corner, and this in the midst of the concern. When Grey forwarded it, he told Lauderdale it had been a severe trial to his virtue to resist opening it at such a time, so Lauderdale sent it back to him. Its contents were to tell him he had offered the Ordnance to Rosslyn, and to beg all Lauderdale's influence with him to induce him to accept it, and then he goes on to say he wishes his Government to be anything but an *exclusive* one, that his own wishes would make it even more *comprehensive*, but he finds considerable difficulties from preconceived prejudices. Grey is quite right, I have no doubt, in supposing the 'comprehension' meant him, but the poor fellow thinks the 'preconceived prejudices' were those of

* Buckingham Palace.

Peel and the Tories, whereas I cannot doubt their being the property of Prinney. However, as I said before, he seemed as pleased as Punch with everything, and particularly with his own conduct and situation; and so was she."

"8th.

"... Let me mention to you that the Tankervilles have a box at the French play, and that he and she have it the *alternate* weeks. Is not that the image of them both? ... Taylor was with old Eldon at his house this morning about business, and Eldon told him he had been shamefully used upon the formation of the present Government—never consulted—nothing offered him! Was there ever? Eldon whining at his unhappy fate after all—and to Michael Angelo Taylor too! Oh dear, oh dear!"

"11th.

"... I went to Brooks's, and, upon entering the room, Bruffam was sitting at a table with his back to me, convulsing a group of noblemen and gentlemen who stood round with some good story. Not having seen him before, I took up a *lateral* position to him, with my eye fixed upon him, waiting for recognition; which was no sooner effected than up he sprung to embrace me with 'Well, old ultra-Tory, how are you?'—'Charmingly, I thank you, dear moderate Tory; how are *you*?' ..."

"Brooks's, 12th.

"... Sefton is cracking his jokes to the right and left to a numerous audience, all at the expense of Huskisson and Dudley, as if he had not been their supporter for these six months past. I really can't approve of him. Huskisson fell 50 per cent. in last night's jaw, and the Beau gained a corresponding degree of elevation. In short the latter will do capitally: his frank, blunt and yet *sensible* manner will beat the shuffling, lying Huskisson and Brougham school out of the field. ... My sincere opinion is—and I beg to record it thus early—that the Beau *will* do something for the Catholics of Ireland."

" 19th.

" . . . I was well pleased with the hearty effusion of my ingenuous friend Sir Colin Campbell* yesterday, whom I met for the first time since his return from Ireland.—'Well,' says I, 'Sir Colin, so we've got the Beau at the top of the tree at last.'—'Yes, but sorely against his will. I can assure you, Mr. Creevey, he would much rather have remained at his own post as head of the Army; but, by God, sir! nobody else would take the office, and he could do no other than he did. But, sir, you may rely upon it, he'll make an excellent minister. . . . I can assure you the old Tories are already frightened out of their senses of him.' . . . In my way back from Lady Elizabeth Whitbread's this morning I was stopt by Burdett, who got off his horse and would walk back with me across the Park, his object being to deplore the times. . . . With all his admiration of Brougham's talents in publick and his social ones in private, his opinion was that the world would be benefited by his being *out* of it."

" 21st.

" . . . The Beau has made Lady Grey's brother an Irish bishop and Lord Rosslyn Lord Lieutenant of the county of Fife; which, as *his two first acts*, is not amiss, and quite enough, as Colin Campbell said, to frighten people out of their senses."

" 23rd.

" . . . Allow me to mention, *en passant*, that the Marquis of Cleveland remains in London over to-morrow for no other purpose than that of *dining with* the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Now was there ever?—after all that passed last summer. The Marquis, however, has really struck, and keeps the patronage of the county *versus* Lord Londonderry!"

" 25th.

" . . . Lord Rosslyn told me last night that he would have taken the Army if the Beau had offered

* Not he who afterwards became Lord Clyde, but a namesake, who acted as brigade-major at the battle of Assaye, and throughout the first Marhattà campaign.

it to him, tho' he had refused the Ordnance ; but he supposed the Duke would not let it be in other hands than that of a subaltern of his own." *

" 26th.

" . . . I met Lord Lansdowne in Oxford Street for the first time since his *fall*. His appearance alone was a sufficient disqualification of him for managing the affairs of the country in its present difficulties. His person was carefully protected by an umbrella, he being the only person in the street who had one up, and there not having been a single drop of rain the whole day. I congratulated him upon having no explanations to make in these explaining times, and I told him his *first* step had been the fatal one for him—that of submitting to the wretch Goodrich as his leader in the Lords."

" 27th.

" . . . Dined at Lord Grey's last night, where Lord Durham and Bob Adair were the only company. Lord Rosslyn and Lady Georgiana Bathurst came in the evening. Grey and my lady were both very much amused at my making Lord Durham tell who dined at Brougham's *Cabinet dinner* last Sunday. Durham was one, and Sefton and the Duke of Leinster, Lord Stuart (Sir Charles that was), old Essex and four Scotch barristers. So much for a Cabinet dinner by a person who says he is at the head of 200 gentlemen of the House of Commons, and who could only muster *one* member of that body (Sefton) on this great occasion."

" March 3rd.

" . . . I met Lauderdale, who made me go with him to his lodgings, where I was a full hour ; but he *splices* so many subjects upon one another, it is difficult to make a selection. . . . He is of opinion that any minister or any King must be stark, staring mad that would trust Brougham for a minute. . . . I was in the 'Nutshell' at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7.† Robin Adair, young

* Lord Hill had been appointed Commander-in-Chief.

† Lady Holland, from whom Creevey had long been alienated owing to the schism in the Opposition ranks, had sent him a pressing

Lord William Russell, Charles Fox and myself, were the only additions to John Allen and my lord and my lady—the latter, of course, being handed down to dinner by Lord William. He planted himself by her side at the table, but she said:—‘No, Lord William, let Mr. Creevey come next to me: it is so long since I have seen him.’ Was there ever? . . .”

“5th.

“. . . So you see Prinney crept into town at last on Monday night in the dark, when nobody could see his legs, or whether he could walk; but as there is a Council at St. James’s to-day we must hear something of him shortly. Lord Rosslyn is to be there to be sworn in as Lord Lieutenant of Fife, and he has promised me to keep a sharp look-out on the legs. . . . Here is an invitation for Sunday week from the Duke of Sussex, and Stephenson says, ‘Oh, you *must* come, because it is a dinner purposely for Lord Grey, and the 16 persons asked are selected as his *tried friends*, and the thing is meant as a marked compliment from the Duke to Lord Grey.’ Now in the world, was there ever? Sussex being, or having been, quite as much for Canning as any of the other fools, rats and rogues. I find the Duke of Bedford, Jersey and old Fitzwilliam are of the elect, as well as Taylor and myself; but neither Sefton nor Brougham.”

“March 17, 1828.

“. . . Think of Grey telling me that yesterday morning he made his first appearance in a new ‘Wellington’ coat (a kind of a half-and-half great coat and undercoat, you know, meeting close and square below the knees), which was no sooner seen by Lady Grey and her daughters than it was instantly stormed and carried fairly and by main force from his back, never to see the light again—at least on *his* back.”

“19th.

“. . . Sefton was very good fun about a morning call on Lady Holland. . . . Amongst other things she invitation to dine with her in “her nut-shell,” a house in London where she was living during a temporary absence from Holland House

talked about ages, and observed that Lord Sefton and Lord Holland were of the same age—about 56. ‘For myself,’ said she, ‘I believe I am near the same;’ and then the page being called, she said: ‘Go and ask Mr. Allen how old I am.’ As the house is so small and the rooms so near, they heard Allen holloa out in no very melodious tones—‘She is 57.’ But Lady Holland was not content with this, and said it was too old for her, and made the page go back again; and again they heard Allen roar in a much louder voice: ‘I tell you she’s 57.’ . . .”

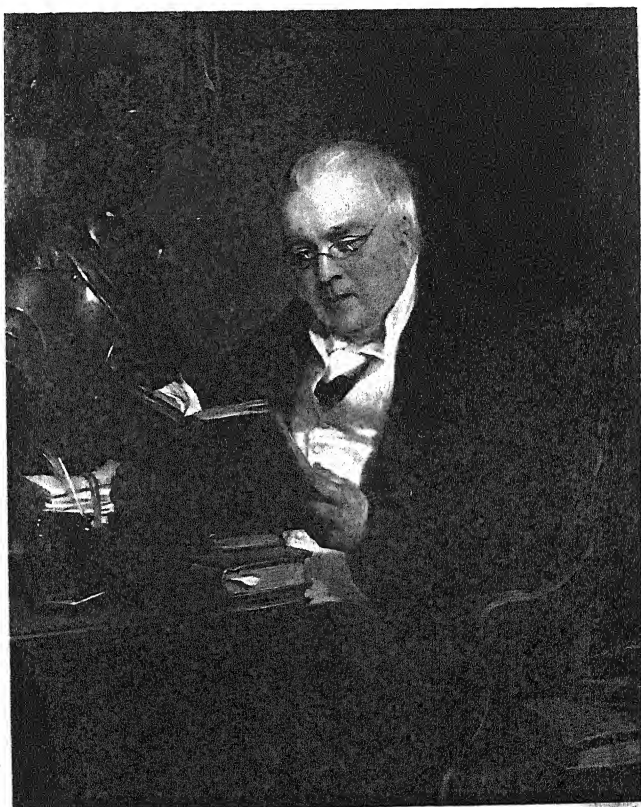
“ March 20th, 1828.

“ . . . Nash or some of his crew waited upon Wellington the other day, stating the King’s pleasure to have a part of the new palace at Pimlico* pulled down and the plan altered; to which the Beau replied it was no business of his; they might pull down as much as they liked. But as this was not the answer that was wanted, he at last said:—‘If you expect me to put my hand to any additional expense, I’ll be damned if I will!’—Prinney is said to be furious about it. . . . Prinney said to the Duke of Leeds the other day:—‘Duke, you are one of the few people I can trust in times like these. Dine with me to-day at six.’ Which he did, and they both got so drunk as to be nearly speechless. . . . Mr. Bankes is to move to-morrow for a committee to enquire into the expense of public buildings, and the Government is to *accede* to the motion, which will of course bring Windsor and Pimlico palaces to view. Well may Prinney say as he does that ‘he sees distinctly we are going to have Charles 1st’s times again.’ . . . The Beau is rising most rapidly in the market as a practical man of business. All the deputations come away charmed with him. But woe be to them that are too late! He is punctual to a second himself, and waits for no man.”

“ Brooks’s, March 26th.

“ We have an *event* in our family. Fergy has got a regiment—a tip-top crack one—one of those beautiful Highland regiments that were at Brussels, Quatre-Bras

* Buckingham Palace.



Mr. Allen, President R.A. Socy.

W. L. & Co. New York

John Allen, M.D.

and Waterloo. But his manner of getting it is still more flattering to him and honorable to Lord Hill, backed, no doubt, as he must have been by the Beau. It has been the subject of a battle of ten days' duration between the King and Lord Hill. The former proposed Lord Glenlyon, the Duke of Athol's second son, married to the Duke of Northumberland's sister, who has been in the King's Household, and, as the King said, *had his promise* of this regiment (the 79th). On the other hand, the King has been known to say over and over again that Ferguson *never* should have a regiment *in his lifetime*—for various offences. He voted and spoke against the Duke of York; he went to Queen Caroline's *in regimentals*; he moved for the Milan Commission, seconded by Mr. Creevey in a most indecent, intemperate speech, and was voted against by Tierney and all the Whigs as being much too bad; and yet little Hill has carried him thro'. . . . It is understood Lord Hill signified his intention of resigning if his recommendation was not acceded to. . . . I feel quite certain that Lady Conyngham's *sneers* and Sir Henry Hardinge's fears were all connected with this then pending battle."

Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey.

"Newmarket, April 26th, 1828.

"The great fun of the week was the defeat of the Grosvenors, who all came from every part of the world to see Navarino win in a canter. He is the worst horse at Newmarket, and they have been deluded by their trainer Dilly, who made them believe he had beat Mameluke in a trial. Think of a man of £200,000 a year sending his horses to a notorious rascal who trains for Gully, Redesdale and Stuart! They make use of his horses for their betting."

Earl Grey to Mr. Creevey.

"May 1st.

". . . Here is a story, for the truth of which I do not vouch, but it is in general circulation. The King had appointed the Bishop of Winchester (our own

Sumner) to administer to him the Sacrament on one of the Sundays about Easter. The Bishop was not punctual to his time, and when he arrived, the King, in a great passion at having been kept waiting, abused and even swore at him in the most indecent manner; on which the Bishop very coolly said he must be permitted to withdraw, as he perceived his Majesty was not then in a fit state of mind to receive the Sacrament, and should be ready to attend on some future day, when he hoped to find his Majesty in a better state of preparation!"

The Duke of Wellington took a different view from Mr. Huskisson, who had been in the Goderich Cabinet, upon the Corn duties; in fact, early in spring, Huskisson had laid his resignation before the King, and only consented to withdraw it upon the provision being inserted in the new Corn Law that the full duty of 20s. a quarter upon imported wheat should only be levied when the price fell to 60s. a quarter—the lowest, as landowners maintained, which was compatible with the existence of British agriculture. But when the question of the disfranchisement of Penryn and East Retford came again before the House of Commons, three Ministers—Huskisson, Palmerston, and Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne)—voted against their colleagues in favour of disfranchisement. Immediately after the division, Huskisson wrote to the Duke to say that he would "lose no time" in affording him an opportunity of placing his office [Colonial Secretary] "in other hands." The Duke took the mutinous minister sharply at his word, and refused to listen to the remonstrances of Palmerston and Dudley, who assured him that Huskisson had no wish to resign. Huskisson wrote to the Duke to the same effect; but the Duke's military

habit of discipline unfitted him for the kind of patience necessary to keep together a political party. Weary of perpetual friction with his Canningite colleagues, he declined all overtures for reconciliation. Huskisson was allowed to go, and was followed out of office by Palmerston, Grant, Dudley, and Lamb.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Stoke, 3rd June [Ascot Races].

". . . Grey has seen all the correspondence between the Beau and Huskisson, and a greater mass of lies has never been circulated than those by Huskisson's friends. In short, everything Wellington has done has been straightforward to the outside, and Huskisson has acted like a knave throughout, and Ward,* who was a negociator between them, like a perfect idiot. Prinney was the only sensible man besides the Beau, and stuck to him like a leech."

"4th.

". . . Well, have you read Huskisson's charming compositions of letters that he read of his own accord and as his own defence. Never was there anything so low and contemptible throughout, either in intellectual confusion or mental dirt. In short, thank God! he is gone to the devil and can never shew again. The Beau, both in talent and plain dealing, in his letters and conduct, is as clean and clear as ever he can be.† The Pet ‡ is quite right upon all these matters at last, Bruffam, tho' evidently by no means extinguished, is damaged in his estimation."

"5th.

". . . On Tuesday the King made Jersey go over the names of all the company in this house, and when

* Lord Dudley.

† Referring to the correspondence between Mr. Huskisson and the Duke of Wellington about the resignation of the former.

‡ Lord Sefton.

he mentioned mine Prinney was pleased to say :—
‘ Well, *he’s* not much of a jockey I think ! ’ ”

“ Whitehall, June 17th.

“ . . . At night Frances* and I were at Lady Jersey’s by half-past eleven. I wish it had been earlier, for we met the Duke of Wellington coming downstairs with a lady under his arm. He put his hand out to me, and gave me a very natural shake, and this was all, you know, that could pass between us under such circumstances. I must say my curiosity to be mixed up with him again is much abated by his late horrible appointments—Croker a Privy Councillor—Vesey Fitzgerald a Cabinet Minister—and, above all, that offensive, inefficient sprig of nobility, Lord Francis Leveson Gower, to be Secretary for Ireland is really beyond all enduring. The last, I presume, is Lady Charlotte Greville’s doing, and must, one should think, be most prejudicial to the Beau. As for Jack Calcraft, I don’t care a fig, and I am sure the dirty Canning Whigs have no cause of complaint against him. Talking of Secretaries for Ireland, do you know of Wm. Lamb’s† crim. con. case? The facts are these. Lord Brandon,‡ who is a divine as well as a peer, got possession of a correspondence between his lady and Mr. Secretary Lamb, which left no doubt to him or any one else as to the nature of the connection between these young people. So he writes a letter to the lady announcing his discovery, as well as the conclusion he naturally draws from it; but he adds, if she will exert her interest with Mr. Lamb to procure him a bishopric, he will overlook her offence and restore her the letters. To which my lady replies, she shall neither degrade herself nor Mr. Lamb by making any such application; *but* that she is very grateful to my lord for the letter he has written her, which she shall put immediately into Mr. Lamb’s possession.”

* Mrs. Taylor.

† Afterwards 2nd Viscount Melbourne and Prime Minister.

‡ The Rev. William Crosbie, Lord Brandon, D.D.

"Dolphin Inn, Chichester [where Creevey was staying with the Seftons for Goodwood Races], August 11th.

"... You may judge of our weather at Stoke when I tell you that, with all their courage and contempt of rain, we were on horseback only once, and for less than one hour, and then were wet thro'. But if the body was not regaled, the mind was—at least by me—for I pitched my tent daily in the greenhouse, read Lord Collingwood and his life and letters thro', and was delighted with him. You must excuse me if I am rather pompous and boring upon this subject. You see, my dear, that altho' the poor man was the bravest and best and most amiable of men, this personal character of his is nothing compared with the part he acts in history for the four or five years intervening between Nelson's death and his. At that time the Army was nothing, compared with what it became immediately after, and Collingwood *alone* by his sagacity and decision—his prudence and moderation—sustained the interests of England and eternally defeated the projects of France. He was, in truth, 'the prime and sole minister of England, acting upon the seas, corresponding himself with all surrounding States, and ordering and executing everything upon his own responsibility. . . . One has scarcely patience to think that, whilst our Government had the sense to see, and to tell him again and again, that his value to them and the country was such as could never be replaced, and to *implore* him actually to continue his services at the known and certain sacrifice of his life, still the villains were base enough to refuse every recommendation of his in favor of meritorious officers, as he justly observes, when *parliamentary* pretensions were to be put in competition.

"The agreeableness of the work is greatly added to by the constant proof it affords of the early, long and intimate union between Nelson and Collingwood. Even in the novel line, I have found nothing so calculated to *lumpify* one's throat as when one of these great men of war, poor Nelson, in his dying moments desires his captain to give his *love* to Collingwood.

"... A delightful drive to Arundel, the outside of which, grounds, &c., have been made perfect by our Barny * (who was not there); but the devil himself could make nothing of the interior. Anything so horrid and dark and frightful in all things I never beheld."

"15th.

"... The house at Goodwood is perfection. It is an immense concern, and every part of it is gaiety itself. It was building when I was at Chichester in 1800 by the old Duke,† and tho' he lived to finish it, he only left one room furnished. The present Duke‡ has gone on with the furnishing by one room per annum, and as far as he has gone nothing can be done with more perfect taste. . . . Turning out of the hall on our right into the principal drawing-room, 60 feet long at least I should say, with a circular room open at the end—both rooms furnished with the brightest yellow satin . . . here we found the ladies and various men . . . There were four sisters of the Duchess,§ . . . and four plainer young women one can't well see. The Duchess, tho' in my mind not nearly so pretty as the Seftons think, is greatly superior to her sisters, with a most agreeable and intelligent countenance. . . . She has now eight children, and lives all the year in the country. . . . What a sour, snarling beast this Rogers is, and such a fellow for talking about the grandees he lives with—*female* as well as male, and the loves he has upon his hands. Sefton and I hold him a damned bore."

"Woolbeding, Aug. 16th.

"... This place is really exquisite—its history not amiss. This venerable, grave old man|| and offspring of Blenheim purchased it 35 years ago with the money he won as keeper of the faro bank at Brooks's, and he has made it what it is by his good taste in planting,

* The 12th Duke of Norfolk.

† The 3rd Duke of Richmond; died in 1806.

‡ The 5th Duke of Richmond.

§ Daughters of the 1st Marquess of Anglesey.

|| Lord Robert Spencer, 3rd son of the 3rd Duke of Marlborough.

&c. . . . There is only one fictitious ornament to the place, and 'the Comical' seems to have shown as much address in converting it into his property as he did in winning the estate. It is a fountain, by far the most perfect in taste, elegance and in everything else I ever saw. I am always going to it. It came from Cowdray, 3 miles off, Lord Mountague's. When Cowdray was burnt down 30 years ago, this fountain, being in the middle of a court, was greatly defaced and neglected. Lord Mountague was drowned in the Rhine with Burdett's brother at the precise time his house was burnt, and so never knew it; and as there was no one on the spot to look after the ruins, Bob thought it but a friendly office to give the fountain a retreat in his grounds, and as he himself told me, it cost him £100 to remove it and put it up here. It has some fame, because Horace Walpole in one of his letters says he had gone or was going to Cowdray to see Lord Mountague's fountain; and its history is well known as being the production of Benvenuto Cellini, . . . who, they tell me, was a famous man. Look in the dictionary and tell me about him."

"Petworth, Aug. 18th.

"... Nothing can be more imposing or magnificent than the effect of this house the moment you are within it, not from that appearance of comfort which strikes you so much at Goodwood, for it has none. . . . Every door of every room was wide open from one end to the other, and from the front to behind, whichever way you looked; and not a human being visible . . . but the magnitude of the space being seen all at once—the scale of every room, gallery, passage, &c., the infinity of pictures and statues throughout, made as agreeable an impression upon me as I ever witnessed. How we got into the house,* I don't quite recollect, for I think there is no bell, but I know we were some time at the door, and when we *were* let in by a little footman, he disappeared *de suite*, and it was some time before we saw anybody else. At length a young lady appeared, and a very pretty one too, very nicely dressed and with very pretty manners. She proved

* Creevey had come there on a visit with the Seftons.

to be a Miss Wyndham, but, according to the custom of the family, *not* a legitimate Miss Wyndham, nor yet Lord Egremont's own daughter, but his brother William Wyndham's, who is dead. . . . We had been half an hour at this work [looking at the pictures] when in comes my Lord Egremont—as extraordinary a person, perhaps, as any in England; certainly the most so of his own caste or order. He is aged 77 and as fresh as may be, with a most incomparable and acute understanding, with much more knowledge upon all subjects than he chuses to pretend to, and which he never discloses but incidentally, and, as it were, by compulsion. Simplicity and sarcasm are his distinguishing characteristics. He has a fortune, I believe, of £100,000 a year, and never man could have used it with such liberality and profusion as he has done. Years and years ago he was understood to be £200,000 or £300,000 out of pocket for the extravagance of his brother Charles Wyndham, just now dead; he has given each of these natural daughters £40,000 upon their marriage; he has dealt in the same liberal scale with private friends, with artists, and, lastly, with by no means the least costly customers—with mistresses, of whom Lady Melbourne must have been the most distinguished leader in that way.

“He was very civil, and immediately said—‘What will you do?’ and upon Sefton expressing a wish to see his racing establishment, a carriage was ordered to the door, and another for the ladies to drive about the park. In the interval till they arrived, he slouched along the rooms with his hat on and his hands in his breeches pockets, making occasional observations upon the pictures and statues, which were always most agreeable and instructive, but so rambling and desultory, and walking on all the time, that it was quite provoking to pass so rapidly over such valuable materials. . . . [After spending a long afternoon inspecting the racing stud] I was much struck with Lord Egremont observing that he did not take much interest in the thing; that it had been an amusement to his brother, and on that account he had gone on with it. When I asked Sefton if he had not been struck with this, he said :—‘Yes; and the more struck and the more pleased because he did not say his *poor* brother.’

"... [At dinner] it fell to my lot to hand out Mrs. Wyndham, the Somerset filly,* and whatever you may say or think, she is really become damned handy and agreeable. . . . I retired to my bedroom, which, upon measurement, I found to be 30 feet by 20, and high in proportion. The bed would have held six people in a row without the slightest inconvenience to each other. . . . I had quantities of companions, but only two with names to them—'Bloody' Queen Mary and Sir Henry Sidney as large as life. . . ."

There follow many pages of description of the pictures in the house; and although the names of the painters are given in much detail, there is not a word of George Romney's well-known works at Petworth, so completely had that artist, so much sought after now, fallen out of esteem.

Having lost his friend Lord Thanet, by whose favour he sat for the borough of Appleby, and not being acquainted with the new earl, Mr. Creevey was unprovided with a seat at the election of 1828. Lord Darlington, indeed, possessed, among others, the comfortable constituency of Winchelsea, boasting no less than eleven electors, and returning two members to Parliament. These two members happened to be Lord Howick and Mr. Brougham, the first of whom was standing for Northumberland, the second for Westmorland—neither of them with much prospect of winning his contest. Creevey had so completely won the favour of Lady Darlington that, aided by Mrs. Taylor, she persuaded Lord Darlington to promise the reversion of one of the Winchelsea seats to him, supposing Howick or Brougham, or both, to

* Daughter of Lord Charles Somerset, 2nd son of the 5th Duke of Beaufort. She married Mr. (afterwards General Sir Henry) Wyndham, brother of the 1st Lord Leconfield.

be successful in the north. Creevey had an interview with Lord Darlington on 5th June, and found that they were of one mind in politics, save on the Corn Laws, to the reform of which Darlington, as a great landowner, was distinctly opposed. However, explained Creevey, "any such discussion appeared to me unnecessary, because there was no principle I held more sacred than that, when one gentleman held a gratuitous seat in Parliament from another, and any difference arose in their politicks, the former was bound in honor to surrender it."

He went down and acted for Lord Howick in the election for Winchelsea, but as both Brougham and Howick failed in the northern constituencies, Creevey found himself, for a second time, out in the cold. He treated his exclusion very philosophically, and presently we find him writing his accustomed despatches to Miss Ord.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Stoke, August 20th.

"... Old Salisbury* arrived yesterday... in her accustomed manner, in a phaeton drawn by four long-tail black Flanders mares—she driving the wheel horses, and a postilion on the leaders, with two outriders on corresponding long-tail blacks. Her man and maid were in her chaise behind; her groom and saddle horses arrived some time after her. It is impossible to do justice to the antiquity of her face. If, as alleged, she is only 74 years old, it is the most cracked, or rather furrowed piece of mosaic you ever saw; but her dress, in the colours of it at least, is absolutely infantine.... Sefton says she is very clever, and he ought to know. I wish you just saw her as I do now. She thinks she is alone, and I am

* The Dowager Marchioness, who was burnt to death with the west wing of Hatfield House in 1835.

writing at the end of the adjoining room, the folding doors being open. She is reclining on a sofa, reading the *Edinbro' Review*, without spectacles or glass of any kind. Her dress is white muslin, properly loaded with garniture, and she has just put off a very large bonnet, profusely gifted with bright lilac ribbons, leaving on her head a very nice lace cap, not less adorned with the brightest yellow ribbon. . . ."

"Stoke, Aug. 26th.

". . . Upon our return [from Egham races] our only company arrived was Wm. Lamb, *alias* Viscount Melbourne. I had a good walk with him and found him very pretty company indeed, and very instructive about Ireland. At about 8 we sat down to dinner—Prince and Princess Lieven, Lord and Lady Cowper, Lord Melbourne, [Sir George] Warrender, Montrou, C. Greville, Frank Russell, Luttrell and Motteux, which with C. Grenville, Churchill and myself, and the worthy family themselves [the Seftons] made 19 or 20. To-day the party is to be added to by Prince d'Arenberg, Villa Real, Alvanley and our flash Tom Duncombe. . . .

"O'Connell's election and Dawson's speech at Derry* are conclusive proofs to me of some great approaching change in the fate of Ireland, and I wish to see that country before and during the operation of this crisis."

* Vesey Fitzgerald, on accepting office, had been beaten by Dan O'Connell in standing his re-election for county Clare. O'Connell, as a Roman Catholic, could not take his seat in Parliament. The Clare election had a notable influence upon the question of Roman Catholic emancipation.

CHAPTER VII.

1828.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Creevey sometimes referred to Ireland as his native country, whence it is to be assumed that, although born in Liverpool, he reckoned himself of Irish descent, yet he was turned sixty before he ever visited that land. In the autumn of 1828 he made an expedition to Dublin, furnished with letters of introduction from Lord Melbourne, which stood him in excellent stead, as the following curiously deferential letter may serve to show:—

Mr. George Morris to Viscount Melbourne.

“ 27, Gardiner Place, Dublin, 6th Sept., 1828.

“ MY DEAR VISCOUNT MELBOURNE,

“ I have been highly honored by receiving your Lordship's most obliging Note of the 28th ultimo; and I continued to make daily enquiries for Mr. Creevy's expected arrival at the Hotels your Lordship referred to, 'till a letter came, under Lord Sefton's Privilege, addressed to Mr. Creevy at Morrisson's Hotel; when I secured *there* a comfortable Bed Room for your Lordship's Friend, which proved to be fortunate, because, when Mr. Creevy came to Dublin on last Wednesday Evening, and *before he made himself known* at Morrisson's, he was shewn, there, into the only vacant Bed Room, a *small* and *objectionable* apartment. But, on announcing *His Name*, He was shewn

to a comfortable Room, ordered by Lt.-Col. Morris for Mr. Creevy, in obedience to your Lordship's commands to me, and for which I remain most grateful to you.

"Mr. Creevy did me the Honor to dine with me here, on the Day after his Arrival in Dublin, when I was lucky enough to secure Mr. Blake, the Surgeon-General Crampton and Mr. Greville to meet Mr. Creevy at Dinner, and he was much pleased by meeting them.

"It occurred that I was asked to Dinner at Lord F. L. Gower's the next Day, yesterday, and as Mr. Creevy, also, received an Invitation, I had the Honor to call for him and to take him to Dinner to your Lordship's late Residence in the Park,* and to bring him home safe to Morrisson's. I am happy to assure you that Lord Francis L. Gower has, again, invited Mr. Creevy to Dinner for this Day, and I shall not fail to attend Mr. Creevy, to see all the public Institutions, and *Lions* of Dublin, finding he is so well pleased with our City, that He purposes, *now*, to remain here *Eight* or *TEN* Days.

"I moved our Friend Mr. James Corry to call on Mr. Creevy, as he could not meet him at my House, from a previous Engagement, and Corry is greatly pleased at his good Fortune, to be acquainted with so distinguished and so highly talented a Gentleman as your Lordship knows Mr. Creevy to be. Blake, who met him at the Duke of Norfolk's, and Crampton here, are rejoiced now to have an opportunity of inviting Mr. Creevy to their Houses in Dublin.

"I remain, Ever your Lordship's
grateful obedient
"GEORGE MORRIS."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Condoover Hall, Sept. 1, 1828.

"... Our coach was full, but we dropt two at Oxford, and to my great delight we left the other filthy wretch at Birmingham at 6 in the morning. He had been eating *prawns* all night, and flinging the

* Lord Melbourne, as Mr. Lamb, had been Secretary for Ireland.

skins at the bottom of the coach. However, I changed coaches at Birmingham, so it was all mighty well. Having breakfasted then at that early hour, I came alone to Shrewsbury . . . and embarked in a chay for Condover Hall, just 5 miles from Salop. Altho' the two Stoke young ladies . . . have always praised the house much to me, their praises have been much—very much—below its deserts. It is a charming and most incomparable house. . . . Dear Mr. and Mrs. Smythe Owen and I have lived in the most perfect harmony since 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, but other human being have I seen none, except the parson at church yesterday, whom I was in hopes to have seen more of. He is Mr. Leicester, nephew to the late Lord de Tabley. . . . Having known his father in the days of my youth at Cambridge as by far the most ultra and impertinent dandy of his day, I was curious to see the son. It was precisely the same thing over again. This beautiful youth (for such he is), aged 27, has been appointed by the Court of Chancery guardian to his nephew Lord de Tabley, aged 16. About 6 weeks ago, he was married to his aunt Lady de Tabley, who expects to be *confined* next month. I am sorry she is not [*illegible*] for this second marriage. On her part she forfeits £500 a year out of her jointure of £1500; and his diocesan, the Bishop of Lichfield, has given him notice he shall eject him from his living for marrying his aunt, which reduces his income to *nothing*. . . ."

Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey.

"Stoke, Sept. 7th, 1828.

"MY DEAR CREEVEY,

"My curiosity about the Irish road is quite satisfied by your enthusiastic description of it, and I quite feel I have seen it and the Menai Bridge. This is the way I like to make my tours. . . . I don't believe the Beau has the slightest intention of doing the smallest thing for the Catholics, or that he ever thinks about them, any more than he does about the Russians, Turks or Greeks. When the time comes, he will send troops to Ireland. I believe he has no other nostrum for that or any other difficulty."

Nothing impressed Mr. Creevey more favourably during his visit to Ireland than the management of the Bessborough estates, and the manner in which Lord and Lady Duncannon discharged the responsibilities of resident landowners.*

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Besborough (Paradise !), Monday, Sept. 15, 1828, 7½ A.M.

"... Well! what a charming day I had yesterday, during which I said to myself repeatedly—'And can I *really* be in this savage, wretched Ireland, as I have always been taught to believe it was, and that it could be no otherwise?' We went to the parish church yesterday, 2½ miles off. It is a living of £1200 a year in the gift of the Crown. The rector is a most liberal man, and acts hand in hand with Duncannon in everything. . . . The church is larger than yours at Rivenhall, and was literally full; every one being perfectly well dressed, and not a poor person in the aisle. As there are no poor rates in Ireland, the clergyman in finishing the Communion service says—'Remember the poor!' and a box is immediately brought round, into which, if my ears did not deceive me, I heard a chink from every pew.

"The service over, I repaired to my favorite spot, the chancel, to look at the founder of this family in marble, Sir John Ponsonby of Cumberland, a follower of Cromwell, who gave him this small mark of his favor in return—20,000 English acres of land, confiscated property of the Catholics who opposed the Protector or Usurper, whichever you like to call him. I expressed my surprise to Duncannon at the number of Protestants, and he said a great portion were descendants of the English who had come over with the first Ponsonby from Cumberland. I asked about

* Lord Duncannon, the eldest son of the 3rd Earl of Bessborough, was created Baron Duncannon in the peerage of the United Kingdom in 1834, and succeeded his father as 4th Earl of Bessborough in 1844 in the peerage of Ireland. He married Lady Maria Fane, daughter of the 10th Earl of Westmorland.

the relative number of Catholics, and he said if I had been at their chapel at 10, I should have seen about three times as many. . . .

"Having refreshed nature by a cheerful slice of cold stewed beef, Duncannon and I sallied forth on foot, but with a couple of horses behind, in case we wanted them. He took me first through the village [Piltown]. . . . I ought to apologise for calling it a village, for indeed I believe it is a 'town'; but be [it] what it may, it is perfect. I went into the school, where I found four of the Miss Ponsonbys sitting on one side of a school desk, in different, distinct parts of it, and with a little party of 5 or 6 or 7 little boys and girls sitting opposite to each of them, under examination as to their catechism, &c., &c. I never saw a more well-behaved, attentive, and yet more cheerful exhibition of tuition. Duncannon took me into the dispensary—an institution of course built by himself. Presiding over it was a most strikingly sharp, intelligent-looking woman, with four daughters—the eldest grown up—as straight as arrows, very well dressed, and with the best of manners.—'That family,' said Duncannon, as we left the house, 'Lady Duncannon found living literally in a ditch, ill, too, of a fever, of which the father and two of the children died.'—This practice of living in ditches, with some thatchwork over them, was very common when Duncannon first came here, but Lady Duncannon has found out every family of the kind, and they are now all housed, and very nicely, too. The dispensary family of course have the house they live in for nothing. The mother's salary is £2 a year; all the girls have been taught to work, and either make their own cloaths or make for others, or both: but the result is, the whole establishment appears most happy and cleanly, well cloathed and, I suppose, well fed. I need not say they are Catholics. . . .

"In leaving the village, we took a turn towards the more mountainous and, as you should suppose, less civilised parts; but, tho' the country is very populous and, as you leave Piltown, more and more decidedly Catholic, yet we found in all the groups of people assembled about their chapels or cottages the same marked civility. . . . Upon the slope of a hill

and in a very nice plantation Duncannon said :—‘ The Catholic priest lives there ; I should like to say a word to him. Would you mind going with me ? ’—‘ Quite the reverse, my dear,’ says I ; so through we went, and a rummish, dirty house we found. A slatternly kind of girl told us he was at home, and in we went and found him and his coadjutor just going to sit down to dinner. . . . The principal was a jolly-looking, pot-bellied, intelligent little fellow as you will see, tho’ somewhat snuffy and dirty, with as perfect [*illegible*] manners as you can find. He is quite at home with Duncannon, and comes and dines here. . . .

“ I walked thro’ the village of Piltown with Duncannon, and I defy anything in the most civilised district of England to surpass it in neatness, comfort and really ornament—begun, of course, and mainly promoted by Lord and Lady Duncannon during the three years they have lived in Ireland, but zealously assisted and acted upon by all about of all descriptions. I never in any spot saw so marked a proof of a rapidly spreading civilisation ; and yet this is only four miles from Carrick, one of the most lawless towns in Tipperary. . . . Oh ! the English absentees from their Irish properties—what they might have done here by their influence and without Irish prejudices. But I am now becoming a bore. . . . Lady Duncannon shines here ; she is devoted to the place, likes nothing so much as living here, and spends her time mostly in the village at her different *institutions*. Duncannon took me into one of her newly made publick works—a fives court, where a capital game was carrying on by the Irish boys of the village.”

From Bessborough Mr. Creevey went to Cork and Killarney, whence his letters to Miss Ord continued abundant as ever, but chiefly deal with descriptions of scenery. The following, written when on a visit to Lord Hutchinson, his friend of the old Regency days, gives a glimpse of a district less happy than that about Bessborough.

"Knocklofty, Oct. 1, 1828.

"Well, I got here yesterday about four and found Hutch really, I think, not altered a tittle. 'Well, my dear Creevey, I'm delighted to see you. What a lucky fellow you are: I've got nine ladies to meet you.' However, as it was, only four came—Lady Hawarden, two daughters and a sister. . . . Lady H. was lively and natural enough, but I had rather severe work with her sister and a daughter, between whom I sat. . . . After dinner you may be quite sure I stuck to Hutch like a leech for information and his opinion upon the present state of things. . . . What a difference in districts! At Besborough—only 17 Irish miles from here, Duncannon has not an apprehension, and during the rebellion of 1798 that part of Waterford took no part in the game of the Killarney district, tho' so near Bantry Bay. *Here* we are in the heart of the most disaffected part of Ireland, and a man of any property has a language and a creed in conformity to it.

"'My dear Creevey,' said Hutchinson, 'those rascals the Orange Protestants and the fools of Catholics who [*illegible*] the Association in Dublin, will bring us to blows. Lord Anglesey* is already acting upon it and calling in all the small bodies of 20 or 30 troops scattered up and down the country, because, in case of accident, they would be sure to be sacrificed.'—'Well,' says I, 'what is your nostrum for settling all this? Would Catholic emancipation do it?'—'I'll tell you, my dear Creevey, what it would do. First, it is a most disgraceful thing that Irish contemptible nonsense should be made the foundation of such bad passions. It is only common justice that we should all be on one footing. In this country the Catholics are 50 to 1: in property we are 20 to their 1. Let us start fair as to laws, and I have a *just cause* to embark in 'and my mind is quite made up to fight

* Lord Anglesey, who lost a leg in command of the cavalry at Waterloo, was no coward, yet he wrote in this year to warn the Government that they were on the verge of civil war in Ireland, and advised concession. The Duke of Wellington, though he had made up his mind with Peel for Catholic emancipation, recalled Anglesey from the Lord Lieutenancy, and appointed in his place the Duke of Northumberland, a consistent opponent of emancipation,

them in defence of my property; but I don't like fighting in an unjust cause. If we do come to blows, assisted by the English government I know we shall beat them, and all will be over in a month; but from that day no Protestant gentleman can live in his country house. He must live in a town for safety, and England must have 20,000 more troops here than she has at present, eh! My dear fellow, what a state of things for a nation at peace. What would it be in war?"

"He and Duncannon are both agreed about the Maynooth priests. This was a piece of Pitt's handiwork, to have these chaps educated in a Catholic college at home, to escape foreign contagion; and they turn out the lowest and most perfidious villains going, whereas old Magra and a priest of £700 a year at Clonmel, whom Hutch praises most profusely, are of French education, and have all the good manners, at least, of that [*illegible*] nation. . . . Oh, I forgot, too, that Hutch gave me another good effect of Catholic emancipation: it would separate those of property in matters of the government."

"Kilfane, 4 Oct., 1828.

"... We came over here yesterday in an open carriage, 20 miles over the mountains in torrents of rain. . . . Mrs. Power is poor old Grattan's niece—his sister's daughter. Besides this, she is cousin to the great Irish wit, Chief Justice Bushe, whose estate and residence join hers; and who, if you come to that, has been over here to see me this morning. . . . You don't know, perhaps, that no man has more reputation in Ireland as a wit and *Liberal* than this Chief Justice Bushe; and yet old Hutch, when he found I was going to Kilfane, was pleased to say:—'Then you will see my cousin Bushe. He is a man of great wit; he knows no law, and is false as hell.'"

"Kilfane, Oct. 5.

"... Now I have seen a *real* Irish Protestant church. When I entered it, two parsons were sitting in a row at the reading desk—one, the rector and Archdeacon of Ossory—the other his curate. We

were 15 *company* from the house and 4 from the Chief Justice's. Duncannon and Lady Duncannon, man and maid were there, and, so help me God! not a soul else. The parish is a large and populous one, but without a single Protestant in it except these two families—nay, not even amongst their servants. Mr. Power's steward or *warder* officiates as clerk. The living is £500 a year: the Catholic coadjutor or priest has £70! . . . ”

“Besborough, 5th Oct.

“Well, my visit to Hutch really was charming. Take him altogether—the very prominent parts he has filled in life, in all quarters and upon all subjects, coupled with the genuine simplicity and honesty with which he communicates his knowledge—he is by far the most interesting and agreeable man I know. . . . His position is very different from that of Duncannon. *Here* it is all quietness; he—Hutch—tho' only 17 miles off, is in the very centre of disaffection. It is not surprising, under such circumstances, that he feels more strongly the present state of Ireland, and is less sanguine as to even Catholic emancipation setting it right. . . . His notion, however, is that having land at greatly reduced rents and no tythes is a feeling pervading the great Catholic body of the people, and encreasing daily. Education (he said) has done great harm, for it is turned to no useful purpose, and with a greatly overcharged population, and comparatively no occupation for it, it produces nothing but speculation upon their own condition and the means of amending it. The murder of his own tenant, a mile and a half only from his house, was well calculated to make a most unfavorable impression upon him against the Catholics. The particulars were these. A tenant of his was in arrear £700, and without any means of discharging it, except as far as his stock would go. Hutch said to him:—‘You are getting from bad to worse in this farm, and are evidently incapable of managing it. I excuse you your arrear: take all your stock with you to a smaller farm of mine, and see what you can make of *that*.’—He did so, and Hutch put into the larger farm a man out of the county of Cork—as respectable and humane a man as Ireland

could produce. But that did not save him from being most cruelly murdered, certainly by the suggestion and consent of the outgoing tenant. This in a village, too, where the murder lasted two hours, was known to be going on, and no one would help the unfortunate victim. Hutch has now taken the farm into his own hands. . . .

"Still, with all these feelings and impressions of Lord Donoughmore, when we got Lord Anglesey's proclamation at breakfast yesterday against these Catholic assemblages in towns, he said:—'I am damned sorry, Creevey, for this measure of Anglesea. He wrote to me a fortnight ago, asking my advice upon the subject, and I gave it—to let them alone. I have since been in communication with the Catholic bishop of the diocese, and received his positive assurance last night that these meetings were at an end. These villains of Orangemen will now very naturally conclude that this is a measure and an avowed opinion of the Government against the Catholics, and will be more eager to begin the work of blood than ever.' . . .

"Amongst the opinions with which Lord Hutchinson favored me whilst I was with him were the following—'Who do you dine with at Dublin, Creevey, when you are there?'—'Why,' says I, 'Blake, I think, is my particular patron.'—'Ah,' said he, 'he is a very agreeable fellow, but take care of him. There is not a greater liar in all Dublin, and he's as hollow as a drum.'—'Then,' says I, 'there's Mr. Corry of Merrion Square, who is mighty attentive to me.'—'Ah,' says he, 'Secretary to the Linen Board, and wants to intrigue himself into Gregory's place as Under-secretary of State—he's a very good comedian, that fellow; I don't know any other merit he has.'"

"Kingstown, 7 Oct., 1828.

"MY DEAREST BESSY,

"Don't I put you in mind of Mungo—'Mungo's here, Mungo's there, Mungo's everywhere.' Well, before I say a single word about Molly Payne or anyone else, . . . I must enlighten you upon the immediate causes of the present crisis of this country. Remember, it is no vague theory of my own. Lord

Donoughmore is my historian; he was a principal actor in what I am about to state, and, what is more, he is the only surviving one. . . . He was observing to me that the English government never took any measures respecting Ireland except when pushed into it; and then they always took the wrong one, as they did when the 40s. election franchise was granted.—‘Tell me,’ says I, ‘about that;’—and to the best of my belief he spoke as follows. . . . ‘In the year 1792 the Catholics of Ireland presented a petition to the Irish House of Commons, praying for a *qualified* franchise in the election of members of Parliament. Five or six days after it was presented, David Latouche moved that such petition should be taken off the table and out of the House, upon the avowed ground of the audacity of its prayer. The House divided—for Latouche’s motion 208—against it 25. Forbes and I were tellers. Forbes was as honest a fellow as ever lived, and Grattan was always a stout fellow to act with; so we three consulted together, and we summoned some of the leading Catholics of Dublin to meet us. Keogh, a silk mercer, and a very rich man, was our principal [*illegible*]. He was a damned clever fellow, and the only Catholic of courage I ever saw. We told them that, as Catholics, they had received an insult from the House of Commons; they ought never to submit to that; we, as their friends and advocates, felt ourselves in the same situation, and were determined not to put up with it. We said the thing to be done was for the Catholics of Ireland to send delegates to Dublin to agree with us and amongst themselves what step they meant to take next. But the Catholics we had summoned were all frightened, and said it would never do. Keogh alone stood firm with us, and we said it *should* do; and it was settled that letters should be sent into all the provinces summoning them to send their delegates to Dublin.

“During the autumn of this year I went to see La Fayette, and to look at the French armies. I desired my brother Donoughmore to act for me with the Catholics in my absence. When he took the business up, he was told by Keogh that the Catholics in Cork and other parts of Munster were very shy, and would not send any delegates; upon which my

brother went down, and went round every chapel and saw every priest in Munster, and eventually 300 delegates made their appearance in Dublin. When they had assembled there, they were affraid of having any publick meetings, and told my brother they would be taken up; to which he said they *should not*—that he would stand between them and the government. They met, and agreed to present the same petition to the King that they had presented to the Irish Parliament.

“My brother waited upon Hobart, then Secretary for Ireland, and asked what he meant to do with the Catholic delegates now assembled in Dublin. Hobart said—“Put them down by force:”—to which my brother said—“You dare not! but if you have any conciliatory measure to propose to them, I offer myself as the channel:” and so they parted.

“A short time after, Hobart sent for my brother, and asked to see the petition. My brother said:—“You shall see the petition, but you shall not forward it to the King, because you are their enemy.” So they selected Lord French, Keogh, Burn, Bellew and Devereux as their delegates to go to London and present their petition to the King. Grattan and I met them there to keep them up to their mark, and to see that they did not betray their cause. We found that Pitt and Dundas, after two or three interviews with these delegates, said they should advise the prayer of their petition being granted, and that the qualification should be 40s.

“Upon this, Grattan and I asked to see Dundas, and we had different interviews with him, in which we stated that the Catholics, in asking for a *qualified* franchise, had never thought of less than £20 a year, and that they would be content even with £50. We urged again and again the impolicy of so low a franchise; and all we could get from Dundas was that it must be the same as it was in England. And so in 1793, the very same Parliament that the year before would not permit the Catholic petition, praying for a qualified franchise, to lie upon their table, now was made to give them the 40s. franchise.’

“Well, now for the *modern* priesthood.

“When Pitt established the college at Maynooth,’

said Lord Donoughmore, 'he gave to Ireland a republican priesthood. Formerly it required some money to educate candidates for orders in foreign countries, so that they were necessarily Catholic gentlemen's sons; and they returned from France, Spain or Portugal with the manners of gentlemen and strict monarchical principles. But from the time that these priests are educated at Dublin *for nothing*, people of any property no longer send their sons there, and the College is filled with people from the very ranks of the population—farmers' sons, &c. The effect of this is visible to every one. A priest of the old school lives at Clonmel, whom I can trust or act with as I would with my brother; but none of the young ones from Maynooth will have anything to do with me; and these rascals are always caballing against the old set, and trying to get the nomination to bishopricks into their own hands.

"... *Now*, at last, Ireland is enjoying the blessings thus bestowed upon her by Pitt and Dundas—an ultra-popular franchise and a republican priesthood, given to the most bigoted nation in Europe, with a population of *six to one* against the Protestants. This Pitt is, forsooth, "the pilot that weathered the storm."

"You don't know Spring-Rice,* *alias* Jack the Painter; he is the least-looking shrimp, and the lowest-looking one too, possible. . . . He does not look above five or six and twenty. He is very clever in conversation, tells his stories capitally, like a man of the world in great practice, without any vulgarity, and never overcharging them; but as for the interest he takes about Ireland—I am quite sure my old shoe feels as much. He did everything but say it, that to be a King's Counsel was as much the right of a Catholic as a Protestant, and that *he would goad Catholic Ireland into resistance till his object was accomplished.*'

"I caught my friend Norman Macdonald's eye whilst this harangue was going on . . . and in walking

* At that time Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer 1835-39; created Baron Montague in 1839; died 1866.

home together we both agreed that a more barefaced scoundrel had never been exhibited to us."

"Dear Dublin, Oct. 12.

"... Yesterday I dined at that attached friend from my infancy—Mr. Corry of Merrion Square, and had the honor of making the acquaintance of Mr. Shiel. The others were Surgeon-General Philip Crampton, who is the Castle man-of-fashion in all Lord-Lieutenancies, and whom the good sense of Dublin has Xtened 'Flourishing Phil,' and there never was a happier name. . . ."

"Kingstown, Oct. 13.

"... My eye! the quantity of people I saw yesterday and the day before that I knew, who pressed me to come and see them, or to visit others they would write to. Certainly, there is nothing like this Irish civility and hospitality. To think of Lord Plunket coming up, shaking hands and apologising for not having called on me as he was only in town for a few hours to attend a Privy Council. . . . I'm very sorry I could not accept Grattan's invitation for yesterday. . . . Then the Knight of Kerry, who franks this, has written to Lord Landaff, saying he has nearly persuaded me to visit him at Thomastown—the place described by Swift. . . ."

"Lyons, co. Kildare [Lord Cloncurry's], 15th Oct., 1828.

"... I arrived here on Monday, and found Lord and Lady William Paget, Lord and Lady Erroll, Lord Forbes, and three or four other men. My eye! how Lady Erroll puts me in mind of her mother—Acting Nell or Miss Hoyden. We became kind of cronies from the very first minute. If you come to that—Lady William Paget and I were very fair too, to say nothing of the civilities to me of the young men their husbands. . . . The Angleseys did not come till yesterday. Greatly to my annoyance I sat next to her at dinner. The young men, Erroll and Co., made me do so, the Duke of Leinster not having arrived, as he always *walks* out to dinner, however distant. He did not arrive till it was at least half over. Our Lord-

Lieutenant * was as gracious as possible—gave me his opinion about Ireland last night in the most unreserved manner . . . that it was his firm opinion that if the Irish people had but justice done them, they would be a happy and prosperous nation."

"Kilfane, Oct. 23.

"... Lady Duncannon stated her intention of going to the meeting at Kilkenny, to my great surprise, and, as I thought, Duncannon would rather she had not. However, in her quiet way I saw she was resolved; and accordingly she, Mr. Power, Mr. Tighe of Woodstock and myself embarked after breakfast in a decayed old family coach of Mr. Power's, that is never used for any other purpose than that of conveying him and his brother foxhunters to cover. Duncannon rode, according to his custom. The meeting was in an immense Catholic chapel, which was crowded to excess. A great portion of its interior was covered with a platform for the speakers and the gentlemen interested in the business. It being known that Lady Duncannon was coming, we were met by a *manager* at the chapel door, who told her a place was reserved for her upon the platform. . . . There were women without end in the galleries. I was my lady's bottle-holder and held her cloak for her the whole time; not that she wanted my assistance, for I never saw such pretty attentions as were shewn her all the day. . . . We knew, of course, that Duncannon was to be voted into the chair, and as he could not be so without making a speech, *she* was nervous to the greatest degree—publick speaking being quite out of his line. However, he acquitted himself to admiration and to the satisfaction of all; and upon my saying to her:—'Come! we are in port now: nothing can be better than this,'—she said—'How surprised I am how well he is speaking!' and then, having shed some tears, she was quite comfortable and enjoyed everything extremely, till the meeting adjourned till the next day. . . . It was a prodigious day for Duncannon, for, with the exception of Power and Tighe, not one of

* The Marquess of Anglesey.

the Protestant gentry present gave Duncannon a vote at the last election, nor did they ever attend a Catholic meeting before, though always Liberal, but they went with the Ormonde family. . . . There was one speech made that in point of talent far surpassed all the rest. The speaker was a Protestant squire of large fortune from the county of Wexford, Boyce by name. . . . O'Connell is far too dramatic for my taste, and yet the nation is dramatic and likes it; and, if you come to that, even poor old Grattan was highly ornamental too. Then I became far more tolerant about O'Connell from what I saw of him on Tuesday at our dinner. He has a very good-humoured countenance and manner, and looks much more like a Kerry squire (which, in truth, he and his race are) than a Dublin lawyer. Then Bushe told me on Monday that he [O'Connell] was at the head of the Bar, and deservedly so, and that if he (the Chief Justice) had a suit at law, he would certainly employ him. This, you know, makes a great case for your *green-handkerchief* man. Then his face is such a contrast to that of the little spiteful, snarling Shiel.

"You can form no notion of the intense attention paid by the audience *of all ages* and of all degrees to what was going on; it seemed to be purely critical, without a particle of fanaticism. On the floor of the chapel, in front of the platform, the commonest people from the streets of Kilkenny were collected in great numbers; and if a public speaker in the midst of his speech was at all at a loss for a word, I heard the proper word suggested from 5 or 6 different voices of this beggarly audience. . . . Yet a better behaved and more orderly audience could not possibly have been collected. . . .

"When the dinner was announced . . . there was a great body of as well-bred gentry as I ever saw collected together. . . . When I mention that the tickets were £1 15s. each, and the company 200, you may imagine it was not bad company. . . . I never in my life saw a more agreeable, harmonious meeting—full of life, and yet no drunkenness, tho' we sat without a single departure till one. . . . My friend Mr. Power appeared in a new character to me that night—I mean as a *speaker*, and a better one (for his

situation) I never in my life heard. It has been justly said by someone that 'no man has seen Ireland who has not seen John Power;' and so say I. . . . I have had this letter in my pocket since Monday, as I could not draw upon Duncannon for franks in the midst of his constituents, who wanted them."

Mrs. Taylor to Mr. Creevey.

"Howick, 1st Nov.

". . . We came here ten days ago, and shall remain two days longer. We found them all well, Ly. Grey looking better than I have ever seen her for some time, and he is, I think, grown younger and better looking than ever I saw him. But I am sorry to say that in my opinion Brougham will regain his old influence over him. He read me a letter from him about the Whigs and the King's health, exactly as if no misunderstanding had ever existed. In short, if Lady Grey does not prevent it, everything will be forgotten; but she and I perfectly agree about him, and I hope her influence will prevail. Lord Grey really makes me angry, after the way he has been treated."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Woodstock, Kilkenny [Mr. Tighe's], Nov. 3rd.

". . . I really think a more worthy, amiable and obliging young person is not to be found than this Lady Louisa Tighe.* I had heard from every one before how much beloved she was by all around her, and I have no doubt it is so. She is quite in Lady Duncannon's line as to her devotion to her poorer *nibbers*,† and quite as successful, but then I daresay Mrs. Tighe had done much, and there has always been a resident family here. . . . She tells me her sister Lady

Fifth daughter of the 4th Duke of Richmond; married in 1825 the Right Hon. W. F. Tighe of Woodstock. It has often been told of this lady that she buckled the Duke of Wellington's sword-belt when he left her mother's ball-room on the morning of Quatre-Bras; but this she always emphatically denied. She died 2nd March, 1900.

† Neighbours.

Sarah * in America has 6 children and Lady Mary † at the Cape four. . . . She [Lady Louisa] has a plain face, but a most agreeable expression in it. She read [prayers] uncommonly well last night, which I was surprised at, as their education was never considered of the best. . . . We are to have the Lord knows who to-day in the way of company to stay in the house; amongst others, Fred Berkeley ‡ and his wife, who is a sister of Lady Louisa's. They come from Cork, where he has a ship.

"What think you of old Dowr. Richmond being here for 3 months, and never once during the time speaking to Tighe? Was there ever such impudence? He being, not only the most gentleman-like, well-bred person possible, and evidently he and his wife the happiest [couple] with each other. All the *nibbers*, of which there are shoals, say his behaviour under this outrage was perfect. Do you know that this is the house from which those *chiennes* Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, the heroines of Llangollen, escaped to that retreat they have occupied ever since. Lady Eleanor Butler, § aunt to the

* Second daughter of the 4th Duke of Richmond; married in 1815 to General Sir Peregrine Maitland, G.C.B., and died in 1873.

† Eldest daughter of the 4th Duke of Richmond; married Sir Charles Fitzroy, K.C.B., and died in 1847.

‡ Afterwards Admiral the Right Hon. Sir Maurice Frederick Berkeley, G.C.B., created Baron Fitzhardinge in 1861; married Lady Charlotte Lennox, 6th daughter of the 4th Duke of Richmond, and died in 1867.

§ Youngest daughter of the 16th Earl of Ormonde [*de jure*]. Writing from Llangollen to his son on 24th August, 1829, Mr. John Murray has the following:—

"We had a great treat yesterday in being invited to introduce ourselves to the celebrated Miss Ponsonby, of whom you must have heard as becoming early tired of fashionable life, and having withdrawn, accompanied by a kindred friend, Lady Eleanor Butler, to a delightful, and at that period unfrequented, spot a quarter of a mile from Llangollen, overhanging the rapid and beautiful river Dee. Lady Eleanor died there a few months ago at the age of 91, after having lived with Miss Ponsonby in the same cottage upwards of 50 years. It is very singular that the ladies intending to *retire* from the world, absolutely brought *all the world* to visit them; for, after a few years of seclusion, their strange story was the universal subject of

present Lord Ormonde, got over their castle wall that I have seen in the town of Kilkenny, broke her arm and was caught. When she escaped the second time, she and Miss Ponsonby found their way here. Tighe's grandmother, Lady Betty Ponsonby (that had been) from Besborough, being then mistress of Woodstock, concealed the runaways till they and a faithful housemaid from the place got away in safety to their [*illegible*]. The said Miss Ponsonby has a brother living in the county now, having changed his name to Walker for a fortune of £15,000 a year. His wife seems to have been quite as neat an article as his sister or her friend Lady Eleanor Butler; for, as they were riding out on horseback one day, she pointed out a good stiff hurdle to him, and said—'Now, go over that to please me.' To which he replied—'I thank you; but I am not going to break my neck for any such nonsense.'—'Then,' said she, 'you are not the man for me, and if *you* won't go over it, *I* will:' and over it she flew. To this hour, he has never seen her face since: so Kilkenny's the county for fun and fancy. . . ."

Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey.

"London, 7th Nov.

" . . . Nothing has transpired as to the D[uke] of W[ellington's] intentions about Ireland, for a very good reason, *I believe*—viz., that he has no intentions whatever on the subject. The reports about the

conversation, and there has been no person of rank, talent and importance in any way who did not procure introduction to them. All that was passing in the world, they had it fresh as it arose, and in four hours' conversation with Miss Ponsonby one day, and three the next, I found that she knew everything and everybody, and was, at the age of 80, or nearly so, a most inexhaustible fund of entertaining instruction and lively communication. The cottage is remarkable for the taste of its appropriate fitting up with ancient oak, presented by different friends, from old castles and monasteries, &c., none of it of less antiquity than 1200 years [!]. She declared to me that during the whole fifty years she never knew a moment that hung heavy upon her, and no sorrows, but from the loss of friends" [Smiles's *Memoirs of John Murray*, ii. 304].

King's health have no other origin than the mystery kept up about him. You will soon hear of him as well as ever. In the meantime he will attend to no business, nor sign anything. Among others, Berkeley * cannot get his commission signed. . . ."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Dear Dublin, Nov. 8th.

"Oh dear, oh dear! this Ireland is rather too hospitable: not that I was *inebriated* yesterday, but still it was rather severe. A better dinner I never saw than at our Guards mess, nor three and twenty more ornamental, well-bred young men, Jimmy Cameron included. I was more in love with the army than ever. We drunk a good deal of wine, but by no means too much, and drunk our coffee, when some young Hussars who were my neighbours (visitors like myself) withdrew, and two Guardsmen came up to me. The name of one was Fludyer, and they were evidently bent upon a jaw with me; so what could I do, you know, but take another glass of claret with them; which I did, and we parted the best of friends. . . . But this was by no means the end of the campaign; for, upon going into the great coffee-room of this hotel, as is my custom, there were three young Irishmen over their bottle, indulging in songs as well as wine, and nothing would serve them but my joining their party. Now upon my soul and body, I was not the least drunk when I did so, suspicious as it may seem; but there was something irresistibly droll in their appearance. Then they would know my name, and then they knew me both by name and fame; and they proved to me they did so. They sung songs and I sat with them till near two o'clock, and never fellow was more made of than I was by my unknown friends. Ah! Mr. Thomas, Mr. Thomas: you are a neat article when left to yourself. . . . Now let me say this once for all, and I do so from the bottom of my heart. I would rather trust myself with Irish people than with any other in the whole world—be they who they may, Betty. . . ."

* Lord Sefton's 2nd son, the Hon. Berkeley Molyneux.

“Dublin, 15th Nov.

“... I trust you see our Dan O’Connell has denounced poor Barny, altho’ he is Duke of Norfolk, for presuming to say *he* would give any securities as the price of settling the Catholic question. A greater piece of folly was never committed than this of Barny—so uncalled for—and not to feel sure that O’Connell, in the present plenitude of his power over Catholic Ireland, would never submit to this question being settled by any one but himself, and especially by an English Catholic, who in truth is nobody. Then all this is the more extraordinary in the Duke, because he has told me again [and again] that the great point was for our government and the Pope to settle this question of securities without any of the Irish nation—clergy or laity—knowing a word of what was going on; for, if they did, they would defeat all such arrangements: and then the blockhead is the very man to put the whole matter in a flame by broaching the very subject that, according to himself, could only be settled in private.”

“Dublin, Nov. 21.

“... I was charmed with my day at my Lord Lieutenant’s, notwithstanding the settled gloom of Lady Anglesey and the forbidding frowns of the Lady Pagets. The party at dinner and their *position* was as follows. Berkeley Paget* at the top: on his right, Chief Justice Bushe, Lord Plunket, a Lady Paget, Lord Anglesey, another Lady Paget, Lord Howth, Col. Thornhill. At the bottom—Burton, aide-de-camp and secretary, 3rd Lady Paget, Corry, 4th Lady Paget, Lord Francis Leveson,† Lady Anglesea, Lord Clanricarde, Mr. Creevey, and Mr. Solicitor-General Dogherty. I have left out somebody that I forget. Altho’ I had never been introduced to Clanricarde‡ I threw off directly with—‘The last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, my lord, was at the Race ball at Chelmsford.’—‘Yes,’ said he, ‘and I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you there next year, too, for I

* Younger brother of the Marquess of Anglesey. Died in 1842.

† Created Earl of Ellesmere in 1846.

‡ Fourteenth Earl and 1st Marquess of Clanricarde. Died in 1874.

am steward, and I hope you'll patronise me.'—So it was all mighty well to be launched thus easily, and we discussed Ireland, and were quite *one* in our opinions.

"I had no notion Lord Anglesey could have been so *gay* in manner: it was really quite agreeable to see him in such spirits. . . . During dinner, he said across the table to me:—'Why, Mr. Creevey, you have quite taken root in Ireland.'—'I have been very much delighted with it, my lord,' I replied.—'Have you seen Donoughmore lately?'—'Not since I met your lordship at Lyons.'—'Have you been in the North at all?'—'No, my lord, I had not courage to go into that *disturbed* part of Ireland. I prefer the tranquillity of the South.' Upon which the two Chief Justices were pleased to smile; so did my Lord Lieutenant, and keeping his eyes fixed upon me he concluded:—'Will you drink a glass of wine with me, Mr. Creevey?'—'With great pleasure, my lord;' and I had the same favor shown me by the two Judges and Mr. Solicitor. So it was all mighty well, you know.

"After a perfectly easy, conversational dinner, we drank coffee, had the billiard room open, and people playing and others walking about and jawing, just as they liked. I can't think how it was that, in talking of heat and cold in rooms, Lord Anglesey said he preferred the canopy of Heaven to any other covering, . . . to which I said I had been greatly surprised at a proof of that, when I saw him sitting out in the park at Brussels, 3 or 4 days after the battle of Waterloo.—'Ah,' said he, 'did you see me? It was so certainly. I was at Madame [*illegible*]'s house, and very kind to me they were.'—'I knew your house too at Waterloo,' said I, 'and well remember the trees in the garden.'—'Why, do you know,' said he, 'the people of that house have made the Lord knows what by people coming to see the grave of my leg which was buried in the garden!' and he said this in a manner as much as to say—'What damned fools they must be!'

"I had a good deal of jaw in private with Plunket during the evening; and when I asked him his opinion as to anything being done in the approaching session about the Catholics, he gave a most decided one that

there would ; but upon examining him closely, it was quite clear he thought so only because it ought to be so ; and I am convinced that neither he nor Lord Anglesey know one word from the Duke of Wellington as to what *his* opinion and intentions are upon this subject. . . . Betty, my dear, you were too hard upon me for my ingenuous folly in revealing my midnight revel here. I assure you I was not otherwise disgraced than as a silent observer of the 3 frolicksome Irishmen. . . .”

“ Carton [The Duke of Leinster’s], 25th Nov.

“ What a difference it makes when one has a room to write in with all one’s little comforts about one. I never, to my mind, had one so made for me as my present one. It is a fat, lofty, square, moderate-sized room *on the ground floor*—French to the backbone in its furniture, gilt on the roof, gilded looking-glasses in all directions, fancy landscapes and figures in pannells, a capital canopy bed, furniture—white ground with bouquets of roses of all colours, and the bouquets as large as a small hat. Armchairs ditto : chests of drawers, 2 quite new and might be from Paris. My own *escritoire* in a recess with paper *lighters* before me of all colours, and in another corner of the room another recess that shall be nameless, through a door, quite belonging to itself and to no other apartment ; the whole to conclude with a charming fire which woke me by its crackling nearly an hour ago, whilst my maid thought, of course, she was making it without waking the gentleman. . . . I flew my kite at the Duke per Saturday’s post. . . . I left Dublin in my post-chaise about $\frac{1}{2}$ past two—the distance 12 Irish miles, *i.e.* 15 English, and it was too dark when I arrived to see anything of the exterior. I was shown into a long, most comfortable library, with a door half open into a fat drawing-room, and was told his Grace should know I had come. Presently a gentleman and the Duke’s two fine boys came in, and I soon found that the former was the *parlez-vous* tutor to the others. After a certain time, the Duke appeared : he was all kindness and good humor, as he always is. . . . After a good deal of jaw, and telling me they

dined at half-past six, he conducted me himself to my bedroom, and would not have minded brushing my coat if I had wanted it.

"All this time it appeared to me likely that I was the only stranger in the house: and what of that? *Tant mieux*. . . . However, upon returning to the drawing-room, there were men there, and the Duke said—'Captain—— (I forget his name)—Mr. Creevey: my brother Augustus Stanhope,* — Mr. Creevey: my Napoleon Mr. Henry. . . . Do you know Lord Seymour,† Mr. Creevey? Do you know Lord Acheson‡?' and in this way I was introduced to these youths. Augustus Stanhope is the one that was dismissed the army by court martial for doing Lord Yarmouth out of a large sum at play. . . . Then entered the Duchess, and from the prettyness of her manner it was quite impossible not to feel at home with her from that moment; but she is not nearly so pretty as I expected. . . . Well of course one of the quality lads handed her out: the others were on her other side, and I pitched my tent with my right ear to her,§ next Lord Seymour, and brought her into action in the first 3 minutes. She evidently was all for 'de laugh,' and two more demure, negative striplings could not well be than her neighbours *appeared*. . . . They seemed somewhat astonished at the free and easy position that I took up; however I took the lead and kept it till we all went to bed at 11½. . . .

"This morning, breakfast punctually at ½ past nine . . . the nobility sprigs still mute, and everything to be done by Mr. Thomas.

"After breakfast, I walked with the Duchess and her brother, and when the latter left us, she proposed showing me her cottage and flower-garden. . . . Whilst we were there, the Duke arrived with the lordlings, being on his way to show them Maynooth College,

* Eleventh son of the 3rd Earl of Harrington, and brother of the Duchess of Leinster.

† Eldest son of 11th Duke of Somerset: succeeded as 12th Duke on his father's death in 1855.

‡ Succeeded his father in 1849 as 3rd Earl of Gosford.

§ Mr. Creevey was very deaf in the left ear.

about a mile and a half (Irish) further on : so he said — ‘Would you like to see it, Mr. Creevey?’ — ‘Very much,’ said I, but then muttered something at our not having the Duchess. — ‘O, a thousand thanks,’ said she; ‘I am a great walker, and will walk there too :’ and so she did, and pretty well bespattered she was when we returned just now.

“However, I have been thro’ the college, and seen a good many of these 380 precious blackguards that are now in college there, and of all the disgusting concerns for *filth* the Maynooth business stands pre-eminent. And yet these are the men that are to guide and controul the whole Catholic population of Ireland. Maynooth Castle in its ruins is an immense concern. It was the residence of this family [the Fitzgeralds] and joins the ground which was let by the late Duke for the college.

“In returning thro’ the town of Maynooth, which belongs to the Duke entirely, I was sorry to see how inferior it was in neatness to Piltown and Lady Louisa Tighe’s town ; nor did the Duchess seem to know any of the people at their doors as we passed. I have no doubt that both he and she are excellent people, but somehow they don’t seem to have hit off the art of having a neat neighbourhood. And yet they both praise the Irish people extremely.”

“Kinnell, St. Asaph’s [Mr. Hughes’s], Nov. 29.

“‘Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief ;
Taffy in stupidity exceeds all belief.’

Altho’ he is so well and warmly clothed, what an inferior article he is to poor, ragged, dirty, sprightly Pat. . . .”

CHAPTER VIII.

1829.

THE successive stages in the conversion of the Tory Government to Roman Catholic Emancipation have been abundantly discussed without bringing home to the apprehension of most people that, in truth, there were no such stages. The circumstances have been obscured by the recall of the pro-Catholic Lord Lieutenant, Anglesey, and the appointment of the anti-Catholic Lieutenant, Northumberland, but that had really no bearing upon the question. Anglesey had acted in what his old chief, the Duke of Wellington, considered an insubordinate manner, and was treated as relentlessly as Norman Ramsay had been dealt with after Vittoria. There was no question of ministerial policy involved; the puzzle arises out of the Prime Minister acting with a total want of that ambiguity which usually envelopes ministerial acts. The victory of Daniel O'Connell and the Catholic Association over Vesey FitzGerald, appointed President of the Board of Trade, in the election for County Clare, had convinced Wellington that relief could no longer be withheld from the Catholics. The position held by the Government ever since the question had driven Pitt out of office in 1801 must be abandoned; but he was too old a campaigner to allow the enemy

to know the hour and order of evacuation. Peel was to be converted and the King be forced to consent, before the orders should be issued which, he knew, would breed mutiny in his own ranks. No sign should betray his purpose till all was prepared: the accustomed guards should be mounted—the regular sentries posted—till the very last moment. The appointment of the Duke of Northumberland in succession to Lord Anglesey was in accord with the spirit of a General Order which had never been suspended or revoked—No indulgence to Roman Catholics. It is the secrecy and suddenness of Wellington's movements which have perplexed historians, accustomed to the more tentative and tortuous ways of politicians.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

“Whitehall, Feby. 3, 1829.

“... Every one was up with the news of the day—that Wellington had decided to let the Catholics into Parliament. . . . I have always, you know, been convinced that the Beau must and would do *something* upon this subject, and what it is to be we now must very shortly know. . . .”

“5th.

“Our only visitor last night was Sefton, who arrived about 12, bringing with him the correspondence between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Anglesey, which the latter had lent to Sefton to be returned the next morning at 11. He read it to Mrs. Taylor and me, and it was $\frac{1}{2}$ past one before he had done. The Beau, according to custom, writes atrociously, and his charges against Lord Anglesey are of the rummest kind, such as being too much addicted to popular courses, *going to Lord Cloncurry's*, being too civil to Catholic leaders, not turning Mr. O'Gorman Mahon out of the commission of the peace, &c., &c. There are letters full of such stuff, and Lord



G. Mathews Pinx.

Daniel O'Connell, M.P.

Walter & Goodell, 24 St. St.

Anglesey in his answers beats him easy in all ways. . . . The Whigs are quite as sore as the Brunswickers at this victory of the Beau over Prinney and his Catholic prejudices. They had arranged the most brilliant opposition for the approaching session, and this coup of the Duke's has blown up the whole concern.

"At Brooks's last night the deceased poet Rogers came up to beg I would meet Brougham at dinner at his house on Wednesday."

"6th.

"... It does Wellington infinite honor; the only drawback to his fame on this occasion is his silence to Anglesey as to his intentions; but he has been jealous of his brother soldier playing the popular in Ireland, and so has sacrificed the man, while adopting his opinions."

"7th.

"Here is little Twitch, *alias* Scroop, *alias* Premier Duke, Hereditary Earl Marshal, who is sitting by my side and who reckons himself sure of franking a letter for you before the session closes. The removal of Catholic disabilities would permit the Duke of Norfolk to take his seat in the Lords."

"11th.

"... 'Ra-ally,' as Mrs. Taylor would say, Peel makes a great figure.* His physick for the [Catholic] Association is as mild as milk, and *for a year only*. It is such a new and important feature in this Tory Revolution to have no blackguarding or calling names of any one. There begins to be an alarm about the Lords, but I have no doubt without foundation. It is clear to me from the Duke of Rutland's speech that he will ultimately support the Beau, and I have my doubts whether the Bishop of London† won't do so likewise. . . . Lord Sefton has broke the bank at Crockford's two nights following. He tells me he carried off £7000."

* As Home Secretary, Peel was responsible for the government of Ireland, which was then administered from the Home Office.

† C. J. Blomfield.

"12th Feby., 1829.

"... Our party at the deceased poet's [Rogers] last night was his brother and living poet and wit—Luttrell, Sefton, Lord Durham, Burdett, Lord Robert [Spencer], Brougham and the Duke of Norfolk, and we had a merry day enough. . . ."

"Brooks's, Feb. 14.

"... There is nothing going forward except this reported visit of the Duke of . . . Are you aware that Captain Garth is the son of this Duke by Princess —.* General Garth, at the suit of the old King, consented to pass for the father of this son. The latter, in every way worthy of his villainous father, has shown all the letters upon this occasion, including one of the King's. The poor woman has always said that this business would be her death. Garth asks £30,000 for the letters, and, to enhance their value, shews the worst part of them."

"18th.

"... The Whigs are as sore as be damned at Wellington distinguishing himself and at Lord Grey's just panegyrick upon Peel the other night. A neat figure they [the Whigs] would have cut in such a storm; but, to do them justice, they would never have attempted it. . . ."

"March 2nd.

"Now I wonder if Ogg† is to be depended on. Our Whigs, who hate the Beau and Peel and Grey with all their hearts, and are mad to the last degree that the two former have taken the Catholick cause out of their own feeble and perfidious hands, and who are always croaking about the projected Bill as being sure to contain some conditions and provisions that will be quite inadmissible to the dear Liberals—the said Whigs are to-day more chopfallen than ever upon the visits that have been taking place the last two

* One should hesitate to withdraw the veil from this ugly affair, were it not that it has been freely discussed and made public property in the recently published letters of Madame de Lieven.

† Lord Kensington.

days by the Beau and Chancellor to Windsor, and then the Beau waiting upon the D. of Cumberland as soon as he came back. In short, it is settled amongst them that the Dutchess of Gloucester and D. of Cumberland have made such an impression upon Prinney against the Pope, that he is considered as quite certain to be upon the jib; and such is the supposed consternation of the Ministers, that Tommy Tyrrwhitt told me he had seen with his own eyes to-day Lord Ellenborough come into the Court of Chancery twice, go upon the Bench to the Chancellor, put his mouth close under his wig, and keep it there at least five minutes at a time.

"So, having just met old Ogg in the street in spectacles, he having lost an eye since I last saw him, and after hearing an account of the different calamities affecting his life, property and character, we got to this Windsor gossip. So says Ogg in his accustomed manner—'Damme! I know exactly what it is all about, and if you promise never to mention my name, I'll tell you.' I need not observe that the condition he imposed upon me I should have gratuitously adopted, as the disclosure would, with most, destroy my story. However, he swore he knew the facts of his own knowledge, and they are these.

"Knight, a barrister of the Court of Chancery, has been advertising the Chancellor lately that on this day he should move for an injunction against Sir Herbert Taylor about Garth's letters, which have been placed in his hands under some agreement with Garth, and which the latter or his creditors wish to make more favorable for themselves; £3000 a year for life and £10,000 in hand were the considerations, but it is sought to make it £16,000 in hand. Ogg adds that it is the fear of all this being made publick that has caused all these mutinies between the Beau and Prinney and Chancellor and D. of Cumberland. Ogg says, too, that he knows all the contents of these letters, and stated quite enough of them to account for all this Windsor hurry-scurry. . . .

"Well, I had really a charming gay dinner at old Sally's * yesterday. Lady Sefton and her 2 eldest

* Sarah, Marchioness of Salisbury.

daughters, the young Lady Salisbury, Lord Arthur [Hill], Sefton, Henry [Molyneux], a Talbot, Hy. de Roos, Montgomery and Sebright. . . . Upon my word I was wrong about Lady Lyndhurst. She has beautiful eyes and such a way of using them that quite shocked Lady Louisa and me. . . . Old Clare fairly rowed me last night, or affected to do so, for not coming to see her in Ireland. You know her son and his wife are parted, the latter giving as her reason for wishing it that she had only married him to please her mother, and that now she was dead there was no use in going on together. He has given her back every farthing of her fortune, which was £50,000 or £60,000."

"3rd.

". . . I saw a good deal of young Lady Emily Cowper,* who is the leading favorite of the town *so far*. She is very inferior to her fame for looks, but is very natural, lively, and appears a good-natured young person."

"6th.

"Well, the Whig croaking must end now. The Beau is immortalised by his views and measures as detailed by Peel last night. I certainly, for one, think it an unjust thing to alter the election franchise from 40s. to £10; but considering the perfection of every other part and the difficulty there must have been in bringing Prinney up to this mark, I should, were I in Parliament, swallow the franchise thing without hesitation; and so I am happy to find a meeting of our Whigs at Burdett's to-day have agreed to do. . . . Only think of the old notion of the *Veto* being just abandoned. . . ."

"10th.

"Well, our 'very small and early party' last night [at Lady Sefton's] was quite as agreeable as ever; but I must be permitted to observe that, considering the rigid virtue of Lady Sefton and the profound darkness in which her daughters of from 30 to 40 are brought up as to even the existence of vice,

* Married in 1830 to the 7th Earl of Shaftesbury, at that time Lord Ashley.

the party was as little calculated to protract the delusion of these innocents as any collection to be made in London could well be. There were Mrs. F—— L—— and Lord Chesterfield, who came together and sat together all night; Lady E—— and the Pole or Prussian or Austrian—whichever he is—whom they call 'Cadland' because he beat the Colonel (Anson).^{*} Anything so impudent as she, or so barefaced as the whole thing, I never beheld; Princess Esterhazy and Lady ——, Lady —— and [Lord] Palmerston—in short, by far the most notorious and profligate women in London. . . . With respect to how Lord Grey and other people take the Catholic Bill or Pill, there is an increasing satisfaction in all the friends to the measure, and the ranks of the bigots are thinning. There is one damned thing, if it is persisted in, which is that O'Connell is not to be let into his present seat, but sent back to a new election under the new Bill. . . . When I was at Grey's on Sunday, he told me Burdett had just been with him upon this subject, and had urged him to speak to the Duke of Wellington about it. Not amiss in O'Connell and Burdett, considering that they had never consulted Grey before on any of their Catholic cookery. However, his answer was that he should do no such thing, for that, altho' there could be no doubt as to the abominable injustice of this case, yet as the Duke had never shown any disposition to communicate with him upon this measure, it was not for him—Lord Grey—to begin any such communication. So much for Sefton and others, who will have it that Lord Grey must and will come into office. . . . Wellington was blooded yesterday, but is out to-day, and gone to face Winchelsea in the Lords."

"Sulby, March 18.

"Rather stiffish to-day, my dear; it can't, of course, be *age*! but going four and twenty miles on a hard road at a kind of hand gallop is rather shaking, you know, to those not used to it. . . . The men we have had here are principally Pytchley, which, in dandyism, are very second-rate to the Quorn or Melton men. . . .

^{*} The Duke of Rutland's "Cadland" won the Derby in 1828, beating the King's horse "The Colonel."

Osbaldeston himself, tho' only 5 feet high, and in features like a cub fox, is a very funny little chap; clever in his way, very good-humored and gay, and with very good manners. . . . I am very fond of all these lads being dressed in scarlet in the evening. It looks so gay."

" 19th.

". . . Does your paper ever give you any light upon the old affair of Garth? Did it contain his affidavit? You see it is now established in proof in a suit in Chancery that Sir Herbert Taylor had agreed to give Garth £3000 a year for his life, and to pay his debts; and that, upon this being done, certain letters were to be given up to Taylor. In the meantime they were deposited in Snow's bank in the joint holding of the said bankers and Mr. Westmacott, the editor of the *Age* newspaper. . . . There is quite enough in this—Taylor being the purchaser and the price so monstrous, to make it quite certain the letters must contain great scandal affecting very great parties. . . . General Garth is still alive, and it was when he was extremely ill and thought himself quite sure of dying, that he wrote to young Garth, telling him who he was, explaining the part he—the General—had been induced to act out of respect and deference to the royal family. . . . General Garth recovered unexpectedly, and applied to young Garth for the document; but, I thank you! they had been seen and read and deemed much too valuable to be given back again."

Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey.

"Arlington St., . . . March 25th.

". . . The King was delighted with the duel* and said he should have done the same—that gentlemen must not stand upon their privileges. . . ."

"Stoke, 11th April.

". . . The King was very angry at the large majority [for the Catholic Relief Bill] and did not

* Between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchilsea.

write the D. a line in answer to his express telling him of it. The Beau's troubles are not over yet. The distress in the country is frightful. Millions are starving, and I defy him to do anything to relieve them."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Whitehall, May 28th.

". . . I went to the Park, but the review was over, so we only learnt that the Beau had had a fall from his horse, but was not hurt; and in coming home here a little later who shd. I meet riding in a little back street near Coventry Street but the said Duke. So he stopt and shook hands. . . . I said:—'Well, upon my soul, you are the first of mankind to have accomplished this Irish job as you have done, and I congratulate you upon it most sincerely. . . . You must have had tough work to get thro'.'—'Oh terrible, I assure you,' said he, and so we parted."

"June 1st.

". . . It is a well known fact that Lord Durham is doing all he possibly can to make Lord Grey act a part that shall force him into the Government, meaning in that event to go snacks himself in the acquisition of power and profit; which, considering that he got his peerage by deserting Grey and by helping Canning to defeat Wellington, is consistent and *modest* enough! So after dinner [at Lord William Powlett's] the levee being mentioned, Grey said in the most natural manner he would never go to another; upon which Lambton [Lord Durham] remonstrated with him most severely and pathetically, and George Lamb thought Grey was wrong; but Grey held out firm as a rock—said that it was quite against his own opinion going the last time, but that he had been quite persecuted into it—that this last personal insult from the King in never noticing him was only one of a series of the same kind, and that for the future he should please himself by avoiding a repetition of them. You may easily fancy the amiability of Lambton's face at his avowal. . . . You see these impertinent and base

renegade young Whigs have had their appetites for office if possible sharpened at present by Lord Rosslyn having just accepted the Privy Seal. . . . Rosslyn told me of it himself in the street on Saturday. . . . I know that he accepted with Lord Grey's concurrence, but I am equally sure, from Lord Grey's manner, that he thinks he ought not to have done so."

"August 20th.

"... As you see only the *Morning Post*, I am afraid you are quite in the dark as to what is going on in France. . . . All are furious against the new Ministry, and with great reason. To think of making Bourmont the War Minister! He is the man who deserted from Bonaparte and came over to us the night before the battle of Waterloo.* General Gérard recommended him to Nap as a General of Division on that occasion, and said that he would pledge his life for his *honor*.† The deserter is now to be Minister for War, and will have to face Gérard as a member of the Chamber of Deputies! . . . Even the old Ultras think the experiment puts the throne of Charles Dix in danger."

"Knowsley, 26th September.

"... I am half way thro' the 3rd volume of Bourrienne. Although my interest about Nap is greatly lessened by his wholesale use and destruction of mankind—not for the sake or defence of France, but for some 'lark' of his own, to be like Cæsar or Alexander, and for his damned nonsensical *posterity* that he is always after—then again he comes over me again by his talents, and by a kind of simplicity, and even drollery, behind the curtain whilst he is so successfully bamboozling all the world without. Don't suppose I am partial to him because when Bourrienne

* It was on the morning of the 15th June, three days before Waterloo, that Bourmont deserted; and he went to Blücher, not to Wellington.

† The expression Gérard used was that he would pledge his *head*: so when Gérard reported Bourmont's treachery, the Emperor tapped Gérard playfully on the cheek, saying:—"Cette tête, donc, c'est à moi, n'est ce pas?" adding more gravely, "mais j'en ai trop besoin."

read poetry to him in Egypt he always fell asleep! or because that at school he never was a scholar, Bourrienne beating him easily in Latin and Greek, but in mathematics he was first; nor because no one spelt worse than he did, having always a professed contempt for that noble art. Yet his compositions are of the first order."

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the promotion of which Creevey had so stoutly opposed in committee of the House of Commons, was nearly finished, and about to be opened for traffic.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Knowsley, Nov. 1st, 1829.

". . . You have no doubt in your paper reports of Huskisson's return to office. Allow me to mention a passage which Lord Derby read to me out of a letter to himself from Lady Jane Houston, who lives very near Huskisson. . . . 'Houston saw Huskisson yesterday, who talked to him of his return to office as of a thing quite certain, and of Edward Stanley doing so too. Indeed he spoke of the latter as quite the Hope of the Nation!' As the Hope of the Nation was present when this was read, it would not have been decent to laugh; but the little Earl gave me a look that was quite enough."

"Croxteth, 7th.

". . . I left little Derby devouring Bourrienne with the greatest delight, and he is particularly pleased with the exposure of the ignorance of 'that damned fellow Sir Walter Scott.' The Stanley and Hornby party were rather shocked at the great bard and novelist being called such names, but the peer said he was a 'damned impertinent fellow' for presuming to write the life of Bonaparte."

"14th.

". . . To-day we have had a *lark* of a very high order. Lady Wilton sent over yesterday from Knowsley to say that the Loco Motive machine was to be

upon the railway at such a place at 12 o'clock for the Knowsley party to ride in if they liked, and inviting this house to be of the party. So of course we were at our post in 3 carriages and some horsemen at the hour appointed. I had the satisfaction, for I can't call it *pleasure*, of taking a trip of five miles in it, which we did in just a quarter of an hour—that is, 20 miles an hour. As accuracy upon this subject was my great object, I held my watch in my hand at starting, and all the time; and as it has a second hand, I knew I could not be deceived; and it so turned out there was not the difference of a second between the coachee or conductor and myself. But observe, during these five miles, the machine was occasionally made to put itself out or *go it*; and then we went at the rate of 23 miles an hour, and just with the same ease as to motion or absence of friction as the other reduced pace. But the quickest motion is to me *frightful*: it is really flying, and it is impossible to divest yourself of the notion of instant death to all upon the least accident happening. It gave me a headache which has not left me yet. Seton is convinced that some damnable thing must come of it; but he and I seem more struck with such apprehension than others. . . . The smoke is very inconsiderable indeed, but sparks of fire are abroad in some quantity: one burnt Miss de Ros's cheek, another a hole in Lady Maria's silk pelisse, and a third a hole in some one else's gown. Altogether I am extremely glad indeed to have seen this miracle, and to have travelled in it. Had I thought worse of it than I do, I should have had the curiosity to try it; but, having done so, I am quite satisfied with my *first* achievement being my *last*."

"Croxteth, Nov. 18th.

". . . I am sure you would not wish me to miss Lady Foley. It is very nearly the direct road to London. Then to see a noble novel-writer, who has never been known in the midst of all their ruin to degrade herself by putting on either a pair of gloves or a ribbon *a second time*, and who has always 4 ponies ready saddled and bridled for any enterprise or excursion that may come into her head! To say

nothing of Foley, who, without a halfp'orth of income keeps the best house and has planted more oak trees than any man in England, and by the influence of his name and popularity returns two members for Droitwich and one for the county. Then he is to get his next neighbour Lord Dudley to meet me, so we shall have *Jean qui pleure et Jean qui rit*—Ward [Lord Dudley] being in a state of lingering existence under the frightful pressure of £120,000 a year."

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CHAPTER IX.

1830-1831.

MR. CREEVEY'S correspondence during 1830 contains less of permanent interest than usual. It was an eventful year, for it witnessed the downfall of the Tory administration, the death of George IV., and the opening of the far-reaching drama of Reform. Brougham had busied himself for some time in promoting the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and acted as joint editor of its publications.

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

“ Hill St. [1830].

“. . . I have sent *for yourself* the Library of *Useful Knowledge*, as far as published: with the Farmers' Series and Maps. The *Entertaining Knowledge* Library is for the youngers (tho' good and wholesome for all ages). . . . I believe we begin with 15,000 and print to above 20,000. Now pray, if any subject falling in with our plans occurs to you, suggest it. You will do us a *real service*. We profess to be able to prepare and put in circulation to a vast extent any work of useful tendency and *sound principles*. Of course we avoid direct part in Church and State, but we *openly profess* to preach peace, liberty and absolute toleration, and I take care, as the works pass through my hands, to keep out all that is against these principles, and to put in *authoritatively* what is wanting upon them. . . .”

"Brougham, 1830.

"... Our Lib. U. K. will get less abstruse now that the Mathematical subjects are all gone thro', except Astronomy. But some of the treatises are extremely plain, and indeed entertaining, notwithstanding their titles have hard names—as for instance 'Animal Physiology'—which really teaches anatomy to any one who wishes to understand it, and never knew a word of it before. So the life of Galileo is very interesting, and that of Caxton. But one fault that series has which is quite incurable, as long as the tax on paper continues. I mean the *small print*. The undertaking was, to give for sixpence as much as is usually to be found in an octavo vol. of above 100 pages. If the tax on paper were repealed, I have no doubt we could give 48 pages instead of 32 for that price, and the print would be as easy to read as any needs to be.

"When I wrote last, I had been speaking for more than five hours on the *intellectual state* of a worthy tea-dealer, so I may have omitted a request I intended to make to you and the ladies—viz., to *suggest subjects for books*, if any occur, especially for the Entertaining Series. The other must take a regular course, but this is naturally without rule. Also, any book wanting for the common people in the country (which is another part of our plans).

"I shall take care about Bourrienne* next week when I return. I am anxious for its appearance myself, having read the other vols. with detestation—scorn of the villain; but I must say as you do—without much disbelief, which I was sorry for. . . ."

Less meritorious in Creevey's eyes were Brougham's proceedings in Parliament; and he is vociferous in complaint about his "perfidy," &c. But Brougham was not the only one of his old "com-rogues," as he called them, who were behaving "basely." Lord Cleveland, formerly Lord Darlington,

* Life of Napoleon.

declined to provide a seat for Creevey in Parliament, notwithstanding that he had received, or thought he had received, Lady Cleveland's pledge for the first vacancy.

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

" 1830.

" Well—what do you say of the first day? Are you of those lunaticks who are angry that we did not go ding-dong at the Beau and turn his Govt. out? That is—displace him without an idea who would get in; or, in other words, put things in a state from which nobody but the Tories and King could have profited. I am clear that the said Beau cannot go on as he is. They can't get people to vote, and there is a tendency of other people to join in voting against them. . . . Have you heard of G. Spencer* giving up his livings and turning R. Cath.? He wanted to convert an able priest, and it ended t'other way. Ld. Lansdowne brings in young Macaulay, which may be all very well as far as he is concerned, but it gives all of us who are Denman's friends serious annoyance and regret. I suppose it is only as a *locum tenens* till Kerry† comes of age; but still, D. could have held it as well as another."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

" London, Feby. 16th, 1830

" . . . In the jaw between Mrs. Taylor and me this morning she observed what a low, dirty fellow Lord Cleveland was not to offer me the seat after all that had passed; 'Not that you would have accepted it,' said she, 'I feel sure of that; but as a gentleman he was bound to offer it to you.' The Marchioness, it seems, has been here, and expressed the united rage

* The Hon. and Very Rev. George Spencer, 4th son of the 2nd Earl Spencer: became Superior of the Order of Passionists, and died in 1864.

† Lord Lansdowne's eldest son.

of the Naffy * and herself at Brougham's conduct. . . . Mrs. Taylor says that, being determined to bring my name in, she observed I was coming to town to see her, and she was sure I should do her more good than all the doctors; but the Pop was mum, and would not touch it; and, as Mrs. Taylor justly observes, they are two arrogant rogues, and not worth thinking about."

"19th.

"... In Arlington Street I found two young Foley lads—the eldest the poor victim just come of age, and a nicer and more produceable young man I never saw. Lady Sefton and I deplored his hard fate extremely. It is supposed the deed is done—that is, cutting off the entail of the last remnant of the Foley property, so that his father and mother may see it all fairly out. Lady Sefton told me that Lady Foley† had ten new gowns for the party at Witley at Xmas, and that the only one that Lady Sefton saw must have cost 12 guineas. She has *only* 5 maids, with different occupations, for herself. . . . I never saw Lord Douro‡ before. His teeth are the only feature in which he resembles his father, and altogether he is very homely in his air. Do you know he is engaged to be married to a daughter of Hume, the Duke's doctor. It seems she has stayed a good deal with the Duchess, which has led to the youth proposing to her. When it was told to the Duke, all he said was—'Ah! rather young, Douro, are you not—to be married? Suppose you stay till the year is out, and if then you are in the same mind, it's all very well.'"

"March 11th.

"... I was at Lord Holland's yesterday. . . . They both looked very ill. They are evidently most sorely pinched—he in his land, and she still more in her sugar and rum. So when I gave it as my opinion that, if things went on as they did, *paper* must ooze

* The Marquess of Cleveland, formerly Earl of Darlington.

† Lady Cecilia Fitzgerald, daughter of the 2nd Duke of Leinster.

‡ Elder son of the Duke of Wellington.

out again by connivance or otherwise, she said she wished to God the time was come, or anything else to save them. He said he never would consent to the return of paper, but he thought the standard might be altered: *i.e.*, a sovereign to be made by law worth one or two or three and twenty shillings."

"22nd.

"... A capital party at old Salisbury's * last night—the best I ever saw there. I had a good deal of laugh and jaw with the Beau, who was in tip-top spirits and looked better in the face than I ever saw him. . . . Arthur Hill said to him:—'Creevey is going to bring his pretty nieces here next Thursday.'—'Oh,' said the Beau, 'the Miss Brandlings: I saw them at Doncaster. I think they are the prettiest girls I ever saw.'"

"Bansted, May 26th.

"... Sefton went down to the House to hear the two Royal Messages which it was known were coming—one to enable some one to sign poor Prinney's name for him,† and the other to shew up Leopold for having jibbed at last as to taking Greece upon himself. *To be sure*, this jib of his has not been brought about by the King's illness! I suppose Mrs. Kent thinks her daughter's reign is coming on apace, and that her brother may be of use to her as *versus* Cumberland. . . . We were all on the course at Epsom yesterday and saw poor Prinney's horse 'The Colonel' win the Craven Stakes. If 'Captain Arthur' should win [the Derby] next Thursday, all Lord Sefton would pocket in bets and stakes would be £12,500—that's all!‡ Gully is quite sure his horse Red Rover will win;§ Chifney equally sure that Priam will,|| notwithstanding that Lord Ranelagh says he trusts in God that *heathen god* Priam can never win."

* The Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury.

† George IV. was lying in his last illness.

‡ Captain Arthur started at 15 to 1, and was not placed.

§ It ran second, starting at 5 to 1.

|| The favourite, Priam, won.

"London, 31st.

"... To call on Lady Grey, whom I found alone. She is all against Lord Grey becoming a politician again, and says she sees people getting round him whom she hates, and never can forgive for their past conduct to him, and whose only object now is to use him for their own interests. She mentioned Brougham in particular. . . ."

"Stoke, June 11th.

"... Sefton saw yesterday in Windsor O'Reilly the King's apothecary. It had been his turn to sit up with him the preceding night, and he said his sufferings were extreme—that he might die any moment from his complaint, but that even from exhaustion, strong as he is, he must die in five or six days. He said to O'Reilly more than once:—'I am going gradually.' He is cheerful at times, and very fond of talking about horses. O'Reilly says that, in the course of his life, he never saw such strength, and that with common prudence he might have lived to a hundred."

"Brooks's, June 26th.

"... So poor Prinney is really dead—on a Saturday too, as was foretold. . . . I have just met our *great* Privy Councillors coming from the Palace (Warrender and Bob Adair included). I learnt from the former that the only observation he heard from the Sovereign was upon his going to write his name on parchment, when he said:—'You have damned bad pens here!'^{*} Here is Tankerville, who was at the Palace likewise. He says the difference in manner between the late and present sovereign upon the occasion of swearing in the Privy Council was very striking. Poor Prinney put on a dramatic, royal, distant dignity to all; Billy, who in addition to living out of the world, has become rather blind, was doing his best in a very natural way to make out the face of every Privy Councillor as each kneeled down to kiss his hand. In Tankerville's own case, Billy put one

* Greville (ii. 3) and Croker (ii. 66) relate the same incident.

hand above his eyes and at last said in a most familiar tone :—‘Oh, Lord Tankerville, is it you? I am very glad to see you. How d’ye do?’ It seemed quite a restraint to him not to shake hands with people. He said to Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer—the cock-eyed Goulbourne—‘D’ye know I’m grown so near-sighted that I can’t make out who you are. You must tell me your name, if you please.’ He read his declaration to the Council, which is said to be very favorable to the present Ministry; and it would be odd if it was not, as it was drawn up by the Beau. After reading this production of the Government, he treated the Council with a little impromptu of his own, and great was the fear of Wellington, as they say visibly expressed on his face, lest Billy should take too excursive a view of things; instead of which it was merely a little natural and pretty funeral oration over Prinney, who, he said, had always been the best and most affectionate of brothers.”

“Stoke, August 20th.

“... I said to Lady Sefton just now—‘Where and when was it, Lady Sefton, that you knew the King [William] so well?’—‘Why, Mr. Creevey,’ says she, ‘I’m sure you will not accuse me of vanity when I tell you that, upon my first coming out,* he was pleased to be very much in love with me, or to say he was so; and my father became so frightened about it that he would not let me go where he was likely to be; for it was at the time the Prince of Wales was living with Mrs. Fitzherbert. He contrived, however, to send me a nosegay [*illegible*] from Kew, and to get me invited to all the gayest and finest balls and parties then going; and as I knew no one to begin with, you may suppose how charming it was. What his object was, I am sure I don’t know: *my* only one was to go wherever I was invited, and to enjoy my liberty and fun. However, he went soon after to sea, I believe; and not long after I was married, and I have scarcely seen him since. . . .”

* As the Hon. Maria Craven, daughter of the 6th Lord Craven.

"Bangor, Sept. 19th.

"... Jack Calcraft has been at the opening of the Liverpool railroad, and was an eye-witness of Huskisson's horrible death.* About nine or ten of the passengers in the Duke's car had got out to look about them, whilst the car stopt. Calcraft was one, Huskisson another, Esterhazy, Billy Holmes, Birch and others. When the other locomotive was seen coming up to pass them, there was a general shout from those within the Duke's car to those without it, to get in. Both Holmes and Birch were unable to get up in time, but they stuck fast to its sides, and the other engine did not touch them. Esterhazy, being light, was pulled in by force. Huskisson was feeble in his legs, and appears to have lost his head, as he did his life. Calcraft tells me that Huskisson's long confinement in St. George's Chapel at the King's funeral brought on a complaint that Taylor is so afraid of, and that made some severe surgical operation necessary, the effect of which had been, according to what he told Calcraft, to paralyse, as it were, one leg and thigh. This, no doubt, must have increased, if it did not create, his danger and [caused him to] lose his life. He had written to say his health would not let him come, and his arrival was unexpected. Calcraft saw the meeting between him and the Duke [of Wellington], and saw them shake hands a very short time before Huskisson's death. The latter event must be followed by important political consequences. The Canning faction has lost its corner stone, and the Duke's Government one of its most formidable opponents. Huskisson, too, once out of the way, Palmerston, Melbourne, the Grants, &c., may make it up with the Beau."

"The dear Plough, Cheltenham, Oct. 5th.

"... Well, here we are again, driven from that greatest of all humbugs, Leamington. The fame of the latter place is one of the many proofs to what an

* Mr. Huskisson, who probably had not met the Duke of Wellington since the Cabinet crisis caused by the resignation of the former, had left his car on purpose to shake hands with the Duke.

extent the folly of English people will club and support a thing; till by common consent it disappears, which some day or other this Leamington will do. The town is a half-built skeleton of a concern, and in point of population and convenience of all kinds, a perfect desert compared with this."

Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey.

"Oct., 1830.

". . . I suppose you have heard of Lord Chesterfield's marriage to Anne Forester.* Charles Greville went express to London from Heaton (Wilton's) to break it to Mrs. Fox Lane. George Anson marries Isabella:† money no object. . . . I don't believe there will be a king in Europe in 2 years' time, or that property of any kind is worth 5 years' purchase. . . ."

"Thursday, Nov. 18th, 1830.

". . . Everything except the Brougham business going on smoothly. *That* is, I assure you, very difficult, but must end in the Rolls. He is really in a state of insanity, complains to everybody that he is neglected and threatens to put an extinguisher on the new Govt. in a month. In the meantime he keeps swearing he will not take anything—that he ought to be offered the Seals, tho' he wd. kick them out of the window rather than desert his Yorkshire friends by taking a peerage. All this, however, will subside in the Rolls, where, being lodged for life and quite beyond controul, I don't envy the Govt. with such a chap ready to pounce upon them unexpectedly."

"Friday, 19th.

"By God! Brougham is Chancellor. It is supposed he will be safer there, because, if he don't behave well, he will be turned out at a moment's notice, and he is then powerless. What a flattering reason for appointing him! . . . Grey speaks most

* Eldest daughter of the 1st Lord Forester: died 1885.

† Third daughter of the same.

kindly of you, and I am sure wd. be delighted to do something for you; but why the devil do you put yourself out of the way of everything?"

Upon Lord Grey taking office in November, 1830, he appointed his old friend Creevey to the office of Treasurer of the Ordnance, at a salary of £1200 a year. Ever since his wife's death, Mr. Creevey had existed upon a very slender income—"£200 a year or less," as Charles Greville says*—but he was the constant and welcome guest of the Seftons, the Taylors, and a host of other friends, and had few expenses to meet except for his clothes and travelling. Still, this permanent office must have come as a translation from penury to affluence. The Whigs, even purified as they had been by long years of opposition and the persistent efforts of Brougham, Creevey, and other reformers to put an end to jobbery, showed themselves far from diffident in the exercise of patronage. At the present day, when sixty has been fixed as the age for *retiring* from the Civil Service, it may seem an abuse of patronage to have invited a gentleman of sixty-two to *enter* it; but, according to the practice of pre-Reform times, nothing could be thought more natural. The Ordnance Office was established in the Tower of London, and Creevey's letters express quite a boyish delight in his new quarters, and a naïve wonder at the minuteness of the Ordnance survey maps then being engraved for the first time.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"The Tower, Jan. 31st, 1831.

"... I dined in Downing Street with Lady Grey
... After dinner the private secretary to the Prime

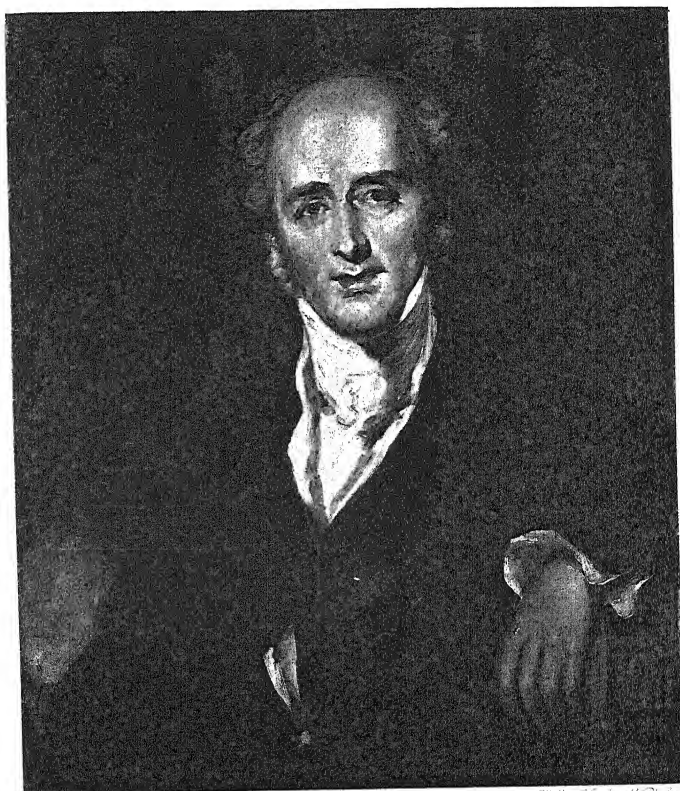
* *Greville Memoirs*, i. 235.

Minister and myself being alone, I ascertained that, altho' Lord Grey was gone to Brighton ostensibly to prick for Sheriffs for the year, his great object was to lay his *plan of reform* before the King, previous (if he approves) to its being proposed to the House of Commons. A ticklish operation, this! to propose to a Sovereign a plan for reducing his own power and patronage. However, there is the plan all cut and dry, and the Cabinet unanimous upon the subject. . . . Billy has been in perfect ecstasies with his Government ever since they arrested O'Connell. Wood says if the King gives his Government his real support upon this Reform question, without the slightest appearance of a jib, Grey is determined to fight it out to a dissolution of Parliament, if his plan is beat in the Commons. My eye, what a crisis!"

"Feb. 4th.

". . . Grey says the King's conduct was *perfect*—not in giving an unqualified assent, as a constitutional King might to any Minister who happened to be so at the time; but he bestowed much time and thought in going over every part of the plan, examined its bearings, asked most sensible questions, and, being quite satisfied with everything Grey urged in its support, pledged himself irrevocably to do the same. . . . Grey said, too, the Queen was evidently *better* with him. It seems that her manners to him at first were distant and reserved, so that he could not avoid concluding that the change of Government was a subject of regret to her. This was an appalling reflection for a reforming minister, but he satisfied himself that she has no influence over the King, and that, in fact, he never even mentions politicks to her, much less consults her—that her influence over him as to his *manners* has been very great and highly beneficial, but there it stops. . . . Well, you see the Government lost no time last night in giving their notices—Vaux* to reform the Court of Chancery—Melbourne to make new laws in favor of Ireland, and Althorp

* Brougham, as Lord Chancellor, had entered the House of Lords as Lord Brougham and Vaux, which gave his enemies the opportunity of declaring that he ought to have been "Vaux et proeterea nihil."



Geo. L. Harrison del. R. A. Pinx.

W. Sher. & Co. sculp. Ph. Sc.

Carl Grey, K.G.

his plan of reform, to be carried by Lord J. Russell. Anything like such fair and open downright dealing was never known in Parliament before. . . .

"Sefton had a good conversation with Lady Grey, and my lord too, last night. It seems the Dino* came there from Leach's, and Sefton heard her entreating Lady Grey to use her influence with Lady Durham to let her boy, and I believe a little girl, to come to a child's ball at the Dino's on Monday next. So when Lord Grey was handing the Dino to her carriage, Sefton and Lady Grey being left alone, the latter said to him:—'Was there ever anything like the absurdities of Lambton? He not only won't be introduced to Mons. Talleyrand and Madame de Dino, but he chooses to be as rude as possible to them whenever he meets them.'—'Good God!' said Sefton, 'what can that possibly mean?'—'Why because he chooses to be affronted that they did not ask to be introduced to him *before he was in office*,† and now that he is so, he insists upon Louisa‡ having nothing to do with Madame de Dino. Just as Lady Grey was finishing, Grey returned, and she said—'I was telling Lord Sefton of Lambton's nonsense;' and then they both joined in abusing him, as well they might. Did you ever, in the whole history of mankind, hear of such a presumptuous puppy? However, I hope he will go on offending Lord and Lady Grey, and be himself out of [*illegible*]. I declare I know of no event that would be more favorable to Lord Grey's government. I am delighted at that other puppy Agar. Ellis§ being obliged from ill health to give up the Woods and Forests, and still more delighted that the excellent Duncannon has got it. . . . You know that the Queen would not let old Mother St. Albans|| come to her ball at the Pavilion, tho' there were 830 people there!"

* Madame de Dino, Talleyrand's niece.

† Lord Durham had been appointed Lord Privy Seal.

‡ Lady Durham.

§ Son of the 2nd and father of the 3rd Viscount Clifden.

|| Second wife of the 9th Duke of St. Albans, and relict of Thomas Coutts the banker; originally well known as the actress Mrs. Mellon.

"Feb. 8th.

"... Talleyrand professes to Grey to be quite enchanted with the existing cordiality between France and England, and lays it down that such an union can set the whole world at defiance. . . . Those damned pension lists are a cursed millstone about the neck of the Government. Grey was almost *crying* when he talked to Sefton of the difficulty and misery of depriving so many people of their subsistence. . . ."

"Tower, 9th.

"... My dear, these damned pensioners are the devil's own to carry thro' with us, and there can be no crowing till the Civil List Bill is fairly past. There is such an universal demand to have them flung out of window that I don't see how they are to escape. . . . Our Vaux is not so tender-hearted in his department. By his reform he is to spread desolation by wholesale amidst the profession. I *know* that the Beau said yesterday:—'I am very glad that Brougham is Chancellor. He is the only man with courage and talent to reform that damned Court.'"

"Brooks's, Feby. 12th.

"... There is old Basto [? Pascoe] Grenfell from the City, who says there is but one universal feeling of *execration* at poor Clunch's* project of taxing the transfer of stock. In short, poor dear Whigs, it is sad work, gentlemen, sad work! . . ."

"15th.

"... Do you take any interest about Mrs. Heber, the widow of the Bishop of Calcutta? Because if you do, I can tell you something. On her return overland from India, she picked up a Greek at Milan and married him. Her attachment was, of course, to the sacred cause of his country. They immediately started for that classic land; but unfortunately, upon reaching Athens, it turned out that he was provided, not only with another wife, but with a large family.

* Lord Althorp, Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose first budget was very badly received.

She arrived here a few days ago, without a husband and nearly without a *son*."

"Tower, 19th.

"... Lady Sefton, her three eldest daughters, Frances * and myself went after dinner last night to Lady Grey's weekly. . . . Our Vaux was there with his daughter. I had some very good laughing with him, and he was in his accustomed overflowing glee. We had some very pretty amusement with Viscount Melbourne, who is very agreeable. . . . Grey was very loud to me in praise of Edward Stanley,† who, by common consent, has made two excellent speeches. He is quite ready for battle with O'Connell, and the greatest confidence is entertained that Edward will be too much for him."

"Feb. 24th, 1831.

"... There has been a charming scene at the Drawing-room to-day. Lady Jersey went up to Lord Durham in the greatest fury and, in the presence of all the world, said:—'Lord Durham, I beg you will call upon me to-morrow and *bring a witness with you*. I have been so shamefully calumniated, and I will have justice done me.'—Duncannon, who was present and heard this, was in some horror of Lord Durham's reply. He turned as pale as death, and, after a little hesitation, said very calmly:—'Lady Jersey, in all probability I shall never be in your house again.'"

"27th.

"... As I was the first who arrived in Arlington Street yesterday to dinner, Sefton took me out into the corner room and told me of a scene between him and Brougham. . . . The Arch-fiend asked him if he had seen the *Times* that morning.—'No,' said Sefton, 'not to-day, but I have read it with great uneasiness the three or four preceding days, and I want of all things to talk to you about it.'—He then opened his case, stated the deliberate attack making upon Grey by that paper, coupled with its constant panegyrick

* Mrs. Taylor.

† Afterwards 14th Earl of Derby. He was Secretary for Ireland in Lord Grey's administration.

upon Brougham, made it necessary for Brougham to summon the editor, and to insist upon these attacks upon Grey being discontinued. That otherwise, as Brougham's influence over that paper was notorious to all, and as his brother William was known to write for it, it could not fail to beget suspicion that he—Brougham—had no objection to these attacks, and that Lord Grey felt them most sensibly. That if he—Brougham—thought he would make a better Prime Minister than Grey, and was preparing the way for that event, that was matter for his own consideration; but if he really means the Government to go on as at present formed, Sefton conjured him to lose no time in imposing his most positive injunction on the *Times* newspaper to alter its course.

"Sefton says nothing could equal the artificial rage into which Vaux flung himself. He swore like a trooper that he had no influence over the *Times*—that he had never once seen Barnes the editor since he had been in office, and that William had never written a line for it. He then fell upon Lambton—said all this came from him—that he had behaved in the most impertinent manner to both his brothers upon this subject—that if he went on as he did he *must* break up the Government, and that he, for one, would never submit to his influence. This storm being over, Sefton collected from him distinctly that he had seen Barnes *perhaps* once or twice, and that brother William might *perhaps*—tho' quite unknown to him—have written an article or two in this paper. In short, as our Earl observed, never culprit was more clearly proved guilty than he was out of his own mouth, and it ended by his affecting to doubt which would be the best channel for getting at Barnes—brother William or Vizard—but at all events he pledged himself to Sefton *that it should be done. . . .*"

"28th.

"... Well, the *Times* newspaper has evidently had its visitation in the course of yesterday. It has two leading and very *powerful* articles in favor of the Government. . . . If you come to that, your *Morning Herald* of to-day is not amiss in support of our Government. In short, we are recovering by gentle

degrees from Althorp. He had very nearly killed us, poor fellow, honest as he is, but it must be admitted that he has been damned conceited."

"Tower, March 3rd.

"Well, what think you of our Reform plan? My raptures with it encrease every hour, and my astonishment at its boldness. It was all very well for an historian like Thomas Creevey to lay down the law, as he did in his pamphlet, that all these rotten nomination boroughs were modern usurpations, and that the *communities* of all substantial boroughs were by law the real electors; but here is a little fellow not weighing above 8 stone—Lord John Russell by name—who, without talking of law or anything else, creates in fact a perfectly new House of Commons, quite in conformity to the original formation of that body. . . . What a coup it is! It is its *boldness* that makes its success so certain. . . . A week or ten days must elapse before the Bill is printed and ready for a 2nd reading; by that time the country will be in a flame from one end to the other in favor of the measure. . . . I saw the stately Buckingham going down to the Lords just now. I wonder how he likes the boroughs of Buckingham and St. Mawe's being bowled out. He would never have been a duke without them, and can there be a better reason for their destruction?"

"Tower, 5th.

" . . . Well, our Reform rises in publick affection every instant. . . . To think of dear Aldborough and Orford, both belonging to Lord Hertford, and purchased at a great price, being clearly bowled out, without a word of with your leave or by your leave. Aye, and not only that such proprietors are destitute of all means of self-defence, but they are treated as *criminals* by the whole country for making any fight on their own behalf. . . . At Crocky's, even the boroughmongers admitted that their representative, Croker, had made a damned rum figure. Poor Billy Holmes! Both he and Croker will have but a slender chance of being M.P.'s again under our restored constitution. In short, Bessy, there is no end to the fun

and confusion that this measure scatters far and near into by far the most corrupt, insolent, shameless, profligate gang that this country contains. They are all dead men by this Bill, never to rise again, and their occupation is dead also. . . . To be sure the poor devils who stick to the wreck will have mobbing enough from out of doors before the business is over. . . . It is not 3 weeks since Sir John Shelley asked Lord Grey to make him a peer, who answered him by saying:—‘Indeed, my dear Shelley, to deal fairly with you, I don’t think you have any claims; and if you had, why did you not get your friend the Duke of Wellington to make you one?’—What you call a *double-fisted* go for the baronet, was it not?”

“Tower, March 12th.

“. . . I fear Vaux must go crazy. He is like Wolsey. I’ll give you a case in point. We had all heard how his coach had been stopt at the Horse Guards on the day of the Queen’s drawing-room, and that he had got into the greatest fury and called out to let any man at his peril stop the Lord Chancellor of England from going to the King; but your *militaire* has a knack of referring to an order, and a written one was produced, forbidding any carriage to pass thro’ that gate on days of the Queen’s drawing-rooms, except the Royal Family, Archbishop of Canterbury and the Speaker of the House of Commons. The officer upon guard most civilly explained the order and expressed his regret at being obliged to enforce it; but our Guy, little daunted or cajoled by all this, put his wig out of the *other* window and ordered his coachman to go on at all hazards; and so he did, carrying Horse Guards blue and red all clear before him. . . . My Lord Chancellor’s defence to Sefton was that, not only were the Speaker and the Archbishop down as privilege men, but Lord Shaftesbury who is chairman of the House of Lords—a kind of deputy to Brougham. ‘So,’ as the latter justly observed, ‘when I saw *my own man*—my actual boot-jack—had the privilege, and not me, it was more than flesh and blood could bear.’. . . Sefton, who sees the actual *insides* of both Vaux and Grey, says there is a considerable dislike in each to

the other. What an invaluable thing for both to have so sincere, so clever and so unintriguing a friend as Sefton, and how entertaining for us to see all thro' him!"

"Tower, March 14th.

"... Sefton was still too unwell to dine at Ld. Grey's, which was a terrible blow to us all; so Lady Sefton and Lady Maria called at Mrs. Durham's* for me, and took me there. It was not a large party—the two female Seftons, Lord Durham, Morpeth,† Duncannon, Luttrell and myself, with the four Greys and Charles Greville. Grey was all alive o! quite overflowing, never ceasing in his little civilities to myself wanting me to eat this or drink that:—'Do, Creevey I assure you it's damned good; I know you will like it.' Can't you see him? . . . It was not amiss for a Prime Minister to call out at dinner:—'Do you think, Creevey, we shall carry our Reform Bill in the Lords?' . . . Lady Lyndhurst came at night, and very handsome she looked, tho' very near a woman of colour. I did not know before that her first husband, Capt. Thomas, was killed in the battle of Waterloo. . . ."

"15th.

"... Lord Dacre said to me one day lately:—'Do you know, Creevey, how Brougham came to take the title of Vaux? because, you know, it is *my* title; but as I don't care about such things, I have never done or said anything about it. The title, however, is *mine*.' . . . As Vaux has not enough upon his hands, he has opened his batteries in the *Times* of to-day against Lady Jersey in a longish and bitter article. She is mad in her rage against our Reform, and moves heaven and earth against it wherever she goes according to her powers; but those powers are by no means what they used to be. In short, she is like the rotten boroughs—going to the devil as fast as she can."

* Creevey's lodging in Bury Street.

† Afterwards 7th Earl of Carlisle.

"14th.

"... The King never ceases to impress upon Duncannon that all he and the Queen wish for is *to be comfortable*. He says that both he and the Queen find it inconvenient to be obliged to move all their books, papers, &c., out of their own sitting-rooms upon every Levee day and Drawing-room, because their rooms are wanted on such occasions; that as for removing to Buckingham House, he will do so if the Government wish it, tho' he thinks it a most ill-contrived house; and if he goes there, he hopes it may be *plain*, and no gilding, for he dislikes it extremely. But what he would prefer to everything, would be living in Marlborough House, which is Crown land and the lease nearly out. . . . Billy says if he might have a passage made to unite this house with St. James's, he thinks he and the Queen could live there very comfortably indeed. Now was there ever so innocent a Sovereign since the world was made?"

"Brooks's, 21st.

"I saw Lord Bruffam chased by Lord Eldon in their carriages to the door of the House of Lords. There is going to be a pitched battle between them to-night upon one of Brougham's Chancery legal reform bills. I'll bet upon our Arch-fiend! . . . The enemy is in the most insolent crowing state possible to-day, perfectly certain, as they say, to defeat our Bill. Wetherell* told me last night he was as sure of their victory as of his own existence."

"22nd.

"... The King and Queen were to have gone to the Opera to-night, but an account has arrived to-day of the death of Kennedy who married one of the Miss Fitzclarences, so they don't go. Albemarle was to have dined there to-day, but the King said to him:— 'We have no dinner to-day, and don't go to the opera, because that is *pleasure*; but we shall go on with the levee to-morrow, because that is *duty*.' A very pretty distinction, I think, for a King to make."

* Sir Charles Wetherell [1770-1846], Attorney-General.

"Brooks's, March 23rd.

"Majority for our Bill

1

"Devilish near, was it not? Yesterday I was of opinion that to *lose* the question by one would have been the best thing for us; but I don't think so now. . . . Everybody likes winning, and it keeps people's spirits up. . . . I went into Crocky's after the opera, being determined to wait the result, and there were quantities of people in the same mind, friends and foes, but we were all as amicable and merry as we could be. A little before five [A.M.] our minds were relieved by the arrival of members without end—friends and foes—and I must say (with the exception of young Jack Shelley) the same good temper and fun were visible on both sides."

"Tower, 24th.

". . . You will see by your paper of to-day that Horace Seymour and Captn. Meynell are dismissed from the King's household, their offence having been voting against the King's Reform Bill. They were both of them Lord Hertford's members. This is something like! Grey spoke about it to the King at the levee yesterday, and the job was done out of hand."

"26th.

". . . I wish you could have been with me when I entered our Premier's drawing-room last night. I was rather early, and he was standing alone with his back to a fire—the best dressed, the handsomest, and apparently the happiest man in all his royal master's dominions. . . . Lady Grey was as proud of my lord's speech as she ought to be, and *she*, too, looked as handsome and happy as ever she could be. . . . She said at least 3 times—'Come and sit here, Mr. Creevey.' You see the cause of this uniform kindness of Lady Grey to myself is her recollection that I was all for Lord Grey when many of his present worshippers were doing all they could against him. . . . Upon one of the duets between Lord Grey and me last night,

who should be announced but Sir James Scarlett. He graciously put out a hand for each of us, but my lord received him so coldly, that he was off in an instant, and Grey said to me :—‘What an extraordinary thing *his* coming here! the more so, as I don’t believe he was invited.’ . . . Lady Grey said to me :—‘I really could not be such a hypocrite as to put out my hand to Sir James Scarlett;’ so he must have had a good night of it!”

“28th.

“ . . . Our dinner at Sefton’s yesterday was very agreeable—the Cowpers, Edward and Mrs. Stanley, Duke of Argyll, Melbourne, Palmerston, Foley, Alava, Charles Greville and myself. Alava and I were there ten minutes before anybody else, and he was very instructive about France, where he has been living for the last 5 years. As he says of himself, he naturally hates a Frenchman, but he has the greatest opinion of Casimir. . . . When little Derby was going to kneel upon being sworn a Privy Councillor, the King said :—‘I beg you won’t kneel, Lord Derby; you have the gout.’—‘Your Majesty must allow me.’—‘I won’t hear of it!’ and he would not let him. Then he said :—‘How long have you been Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire, my lord?’ and when he told him, the King said :—‘I have often heard my father say you was the best Lord Lieutenant in England, and so you are now!’”

“29th.

“ . . . I think there ought to be a collection made from authority of all the sayings of our beloved Sovereign. Take for instance one that Albemarle told me, and which he himself heard at the Queen’s drawing-room. I don’t know whether you are aware that the King gives every lady two kisses, one on each cheek; but so it is. Well, on Thursday a lady was taking up her daughter to present her to the Queen, to do which they pass the King. It so happens, they live somewhere within reach of Bushey,* and used to visit there. The girl who was following her mother was so frightened that she took no notice of

* Where William IV. had lived as Duke of Clarence.

the King as she passed him ; upon which he laid hold of her, and taking her by the hand, said :—‘ Oh, oh ! is this the way you treat your country friends ? ’ and then gave her two kisses.”

“ 16th April.

“ . . . Now let me make a profound observation upon a decision the Speaker made known last night respecting Schedule A in the Reform Bill, viz. that a vote must be taken upon these boroughs one by one, and not in the lump. Permit me to say that, for *us*, this is perfectly invaluable ; the list being alphabetical, the first two boroughs in the schedule are Aldborough in Yorkshire, belonging to the Duke of Newcastle, and the other Aldborough in Suffolk belonging to Lord Hertford—both the rottenest of the rotten. Well then—if the House votes for abolishing either Aldborough, the principle of abolition is admitted ; if they vote against it and succeed, then we go to a dissolution upon one of the rottenest cases in the schedule. This is *the* object of all others for an appeal to the country upon.”

“ 18th.

“ Sefton and I had Lord Chancellor Vaux to ourselves last night in Arlington Street. . . . I can’t conceal from you that, after he was gone, Sefton and I both agreed that a more unsatisfactory devil we had never beheld. Altho’ he was in the most loquacious, animated state, we could neither of us make out for the life of us what he would be at. The only thing we could agree upon was that he was an intriguing, perfidious rogue.”

“ Tower, 21st.

“ . . . This is a memorable day, and this a memorable hour of it, for our Sovereign has taken to this time to deliberate whether he accedes to Lord Grey’s application for a dissolution. . . . At all events the Reform Bill is to be abandoned in the House of Commons to-night upon the grounds that, in *such a House of Commons*, to carry it through is impossible. If the King runs true, a dissolution is to be announced at the same time ; if he does not, the Ministers have to state that they have resigned.”

Ardent and uncompromising reformer and advocate of retrenchment as Creevey had always been, it is comical to see how he winced when the Committee, appointed by Lord Grey's Government to revise the scale of salaries, trenched upon his own emoluments. "Have you seen," he asks his step-daughter, "how that damned retrenching Committee have docked my office of £200 a year?" And again—"If Earl Grey does not get me back my £200 a year as Treasurer—I'll eat him!" Most of the Treasurer's correspondence at this time is taken up with the fluctuating prospects of the Reform Bill, and with various possibilities which presented themselves of his re-entering Parliament in order to give the measure his support. But, as usual, his letters are full of diverse incidents and gossip. Describing a royal night at the Opera, he observes:—"Billy 4th at the Opera was everything one could wish: a more *Wapping* air I defy a king to have—his hair five times as full of *poudre* as mine, and his seaman's gold lace cock-and-pinch hat was charming. He slept most part of the Opera—never spoke to any one, or took the slightest interest in the concern. . . . I was sorry not to see more of Victoria: she was in a box with the Duchess of Kent, opposite and, of course, rather under us. When she looked over the box I saw her, and she looked a very nice little girl indeed."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"April 23rd.

" . . . Nothing could exceed the firmness and conduct altogether of our Sovereign yesterday. I know from Lord Grey that, when the latter stated the inconvenience that might arise from proroguing by

commission, but added that it was quite out of the question to ask his Majesty to prorogue in person, the King replied:—‘My lord, I’ll go, if I go in a hackney coach!’”

On 4th May Thomas Creevey and James Brougham, brother of the Chancellor, were returned as members for Downton borough in the county of Wilts, by favour of the Earl of Radnor—the truculent Folkestone of Peninsular days. The affair was conducted in the good old style; neither of the candidates took the trouble to visit their constituents, who were exceedingly few and docile, quite content to be represented by anybody whom Lord Radnor chose to name to them.

“Brooks’s, May 11th.

“. . . Having been dressed by Mr. Durham, Mrs. Durham* and Sally her niece, it was agreed that never coat fitted so well or was so becoming, and off we went [to Court]. Would you believe it? in about ten minutes I was detected as being in the wrong livery. It is the Household only that wear *red* collars and cuffs; the official ones are *black*. This was rather a bore, but it made great fun, as Earl Grey happened to come into our room whilst we were in progress to the Presence Chamber. I caught hold of him and told him of my mistake, upon which I thought he would have burst, he was so entertained, and he swore the King would find me out directly. But *pas du tout*: when I had kissed his hand, he said in the most good-natured manner:—‘Oh, Creevey, how d’ye do? It is a long time since I had the pleasure of seeing you.’ Little Sussex was next to him, and when I retired from my Sovereign *backing*, he said out loud:—‘How gracefully he does it!’ and even Privy Seal† laughed out loud. So it was all mighty well, and Jemmy McDonald brought me back.”

* Who kept his lodgings in Bury Street.

† Lord Durham.

"12th.

"... It *was* in contemplation, by some of the Cabinet, to postpone the Reform Bill when [the new] Parliament met till autumn—a step that would have been *madness*, and perhaps ruin to them. That, however, is quite abandoned, and Lambton authorised them to state at the Middlesex election that it would come on the very first thing."

"9th May.

"... I had a very good day yesterday at my dear and old friend Essex's—Lords Sefton, Foley, Cowper, Ducie, and Du Cane, Ellice and Poodle Byng: then to Arlington Street [the Seftons]; then to Dow. Sally's.* ... I called yesterday on Niffy and the Pop,† but both were out."

"16th.

"... Brougham said to Sefton yesterday:—'I hear a batch of new peers is on the stocks; but *I* have never been consulted; which I think is pretty well, considering my situation. However, as they can't be made without the Great Seal being put to their patents, I'll be damned if I use it for such purpose till I am properly consulted and give my consent!' ... As I learnt from Lord Sefton that Brougham's observations about me had been made at the Queen's ball last Monday, I was prepared for some change of manner in him when we met at dinner at Mrs. Ferguson's on Thursday; but it was quite otherwise. ... We met again on Saturday at Hughes's, and tho' he was evidently out of sorts, it was not with me, for he confided to me before dinner that he never saw such a set of bores collected together—that the thing was damnable—and whenever he made any exertion at dinner, it was in addressing me at quite the other end of the table. As to bores, I don't know that they were particularly so. Lady Augusta Milbank, and Ciss Underwood, with such a profusion of gold bijouterie in all parts that nothing was wanting but something

* Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury.

† Marquess and Marchioness of Cleveland.

hanging from her nose. Sir Harry and Lady Grey, little Sussex, Vaux, Lords Dundas and Uxbridge,* Denman, Col. J. Hughes, Councillor Whateley, Admiral Codrington (a real bore), Mr. Creevey, and some others I think. I sat next to Denman,† and never was more surprised than to find him a feeble punster and as commonplace a chap in conversation as I ever saw in my life. As Suss‡ took to smoking, and Vaux from *ennui* did the same, I availed myself of my remote situation near a door, and whipt off before they went to coffee."

"Tower, May 18th, 1831.

"... I paid a visit to Lady Grey in her [opera] box. . . . She is always shy of giving political opinions except when alone; but upon my observing that, from what I heard, Brougham must be in his tantrums at present:—'I believe,' she said, 'he is *mad*.' As she and Lord Grey had been staying at Holland House, I asked how it had answered, and she said:—'As well as it could, sitting down 15 at dinner each day to a table that holds only nine.'—Can't you see her saying that? . . . Grey complains of giddiness, and no wonder, with all he eats and his little exercise."

"27th.

"... While I was riding in the Park yesterday, I received rather a smartish spat on my shoulder from an unseen stick. When I turned round and saw my assailant in quite an ultra fit of laughing, who do you suppose it could be? No other than our Prime Minister. . . . When I said of his royal master that every new thing I heard of him raised him higher in my opinion, he said:—'He is a prime fellow, is he not?' . . . I heard part of the King's letter to Lord Grey:—'The King considers it as most important in the present crisis of affairs to give some decisive proof of his unqualified confidence in Lord Grey, and for such a purpose he trusts Lord Grey will no longer

* Afterwards 2nd Marquess of Anglesey.

† Afterwards Lord Chief Justice, created Lord Denman in 1834.

‡ H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.

resist receiving from his hands the Order of the Garter, altho' that Order is now full; Lord Grey to be an Extra Knight, and the Order to be reduced to its proper number upon the first vacancy.'"

"30th.

"... I had an opportunity of seeing our own new knight, and very severe we were upon him for wearing his Garter upon pantaloons or trowsers—he who always makes so distinguished a figure in shorts and buckles."

"June 14th.

"... Well, Mull* tells me it is all settled about his father's peerage—Baron Sefton of Croxteth.†—There are only four others—Kinnaird one, which is a charming blow by our Sovereign to the Scotch peers who would not elect him one of the 16 representative peers."

"18th.

"... Rather sharp work this day 16 years ago at Waterloo and Brussels. . . . Lord Grey told Sefton that Lambton‡ made him both miserable and actually ill by his constant interference and persecution of him. . . . Charles Greville told me he was at Lady Jersey's when Wellington was there, the subject of conversation being the cholera morbus. Lady Jersey said to the Duke:—'You know what Lord Grey has done about it?'—'No.'—'He has given orders that all merchandise coming from the Baltic shall be instantly destroyed.'—'Oh impossible!'—'But I know it to be quite true.' Just at that time she left the room and the Duke availed himself of her absence to observe to Greville—'What damned nonsense Lady Jersey talks!' . . ."

"20th.

"... Yesterday I dined in Portland Place and went in the evening to Downing Street, where I found Tommy Moore at the pianoforte, playing and singing his own melodies; and very much delighted I was with his performance."

* Viscount Molyneux, afterwards 3rd Earl of Sefton.

† He was Earl of Sefton only in the peerage of Ireland.

‡ Lord Durham.

"25th.

"... I have been giving a curious receipt upon a curious subject. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Wm. Knighton have this day paid me £3,170 as executors of his late Majesty. The money is for tents erected upon that part of Windsor Park called the Virginia Water. The canvas composing the tents is from Ordnance stores, and as his Majesty was pleased to imagine that whenever he *took the field*, his Ordnance Department must supply him with tents, he never meant to pay for these articles. Tennyson, finding the amount of this job in his books, has demanded payment from the executors. . . . What think you of the payment of the artificers who put up these tents—four large and four small ones—being upwards of £2000 out of the £3,170? I think Knighton must have been one of these *artificers*. If such a sum can have been spent upon a few tents, what think you of the whole expenditure of the Virginia Water, Cottage, &c., &c.? Oh dear, oh dear! . . . Well our Reform Bill made its first appearance last night, and under most pacific circumstances. . . . Peel was very temperate."

"30th.

"... Our Earl [Sefton] is confined with the influenza (*la grippe*), and sent all over the town for me yesterday. . . ."

"July 6th.

"... I went to Arlington Street yesterday and found Lady Sefton, and was half inclined to put off dining there in order to be present at the Honorable [House], but she said I really should be of use, as Lord Sefton was still very unwell and very low, and that as Lord Grey and Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Bute were the only company, she *begged* me to come and help the party; so what, you know, could I do? The two Earls looked shockingly, and were still labouring under the *grippe*, and were as low as could be to begin with; but altho' I say it who should not, I never had a better benefit than I had in bringing them both about. It is not usual to amuse a Prime

Minister by jokes upon members of his own Cabinet ; but the 'Siamese youths' and the genteel comedy man Graham,* *with imitations*, stretched the veins in his forehead to their utmost, poor fellow. He said with the greatest innocence:—'Everybody told me there was nothing to be done without the two Grants,† and they have never been worth a farthing!'"

"9th.

"... We had a rum go of it in the H. of Commons last night in our division and *minority* about issuing the Liverpool writ. I never saw such feeble devils as our young Cabinet Ministers. . . . Lord Sefton is again very unwell and confined to the house. Halford, who had seen him to-day, is himself very unwell with this *grippe*, and he says the way he is hunted after by a succession of invalids under the same complaint, is really beyond!"

"11th.

"... I dine on Friday at Lord Melbourne's, Saturday at Lord Petre's, Sunday at Dowr. Sally's. . . . A card from Lady Jersey for Thursday—the first this season. Does she begin to think at last that she can't turn the Government out? or is it in return for Grey's civility in sending as he did to the Beau and Peel to beg their assistance at a Council about the intended Coronation. Charles Greville carried the message from Grey, and they both seemed much pleased, and said they would attend."

"Stoke, August 22nd.

"... I am very fond of Melbourne. There is an absence of all humbug about him and a frankness and good-humour that, in a Secretary of State, are charming. What a contrast to the wretched, feeble, artificial Roscius!"‡

* Right Hon. Sir James Graham [1792–1861], First Lord of the Admiralty.

† One Grant was the Right Hon. Charles Grant [1778–1866], afterwards created Lord Glenelg. He held office in Lord Grey's Cabinet as President of the Board of Controul. The other was Robert Grant, M.P., a Canningite, appointed Governor of Bombay in 1834.

‡ Marquess of Lansdowne.

The approaching Coronation caused the usual fierce competition and humiliating supplications for peerages, baronetcies, and such-like. The good offices of Creevey, as a member of the Government, were enlisted in many quarters. Here is a note from the Lord Chancellor referring to the claim of one of his friends who desired some genealogical particulars inserted in his patent of baronetcy.

Lord Brougham and Vaux to Mr. Creevey.

"DEAR C.,

"I return the letter of *Lady W[alsham]*. The insertion is wholly impossible. It is making the Crown and Great Seal a party to an assertion of pedigree, &c., &c., without a shadow of evidence, except their own assertion. For aught I can tell, there may be half a dozen people who say they are heirs-at-law of the 1661 man.

"Yours ever,
"H. B.

"H. Meux is grandson of an old baronet, and heir-at-law undeniably, and connected with the Blood Royal in two or three ways; but he has not the slightest allusion to it in his patent. Such things are never done for any of the idiots who think nothing so good as *nick-names*. I am sure *Lady W.* would have been far less pleased if her husband had made the best speech ever was made in Parlt., or her son had been Senior Wrangler. I hope the fools know it costs them above £1200. It is twice the price of a peerage."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Sept. 7th.

"... I returned to the Honorable, and was in at the death, thank God! of the Reform Bill Committee.

... Western can't be made a peer *at present*,* least Jack Tyrrell should supply his place in our house."

"Sept. 16, 1831.

"... Our Reform Report past last night without a division, and the only remaining stage is the 3rd reading of the Bill on Monday next, which it is calculated will occupy two, if not three nights. I am happy to say that our Earl Grey is as stout as a lion as to the result of the Bill in the Lords. If it is defeated, his mind is quite made up to prorogue for six weeks or two months—make a new batch of peers in the interval that shall be quite sufficient in number to secure the measure, and then start fresh with it. As Holland said to me the other day—if this bill is rejected, the question will be, will you have revolution or will you have a larger House of Lords? and a very sensible man he is, with quite as warm an attachment to his office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster as another person who shall be nameless to the Treasurership of the Ordnance!"

"Stoke, 20th.

"... Old Wickedshifts and I had a most agreeable duet to Stoke,† or at least within 3 miles of it, when he had fairly talked himself to sleep. . . . Sefton and I were more astonished at him than ever. By his conversation with old Talleyrand it appeared most clearly that Vaux had been intimately acquainted with every leading Frenchman in the Revolution, and indeed with every Frenchman and every French book that Tally mentioned. He always led in this conversation, as soon as Tally had started his subject. Our party altogether was a most agreeable one—Tally and the Dino, Esterhazy, M[*illegible*] his 2nd in command, Vaux, old Greville and Ly. Charlotte, Punch‡ and Henry, Alava, Luttrell and myself. . . . I got to the Honorable [House] before 12, when I found there had been a division; in short, the Bill read a 3rd time

* Mr. Western was made a peer in 1833.

† Brougham had taken Creevey down in his carriage from London.

‡ Charles Greville.

between 5 and 6 o'clock—a surprise, which did not serve the purpose which its wily authors intended !”

“ House of Commons, 22nd.

“. . . Johnny has taken up his child in his arms, followed by a rare tribe of godfathers, and old Brougham approached us with proper dignity, and taking it into his arms carried it to his place and told their lordships the name given to it by the Commons. Then Lord Grey having moved it to be read the first time, which was done, moved the 2nd reading for Monday week 2nd October, which was agreed to—not a word said.”

“ Brooks's, Sept. 23rd.

“. . . Let me mention a thing which Sefton told me when I was at Stoke. I was expressing some surmise about this late jaw respecting the Duchess of Kent's absence from the Coronation, and the cause of it, when, having according to custom bound me to secrecy, he said he would tell me all about it, having had it from Brougham. The offensive attack upon her for her absence, assigning pure pique as the cause of it, made its appearance in the *Times* newspaper, and this became food for all the others ; upon which B. sent his secretary Le Marchant to Barnes, editor of the *Times*, insisting upon knowing whose article it was, knowing as he did that it was pure invention. Barnes said it came from an authority that he implicitly relied on, but that he could not and would not give him up. Le Marchant, when he brought this report to B., gave it as his opinion that, if B. himself took Barnes in hand, the latter would strike. He was, of course, summoned accordingly, and having yielded to the thundering or seducing arguments of our Vaux, the libeller turned out to be no other than Henry de Ros, as at present Lord de Ros. It seems he and Barnes have been lately mixed up a good deal together at Paris, and this is the use de Ros has chosen to make of the connection. It is barely possible that de Ros may have believed this to be true, upon the authority of his sister, who, you know, is Maid of Honor to the Queen. . . . The object, however, both

of sister and brother was clearly to do the Duchess of Kent an injury, and by such means to please the King and Queen, particularly the latter, who is known to have somewhat adverse feelings to the Duchess. The thing, however, was utterly destitute of foundation, the Duchess of Kent having most respectfully asked the King for permission to absent herself on account of her child's health, and the King, in the most gracious manner, having greatly extolled her conduct for the reasons assigned by her.

"The Duchess of Kent wrote to her adviser, Vaux, in a strain of the greatest distress and vexation, but she is now pacified, and he has informed her of his discovery of the slanderer, but that he humbly requests of her R. Highness that she will not command him to disclose the author. In the mean time, as no one knows better how to turn any little matter to account than our Vaux, and as he knows that de Ros is to be a thorough-stitch opposer of our Reform Bill in the Lords, he sends for the innocent Leinster, and he states to him with unaffected regret that Lord de Ros has unfortunately compromised himself and character in an affair of great publick importance, and is entirely in the hands of the Government. Under such circumstances, Vaux requests the Duke to urge his kinsman with all his might to use every possible caution against this matter being made publick. Now was there ever? Do you think de Ros's vote will be withheld by this plot of Vaux's?"

"Brooks's, Oct. 6th.

"... What the result [of the division of the Lords] will be, no one knows, excepting this much, that their strength is in proxies, *i.e.*, in those who are rejecting the Bill without hearing it."

There is no mention in Creevey's letters of the result which took place on the 8th October. The Lords divided at six in the morning, throwing out the Bill by 199 votes to 158. A few days earlier, Macaulay had spoken the memorable words:—"I know only two ways in which societies can be governed—

by public opinion and by the sword ;" and immediately the reality of the alternative became apparent in the country. An agitation of violence, unparalleled since the Civil War, raged in every part of the kingdom, and the forces of the Crown proved unequal to cope with those of the populace in Bristol, Nottingham, and other places. Creevey paid a visit to Dublin during the autumn, in which it is not necessary to follow him ; observing, in passing, that his passage from Holyhead to Kingstown occupied "just sixteen hours, the average trip being six hours and a half." He was back in time for the meeting of Parliament on 6th December, it having been prorogued on 20th October.

CHAPTER X.

1832-1833.

THE year 1832 dawned upon a stricken field. The great battle for Reform seemed to have been fought and won. It is true that the forces upon each side were still in array upon their respective positions; the artillery of both was still discharging its thunder; but the majority of 162 by which the Bill had been carried before the Christmas adjournment had shattered the last hopes of the Opposition. Excursions and alarums continued when the House met again, but all men had made up their minds to the inevitable, and were casting about for some sure foothold under the new order of things. Nevertheless, the House of Lords, as it proved, were ready to renew the war.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Jany. 20th, 1832.

"... Oh dear! what a squeak we had last night. To come down to a majority of only 20. Sad work, gentlemen, sad work! However, it might have been worse, for the enemy to the last thought we were beat. We are bunglers when we quit the subject of Reform. . . . It is some comfort that in our other shop, the Lords, everything went well. Lord Grey had insisted on Lord Hill* voting against the Duke of Wellington, and he did so—looking very miserable."

* As Commander-in-chief, and therefore a member of the Government.

"30th.

"... Durham told me Tennyson * is moving heaven and earth to get the name of his office changed from 'clerk' to that of 'secretary' or anything else, alleging gravely as a reason that a very advantageous marriage for his eldest daughter had gone off, solely from the lover not being able to stand the lady's father being a *clerk*!"

"Feb. 13th.

"... Yesterday I dined in Arlington Street, with Talleyrand, the Dino, Lord and Lady Cowper, the Dukes of Devonshire and Argyll, Mulgrave and Charles Greville, and a very agreeable day we had, in spite of the total deafness of the D. of Devonshire."

"21st.

"We had a great go of it last night: 53 boroughs fell in succession without a fight. But there is still great division in the Cabinet about making peers, altho' Lord Grey has now the King's permission under *his own hand in writing* to use his own discretion in making whatever addition to the Peerage he thinks necessary. Brougham's illness seemed to affect his vigor of mind, and made him rather on the jib on this subject; but now he is himself again, and quite as vigorous as ever in his demand for new peers. Grey, Goderich, Holland and Lambton are on the same side, but there is a regular murrain in all the rest of the squad. . . . King Billy *hates* the peer-making, but as a point of honor to his ministers he gives them unlimited power."

"March 13th (my birthday).

"We had a great party in Downing Street last night, the Tories being at least 3 to 1 to us Whigs. I had a most agreeable conversation with Lord Grey, quite at his ease in a corner, and I beg to record the substance of part of it, that we may see how his predictions correspond with the event. I asked him how he felt about this Bill of his—did he feel confident he could carry the 2nd reading?—"Oh certainly.

* Clerk to the Board of Ordnance.

We shall be able to carry Schedule A—to give members to the great towns, and to carry the £10 qualification clause without any alteration.” I said I trusted he was not too sanguine about it, for that I never could believe it till I saw it; but that, if he proved to be right, he need not care about the loss of Schedule B or anything else, because a new Parliament would soon settle everything. . . . That he is under delusion in his expectations, I cannot yet bring myself to doubt. . . . You know that Earl Grey is 68 this day, and his faithful Treasurer [Creevey] 64. I reckon it a great honor to have been born on the same day of the year with him.”

“22nd.

“. . . Our case stands thus. Wood, Lord Grey’s secretary, and Wharncliffe went over their lists of the H. of Lords yesterday, and they lay down as law that the 2nd reading will be carried by—12!”

“Tower, March 24th.

“. . . Well, the Reform Bill closed *with us* last night. . . . I have been drawing on the bank to-day in favor of Cox and Greenwood for upwards of £50,000. Is it your opinion they will ever get as much from me again? My opinion is they will *not*. However, if I lose my office, I shall give up Downton, retire into the country, and write memoirs.”

“Bury St., 26th.

“. . . The Cabinet met yesterday and were *unanimous*. Thursday week was to be proposed for the 2nd reading in the Lords, instead of this day week, because in the interval all the supplies for the year can be voted, and if, after that, the 2nd reading is rejected or outvoted—that very hour Parliament is to be prorogued, and peers created to any requisite amount.”

“27th.

“. . . I am in much better heart about the 2nd reading in the Lords. Altho’ Wharncliffe and Harrowby have few or no followers, yet it is so evidently fright of the consequences that a second rejection of

this Bill may produce that influences them in their present course, that the same fright has very naturally found its way into other members of the Tory camp. . . . Howick told me his father [Lord Grey] had this very day received letters from six Tory peers expressing their intentions either to vote for the 2nd reading or to stay away, and thanking Lord Grey for not having carried this Bill by a new creation of Peers."

"April 2nd.

"... I have a card to dine with Lord Dudley for this day week, tho' it is said he is insane, and Halford told Sefton he was to be put under coercion this very day."*

"4th.

"Well, altho' I say it who should not, I really think I was very great at the Earl and Countess Grey's on Saturday. The party consisted of the Duke and Duchess of Sussex, who came together in the same carriage, and therefore their marriage could not be more distinctly announced; † Lord and Ly. Cleveland, Lord and Lady Morley, Lord and Lady Ponsonby, General and Lady Grey, Bulteel and Lady Churchill, Ellice, Sydney Smith and Mr. Creevey. As I opened the door for the ladies when they left the dining-room, Lady Cleveland said:—'How agreeable you have been!' When Lady Grey came last, she put out her hand and said:—'Oh thank you! Mr. Creevey; how useful you have been.' Lady Georgiana told me last night she had laughed out aloud in bed at one of my stories. . . . Such is my evidence of the success of a vain old man! . . . I don't suppose there could be a stricter or more cordial friendship than between Lady Morley and myself. She has a great deal of natural waggery, with overflowing

* Lord Dudley died in the following year.

† The Duke of Sussex married Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the 4th Earl of Dunmore, in 1793, but the marriage was dissolved in 1794 as being contrary to the Royal Marriage Act. Lady Augusta died in 1830, when his Royal Highness declared his marriage with Lady Cecilia, ninth daughter of the Earl of Arran, and widow of Sir George Buggin.

spirits, but she is more of a noisy man than a polished countess."

" 17th.

" . . . Albemarle just tells me he has seen the King often since the event, and that nothing can equal his ecstasies. He justly observes 'it is such a load off his mind.' He never slept a wink, he says, on Friday night till he learnt the result. To be sure, he ought to be pretty grateful to the jockey who rode and won the race for him."

The jubilation of the Reformers was brief indeed. The Bill, indeed, had passed the second reading in the Lords on 6th April by a majority of nine, but this was only by help of the Tory Lords Wharncliffe and Harrowby, and their slender following, who were known by the ominous title of the Waverers. Such a majority could scarcely impart sufficient momentum to the measure to carry it through committee; and, in effect, on the first evening after the Easter recess, the Government were beaten on Lord Lyndhurst's motion to postpone the clauses disfranchising the rotten boroughs.

Thereupon, on 8th May, Lord Grey advised the King to create so many peers "as might ensure the success of the Bill in all its essential principles." King William's enthusiasm for the measure had greatly cooled since the second reading; he refused to take the step recommended; and Lord Grey and his colleagues resigned on 9th May. His Majesty then commissioned the Duke of Wellington to form an administration. The Duke undertook to do so, on the understanding that he should bring in an extensive measure of Reform; but he utterly failed in the attempt to get Peel, Baring, and others to face work so contrary to their principles and past



Sir J. Lawrence P. R. A. Pinn.

Walker & Co. Wash. D. C.

Lady Grey.

professions. In the end, Lord Grey was induced to withdraw his resignation, and before the end of the month a fresh Whig Ministry was in office.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

“Bury Street, May 9th.

“. . . Ladies, I have lost my Tower! *C'en est fait de nous!* Dead as mutton, every man John of us, so help me Jingo! You see, after our defeat in the Lords on Monday, a Cabinet was summoned for that night and the next day. The result was Grey and Brougham going down to Windsor yesterday at 3 o'clock to ask the King to create a sufficient number of peers in order to recover their ground and so secure the Bill, or, if he would not do that, to accept their resignation. They did not return till eleven; but by means of my faithful and active enquirer, Sefton, who got to Crocky's a little past one, I found it was all over. The King had not even preserved his usual civility, had shown strong reluctance to the proposition, and concluded by saying Lord Grey should have his answer on Thursday. He did not even offer the poor fellows any victuals, and they were obliged to put into port at the George posting-house at Hounslow, and so get some mutton chops. . . . Sefton was with Brougham a little after nine this morning, and during his stay a letter came from Grey to B. enclosing the King's letter just received, in which his Majesty *accepts their resignation*. Let me not fail to add that Brougham, on having read it out aloud to Sefton, sprung from his chair and, rubbing his hands, declared that it was the happiest moment of his life! I dare-say, from his late debility, that what he said he felt. . . . Our beloved Billy cuts a damnable figure in this business, because he is clearly influenced by our defeat on Monday. He permitted the Duke of Cumberland to tell his friends that he would make no peers, and then the rats were in their old ranks again at once. All that *I* have to hope upon this occasion is that there will be the same dawdling in making out my successor's patent as there was in making out mine. I regret

certainly the loss of position and of doing agreeable things to myself with my official resources ; but it was quite an unexpected windfall to me, has lasted much longer than I expected, and the recollection of the manner in which it fell to my lot will always be most agreeable to me. And so there's an end of the business, and it will never affect me more."

"Tower, May 10th.

"... Our perfidious Billy was the outside of graciousity to Lord Grey at the levee yesterday, and said Geo. the 2nd could not have felt more bitterly at parting from Sir Robert Walpole, nor Geo. the 3rd at parting with Lord North, than he did at parting with Lord Grey. Damned easy said, was it not? As to our Bruffam, the King *implored* him three times over not to leave him, used every argument to convince him that he was not bound to go out, and that, by remaining, the greatest possible publick benefit would accrue to the country. Brougham, however, had no alternative but to tell him that it was most distressing to his feelings to be urged to separate himself from Lord Grey, with whose fate his own was irrevocably fix'd. The King tried his hand, too, upon the Duke of Richmond, who was equally firm. . . . Upon leaving the Palace on his return to Windsor, Billy got rather roughly treated by the people, both at his own door and at Hyde Park Corner and other places."

"House of C., 18th.

"... To-night really all *is* right. If you doubt it, take Althorp's communication to our House, viz. :— 'That the Government, having received securities for passing the Reform Bill, remain his Majesty's Ministers during pleasure.' This was followed by a most valuable declaration from Peel 'that he never would have joined the late attempted administration of the Duke of Wellington.' . . . Grey and Reform and the *Tower* for ever!"

"26th.

"One more day will finish the concern in the Lords, and that this should have been accomplished as it has

against a great majority of peers, and without making a single new one, must always remain one of the greatest miracles in English history. The conqueror of Waterloo had great luck on that day; so he had when Marmont made a false move at Salamanca; but at last comes his own false move, which has destroyed himself and his Tory high-flying association for ever, which has passed the Reform Bill without opposition. That has saved the country from confusion, and perhaps the monarch and monarchy from destruction."

"Tower, June 2nd.

"... In the House of Lords yesterday Grey, according to his custom, came and talked with me. It is really too much to see his happiness at its being all over and well over. He dwells upon the marvellous luck of Wellington's false move—upon the eternal difficulties he (Grey) would have been involved in had the Opposition not brought it to a crisis when they did. Their blunder he conceives to have been their belief that he would not resign upon this defeat on an apparent question of form. Thank God! they did not know their man."

"June 5th.

"... Thank God! I was in at the death of this Conservative plot, and the triumph of our Bill. This is the third great event of my life at which I have been present, and in each of which I have been to a certain extent mixed up—the battle of Waterloo, the battle of Queen Caroline, and the battle of Earl Grey and the English nation for the Reform Bill. If the Conservative press is aware that the Master-in-Chancery who carried this Bill from the Lords to the Commons was our Harry Martin, lineal descendant of Harry Martin the regicide, what a subject it will be for them tomorrow!"

"7th.

"... The Reform Bill passed by Commission—commissioners Lords Grey, Brougham, Durham, Holland and Wellesley."

"18th.

"... How do you think the Duke of Wellington has been treated on this anniversary of the battle of Waterloo? He went to call on Wetherell at Lincoln's Inn on horseback, and, being recognised, so large a mob assembled there and shewed such very bad temper towards him, that he was obliged to send for the police to protect him home, and he did accordingly return in the centre of a very large body of police and a mob of about 2000 people, hooting him all the way." *

"Tower, 27th.

"... Grey would not go to the Duke of Wellington's last night, tho' invited to meet the King; but he had an audience with the King during the day to apologise for so doing. Lady Grey, too, was at the Opera, instead of being with her King and Queen. How like them both! and yet I suppose it was wrong."

"Buxton, Sept. 9th.

"... I have been so lucky in picking up a play-fellow in Lady Wellesley. She sent me a message that she wished to renew her acquaintance with me; since which I have walked for an hour with her daily, and in my life I never found a more agreeable companion. She always asked me to come again the next day, and I franked all her letters for her. Miss Caton told me a very pleasant saying of King Billy about Lady Wellesley. When she was in waiting at Windsor, some one, in talking of Mrs. Trollope's book, said:—'Do you come from that part of America where they "guess" and where they "calculate"?'—

* The facts were not exactly as reported to Mr. Creevey. The Duke was returning from the Mint when the mob assembled. Attempts were made in Fenchurch Street to drag him from his horse, and in Holborn there was some stone-throwing. Four policemen—two on each side of his horse's head—escorted him to the end of Chancery Lane, down which the Duke turned and rode to Sir Charles Wetherell's chambers in Lincoln's Inn. The gate of New Street Square being closed behind him, the mob was kept at bay, while the Duke rode quietly out into Lincoln's Inn Fields and so home to Apsley House.

King Billy said :—‘ Lady Wellesley comes from where they *fascinate!* ’* *

“Stoke, Nov. 4th.

“ . . . Here are our Greys and Talleyrand and the Dino. . . . What an idiot I am never to have made myself a Frenchman. To think of having such a card as this old villain Talleyrand so often within one’s reach, and yet not to be able to make anything of it. I play my accustomed rubber of whist with him.”

Creevey’s retirement from Parliament was now imminent, for although Lord Radnor and other friends were anxious to find him a seat, and many proposals were made to him, things could not be so snugly arranged under the new order of things as had been possible in the good old days of pocket boroughs. Therefore, Lord Grey, Lord Sefton, and the rest of his many friends in the party now in power, concerned themselves to find him a comfortable billet outside Parliament.

“Brooks’s, Nov. 24th.

“ . . . I got a bothering, long-winded letter from Wood, stating how very anxious both Lord Grey and Althorp were to have every official man in the House of Commons, and, in short, giving me a very intelligible jog or hint that my place would be more usefully filled by a House of Commons man; and then a place for life was offered me in return which has just become vacant. And what do you suppose this place was? It is Receiver-General of the Isle of Man—salary £500 a year—residence in the said romantic island *nine* months only out of the twelve. . . . I said the Isle of Man as a *piece of humour* was everything I could wish, and I could only treat it in that way; that if Lord Grey wanted my place for the purpose of strengthening his Government in the House of

* Lady Wellesley was a daughter of Mr. Caton of Philadelphia, U.S.A.

Commons, it was quite at his disposal, with great obligations on my part for his manner of having given it me, and without asking for any terms whatever."

Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey.

"Nov. 24th.

"DEAR CREEVEY,

"I have been at work for you this morning, and am much satisfied with the result. Brougham says you cannot be left in the lurch, and laughs at the Isle of Man. Wood says, 'Very well: things must remain as they are at present, and we must try and find something that will suit him.' Ellis [? Ellice] was present: they both volunteered saying you had the first claim of *anybody*, and **MUST** be considered; that even if you had no place now, you wd. have irresistible claims both on *party* and *private* grounds. In short, you stand as well as possible, if you don't take the romantic line, of which I know by experience you are quite capable."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Bury St., Nov. 28th.

". . . Sefton said he did not wonder that I would not touch the Isle of Man, but it was the only thing they had then to offer, and that the applications for it were endless."

"1st Dec.

". . . Well, here goes for the last letter I shall ever frank; and what of that? We shall get others to frank for us, and Monday will be the last day I shall ever receive a letter free, except at the Tower.* Ah, Barry, my dear! there's the rub—the Tower, the dear Tower; how long shall we have it?"

* Members of Parliament enjoyed the privilege, not only of franking letters, but of receiving them without paying the postage which ordinary recipients had to do to the tune of from 10*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* according to distance.

"Dec. 5th.

"... Lord Grey has lost that one front tooth which has so long upheld his upper lip; but his face, tho' altered by it, is much less so than I should have expected; and his voice and manner of speaking not the least affected by it."

Intense curiosity prevailed as to the appearance of the reformed Parliament, and all the political memoirs of that time abound with impressions thereof. On the whole, the outward change was much less than most people expected—at least, as to the class of members returned. The position of parties, indeed, was of startling significance. For the first time in the history of Parliament the voice of the people had obtained articulate utterance, and its accents were a stern condemnation and rejection of those who had resisted Reform. The new House of Commons contained but 149 Tories against 509 Whigs and Liberals; but some of the extreme men who were returned found their level, much to their own surprise and those of their friends, considerably lower than they had anticipated. Such is the mysterious but irresistible atmosphere of the House of Commons in all ages.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Feb. 2nd, 1833.

"... The start the other day was most favorable for the Government. Hume boasted beforehand that he was sure of 100 followers; so that 31 only was a woful falling off. It seems to be put beyond all doubt that Cobbett can do nothing. His voice and manner of speaking are tiresome, in addition to which his language is blackguard beyond anything one ever heard of. O'Connell, too, was disgustingly coarse."

"9th.

"... It is made perfectly manifest by their first vote that the Reformed Parliament is not a *Radical* one, when Joe Hume and the Rt. Honble. Tennyson and all the O'Connells and all the Repealers, with Cobbett to boot, could only muster 40 against 400!"

"Tower, Feby. 28th, 1833.

"... What say you to the Duchesse de Berri's approaching accouchement? Young Bourmont is said to be the lucky lover. What a termination to all her heroism to save the Crown of France for her son! It is really too ridiculous: just the event to close the career of the Carlists."

"March 14.

"There has been most stormy work in the Cabinet for some time, and it has been with the greatest difficulty Grey and Althorp have submitted to Stanley's obstinacy about Irish tithes. The more violent Lambton I dare say would *not* submit, and he retires with an earldom, to cure his headaches, of course. What pretty physic! How delighted his colleagues must be that he is gone, for there never was such a disagreeable, overbearing devil to bear with in a Cabinet. . . ."

"April 10th.

"How are you all as to *Influenza*? Here it spares no one—man, woman, or child, and it is a decided epidemic. I can scarcely see out of my eyes for it at this moment. . . ."

"April 15th.

"There is an unfavourable account of Charles Grenfell, who is laid up at Stoke with this influenza. My lord and my lady [Sefton] arrived between 9 and 10 from Stoke on purpose to see Taglioni dance, but she was in bed with this complaint. There are seventeen servants at Stoke laid up with it, not one of whom can do a stroke of work."

" 18th.

" . . . Sefton is seriously annoyed at the terrible state in which Lord Foley's family have been left. They have been literally without bread of late. The present young lord, who is excellent, was induced by his father to make himself answerable for his father's debts, and will not have a farthing left. *She* has a jointure of £2,500 a year, and the younger children (7 in number) have £30,000 amongst them. The family estate was £40,000 a year, all of which is either gone, or must go. Was there ever such wickedness?"

" May 20th.

" . . . There is the greatest fuss about the turn-out at Sefton's to-day. I don't know if you remember a picture of Charles X. in the dining-room, sent to the Sefton's by the King himself. The Dino says it is absolutely impossible that the Duc d'Orleans can sit opposite that picture at dinner, and yet says that, in the situation of the Seftons, she would *die* rather than it should be taken away; so all she prays of them is that it may not be in the dining-room."

" 25th.

" . . . Would you believe it, that cursed Berkeley * has gone and married the woman he lived with, after his father behaving so beautifully as he did upon what he was led to consider their separation for ever. He settled £200 a year for life upon her, £100 upon the child, and all their debts paid; and yet, the day before yesterday, this colonel had the grace to announce to his father by letter from Gloucester that he is married, and that £600 is absolutely necessary to free him from fresh difficulties. Sefton told me he would have nothing to reproach himself for to the last, and he has sent him this £600. . . . I think for the purchase of the Lieut. Colonelcy of the 8th Hussars Sefton gave £11,000. I never could tell why, but he was certainly Sefton's favorite son, and a charming

* Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. George Berkeley Molyneux, 2nd son of the 2nd Earl of Sefton. In Burke's *Peerage* Colonel Molyneux's marriage with Mrs. Eliza Stuart is dated 1824.

return he has made him. . . . Yesterday I dined at Stanley's. Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Gordon were the only performers after dinner, and two more noisy vulgar fellows I never saw. Fitzroy Somerset, Kempt, McDonald and I settled them between ourselves afterwards."

"June 1st.

"... I had a great deal of Duncannon's two eldest daughters [at Lady Grey's party]. Lord Kerry was in close attendance upon the second, as it is said he always is, and I trust he will marry her." *

"Tower, June 12.

"I begin here, not from having anything to write about, but from pure affection to the spot. As soon as I see my four turrets come in view when I turn into Tower Street, I think what agreeable companions they have been to me, and I always hope they may continue so for a *little* longer.

"Here's the bower, the darling Tower,
The Tower that Rufus planted ;
Dear Norman King ! 'twas just the thing—
The thing that Creevey wanted.

"I'll tell you one project I wish my Tower to carry into execution for me. I have set my heart upon our all going to the Menai Bridge in the autumn. My allowance for going to Ireland gives me one pair of horses, and my place will easily give the leaders. So think of it, ladies, and gratify me by saying it shall be done, and it shall be called 'the Treat of the Tower.' . . . Our dinner in Arlington Street was quite as gay as if Berkeley had not disgraced himself as he has done—the Manvers's, George Ansons and de Ros's, with the usual list of dandies and swindlers (D'Orsay included)."

"15th.

"... We had a capital assembly at Lady Grey's, and I collected clearly that we are not going to resign, let the majority in the Lords against our Irish Church

* He did so within a year.

Reform Bill be what it may ; so *that* is all as it should be. The great stumbling-block before us is—will the Lords consent to the future reduction of the Irish Bishops. It is a bitter pill for them to swallow : I don't see how the English Bishops are to stand it ; and yet I am perfectly convinced that if that bill is flung out in the Lords, the *present* House of Commons, either in this very session or the next, will commence operations for dislodging the Bishops from the H. of Lords altogether ; and eventually they must succeed."

" 19th.

" . . . I met Brougham at dinner yesterday at Miss Berry's, and a most agreeable dinner we had. In addition to Brougham—Sydney Smith, Ld. and Ly. Lyttelton, Ly. Charlotte Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley (the member for Cheshire). She is a person greatly admired, a daughter of the late Lord Dillon. Ly. Lyttelton, you know, is a sister of Althorp's, and seemed quite as worthy, and in her dress as homely as he, tho' the Berry told me she was very highly accomplished. It was shortly after I came into Parliament that Ward* and Lyttelton† came into the H. of Commons, each with great academical fame and every prospect of being distinguished public men. Poor Ward, with all his acquirements and talents, made little of it, went mad and died. Lyttelton having married, and being very poor, could not afford to continue in Parliament ; and tho' he wanted little to enable him to do so, the meanness of Lord Spencer would not supply him with it, and he has been an exile almost ever since. Tho' grown very grey for his age, he is as lively and charming a companion as the town can produce, and they are said to be the happiest couple in the world."

" 20th.

" . . . I have just heard from Tavistock, who is undoubted authority, that we have agreed to modify the clause in our Church Reform Bill which was so offensive to the Lords, with the understanding that

* Afterwards 1st Earl of Dudley.

† Third Lord Lyttelton.

they are not to oppose the Bill. The consequence of this must necessarily be that, when the fight *does* come (and come it *must*, sooner or later) the Government will have so much less sympathy and support because of this surrender. However, if the *Tower* does but float till next session of Parliament, it is much more than ever I expected!"

" July 6th.

" I met Lady Holland again on Thursday at Lord Sefton's. She began by complaining of the slipperiness of the courtyard, and of the danger of her horses falling; to which Sefton replied that it should be gravelled the next time she did him the honor of dining there. She then began to sniff, and, turning her eyes to various pots filled with beautiful roses and all kinds of flowers, she said :—' Lord Sefton, I must beg you to have those flowers taken out of the room, they are so much too powerful for me.'—Sefton and his valet Paoli actually carried the table and all its contents out of the room. Then poor dear little Ly. Sefton, who has always a posy as large as life at her breast when she is dressed, took it out in the humblest manner, and said :—' Perhaps, Lady Holland, this nosegay may be too much for you.'—But the other was pleased to allow her to keep it, tho' by no means in a very gracious manner. Then when candles were lighted at the close of dinner, she would have three of them put out, as being too much and too near her. Was there ever?"

" Denbies, 15th.

" . . . This spot is one of the most beautiful I know. . . . I am in the second volume of poor Roscoe's *Lorenzo de Medici*. I read his *Leo* three or four years ago with great pleasure, and the present book with increased delight. I can scarcely conceive a greater miracle than Roscoe's history—that a man whose dialect was that of a barbarian, and from whom, in years of familiar intercourse, I never heard above an average observation, whose parents were servants (whom I well remember keeping a public house), whose profession was that of an attorney, who had



Lady Holland.

never been out of England and scarcely out of Liverpool—that such a man should undertake to write the history of the 14th and 15th centuries, the revival of Greek and Roman learning and the formation of the Italian [*illegible*]*—*that such a history should be to the full as polished in style as that of Gibbon, and much more simple and perspicuous—that the facts of this history should be all substantiated by references to authorities in other languages, with frequent and beautiful translations from them by himself—is really *too* ! Then the subject is to my mind the most captivating possible : one's only regret is that poor Roscoe, after writing this beautiful history of his brother bankers the Medici, should not have imitated their prudence, and by such means have escaped appearing in that profane literary work, the *Gazette* ! Oh dear ! what a winding up for his fame at last !”

“17th.

“ . . . You must know that for months past I have been firing into Ellice, and through him into Durham, for their joint patronage of Barnes, the editor of the *Times* newspaper ; being convinced that the vindictive articles in that paper against Lord Grey were written or dictated by Durham. . . . On Sunday I found that Lambton and Ellice have recently become at daggers drawn, and Ellice told me he had received such a letter of abuse from him in the Isle of Wight as had never been penned. The subject was nothing less than that he—Lord Durham—was *going to withdraw his proxy* from the support of Ld. Grey and his Government. Ellice admitted the connection between Durham and Barnes, and that the communications between them had been carried on by Lord Dover, just deceased. The said Durham, according to Ellice, is now Prime Minister to the Duchess of Kent and *Queen* Victoria, and they are getting up all their arrangements together in the Isle of Wight for a new reign ! You may remember that Durham was King Leopold's* right hand man when he was going to be King of Greece—drew all his State papers for him, and has always been his bottle-holder ever since. So nothing is more

* King of the Belgians : brother of the Duchess of Kent.

likely than his becoming first favorite with the Duchess of Kent and Victoria in a new reign."

"31st.

"Well, you see with what flying colours we finished our Irish Church Bill last night. A great body of the Tories are absolutely furious with the Beau—for what wd. you suppose? as two of them told me to my own self—*for want of pluck!*" *

"August 7th.

"... As I was walking in the streets, Lady Ciss, or Princess Ciss, passed me in her carriage, and immediately pulled up. She wished to know if I was disengaged, as the Duke [of Sussex] and she were going to dine quite alone, and they would be delighted if I would join them. Affable, was it not? in a royal dame."

Many and scathing had been Creevey's utterances and the expressions in his correspondence in derision of monarchs and monarchical institutions; but time and the sweets of office had done much to mitigate the democratic ardour of the former "Man of the Mountain." The crowning touch to his reconciliation with the Head of the Constitution as it was, was put by the hand of King William himself.

"Brooks's, August 9th.

"My dinner yesterday with my beloved Sovereign was everything I could wish, and more, indeed, than I had a right to expect. Jemmy Kempt, according to my request, sent his carriage for me after it had set him down at the Palace. My only very little doubt was whether I should not have gone in shorts and silk stockings instead of trowsers; and if I had, I should have been the only man in shorts in the room; so that, you know, was very well.

The Duke of Wellington disgusted his Tory followers by speaking and voting for the second reading of the Government's Bill for regulating the Protestant Church of Ireland.

"Well, after our being all assembled near half an hour, the doors were flung open, and in entered Billy, accompanied by his household; and, having advanced singly into the middle of the room, the company formed a great circle around him. As I was not very anxious to attract his attention after all my sins against him,* I placed myself in the 2nd row of the circle. The first thing he did was to call Sir James Kempt† to him as his bottle-holder for the occasion. I then heard him say to him:—'There are two officers in the room who have never been presented to me' (then mentioning their names which I did not hear), 'bring them here to me.' So accordingly the two officers were conducted into the centre of the circle, dropt upon their marrow-bones, and kissed hands.

"Our beloved then said something else to Kempt which I could not hear; but the General immediately looked about with all his eyes for his man; and I am sure you will all partake of Nummy's‡ surprise when Kempt, having discovered me, said:—'Creevey, the King wishes to speak to you;' and I was conducted likewise into the middle of the circle. Then the King, in the prettiest manner, said:—'Mr. Creevey, how d'ye do? I hope you are quite well. It is a long time since I had the pleasure of seeing you. Where do you reside, Mr. Creevey?' Now, would you believe it? this was the only thing of the kind that took place. After this he went a little round the circle, talking to officers. I heard him ask General Bingham where he had lost his arm, and such kind of things.

"My Scotch master, Jemmy,§ was so touched with the King's civility to myself that he came afterwards to me and said:—'Upon my soul, Creevey, after the King's gracious behaviour to you to-day, you *must* come to the next levee; for you never do go, and he

* Creevey, as a Radical member, had not been accustomed to speak respectfully of the Duke of Clarence, and had voted steadily against the royal grants.

† General the Right Hon. Sir James Kempt [1764-1854], commanded the 8th Brigade at Waterloo.

‡ One of Creevey's pet names in his family.

§ Speaker Abercromby.

has often asked me after you.' Can you solve this behaviour to me? Was it a reproach for never doing my duty in waiting on my Sovereign? or does he think I have any scruples at coming near him after my behaviour to him and his brothers, and that he wishes to remove them? At all events, I consider it as *most curious*, and as long as my Royal Master lives, and I live to wear my present uniform coat, he shall never have to say that I absent myself from his levee, whether in or out of office. . . . I had a most agreeable dinner. To be sure, the King's speeches, and the length of each, were *beyond*; but he is so totally unlike what we remember him—not a single joke or attempt at any merriment—as grave as a judge in everything he does, and as if he took a sincere interest in all he was saying—in short, he made himself a real *pet* of mine. . . . When I told Brougham, whom I sat next at Althorp's at dinner on Saturday, of the King's speech to me, he said it was the image of him as the best-natured and kindest-hearted man in the world, and that it was clearly meant to show me that he had no resentment or recollection, even, of any former personal hostilities from me, and that I had no occasion to avoid him. What the opinion of so *sincere* a creature as B. is worth is one thing; but I really think one can't find out another meaning for Billy's conduct. If it is the real one, never was a Sovereign so kind and condescending."

"15th.

"The Earl [of Sefton] called and took me to the levee yesterday in his fat London coach, sitting with his back to the horses, and giving Mr. Treasurer the post of honor, and so home again to Mrs. Durham's * great delight. My Sovereign only said:—'How d'ye do, Mr. Creevey?'—I did not expect more. It was a very slender levee, but I had an agreeable playfellow in Lord Grosvenor, *ci-devant* Belgrave,† and Lord Grey came to me just after I had passed the King, saying in his prettiest manner:—'Creevey, I have not seen you for an age!'"

* Creevey's landlady.

† Afterwards 2nd Marquess of Westminster.

CHAPTER XI.

1833.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Stoke, August 19th, 1833.

"Brougham, Plunket, Chas. Greville and Sefton have gone to town, and I am to entertain Lord John Russell who stays to dinner to-morrow. I am just going to ride with him and the ladies; and, by Sefton's desire, to write my name at the Castle [Windsor]. Next Wednesday is the King's birthday, when there is a great dinner there. The Seftons have got their invitation; so we shall see if I am equally successful in my *meanness*. Don't you think I am become too great a toady of Royalty?"

"Tower, 31st.

"... I am reading the newly published correspondence between Horace Walpole and Sir Horace Mann, his earliest friend and Minister at Florence. Considering who the writer was, and his position, the book can't fail of being interesting—very—but he is a trifling chap after all. . . ."

Lady Louisa Molyneux to Mr. Creevey.

"Stoke, Sept. 3, 1833.

"... We do not hear much of cholera in this neighbourhood, but all the sherry in the cellar is drunk, and Reeves has been obliged to ask for a fresh supply; he cannot get people to drink his French wines, entirely from fear of cholera. . . ."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

“Stoke, Sept. 5th.

“. . . I have for the first time boarded an omnibus, and it is really charming. I quite long to go back in one to Piccadilly. . . . Monday brought all Europe under our humble roof at Stoke—at least the great powers of it by their representatives. There was England *well* represented by Earl Grey, with my lady, Ly. Georgiana and Charles; France by Talleyrand and the Dino; Russia by the Prince and Princess Lieven; Austria by Esterhazy, with the addition of Weissenberg, the Austrian delegate to the Conference; and Prussia by Bulow. But the female Lieven and the Dino were the people for sport. They are both professional talkers—artists quite, in that department, and the Dino jealous to a degree of the other. We had them both quite at their ease, and perpetually at work with each other; but the Lieven for my money! She has more dignity and the other more grimace. . . . The Greys had just come from Windsor Castle. Lady Grey, in her own *distressed* manner, said she was really more dead than alive. She said all the boring she had ever endured before was literally nothing compared with her misery of the two preceding nights. She hoped she never should see a mahogany table again, she was so tired with the one that the Queen and the King, the Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Augusta, Madame Lieven and herself had sat round for *hours*—the Queen knitting or netting a purse—the King sleeping, and occasionally waking for the purpose of saying:—‘Exactly so, ma’am!’ and then sleeping again. The Queen was cold as ice to Lady Grey, till the moment she came away, when she could afford to be a little civil at getting quit of her. . . .

“We asked Lord Grey how he had passed his evening: ‘I played at whist,’ said he, ‘and what is more, I won £2, which I never did before. Then I had very good fun at Sir Henry Halford’s expense. You know he is the damnedest conceited fellow in the world, and prides himself above all upon his scholarship—upon being what you call an *elegant* scholar; so he would repeat to me a very long train of Greek

verses ; and, not content with that, he would give me a translation of them into Latin verses by himself. So when he had done, I said that, as to the first, my Greek was too far gone for me to form a judgment of them, but according to my own notion the Latin verses were very good. "But," said I, "there is a much better judge than myself to appeal to," pointing to Goodall, the Provost of Eton. "Let us call him in." So we did, and the puppy repeated his own production with more conceit than ever, till he reached the last line, when the old pedagogue reel'd back as if he had been shot, exclaiming:—"That word is *long*, and you have made it *short*!"—Halford turned absolutely scarlet at this detection of his false quantity. "You ought to be whipped, Sir Henry," said Goodall, "you ought to be whipped for such a mistake." . . . At dinner Lady Grey sat between Talleyrand and Esterhazy. I, at some little distance, commanded a full view of her face, and was sure of her *thoughts*; for, as you know, she hates Talleyrand, and he was making the cursedest nasty noises in his throat."

Lady Louisa Molyneux to Mr. Creevey [in Ireland].

"Stoke, Oct. 30th.

". . . There never was such weather ; we are sitting with open windows, blinds down, and old Lady Salisbury is reading out of doors as if it was the middle of July. She is more youthful than ever, and leaves us to-morrow to be at the Berkhamstead ball, which she attends annually. She had better go to Portugal and assist Miguel, for she makes a better fight for him than any of his adherents. . . . Poor Alava writes in great uneasiness about his *patrie*, but does not forget to finish his letter with *mille choses à toute la famille et à Creevey*. . . . Olivia de Ros's marriage* was a grand ceremony, the chapel† hung with crimson velvet, the bride dressed by the Queen, the parish register signed by the King, the Queen and Duke of Wellington ; quantities of royal presents, &c.

* To the Hon. Henry Wellesley, who succeeded his father as Lord Cowley, and was created Earl Cowley.

† St. George's, Windsor.

... The Stanleys have been here for a day. He* made himself tolerably agreeable, except in his extreme flippancy to Lord Melbourne."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Besborough, Nov. 3rd.

"... I wish to record a point or two of political history not generally known. When Lord Grey determined upon beginning his administration by a reform in Parliament, he named Lord Durham, Lord John Russell, Lord Duncannon and Sir James Graham as the persons to prepare a bill for that purpose; and they *did* prepare *the* bill, of which Lord Grey knew not one syllable till it was presented to him all ready, cut and dry. When he had read it, he shrugged up his shoulders, and gave it as his opinion that the King would never stand it. However, upon his taking it to Brighton the King showed no decided hostility to it; and, as we know, *Lord Grey's* measure of Reform was ultimately carried. It was towards the conclusion of the labors of this committee of four that Ld. Durham's anger became first excited. Lord Grey, to please the Duke of Richmond, added him to the four other committee-men; a step that in itself gave great umbrage to Durham. From that day forth, he and the Duke fought like cat and dog. The next thorn in Durham's side was Stanley. They were always opposed to each other upon Church matters; and when the Church Bill of the latter was brought forward last session, Durham addressed to the Cabinet his strictures thereon (and very able and severe they were) accompanied by a complaint that he—Durham—had not been consulted. These the Cabinet forwarded to Stanley without observations (was there ever such child's play?). Stanley was equally fierce in reply. . . . At a Cabinet dinner shortly after, this hitherto latent fire came to a blaze between these worthies. Poor Grey attempted at least to assuage it; but, as he unfortunately rather leaned to Stanley, upon the ground of Durham never coming to the Cabinet, Durham fell upon him with all his fury, said that he

* Afterwards 14th Earl of Derby [Prime Minister].

was the last of men that ought to have made that charge, knowing as he did that the cause of his absence was devotion to his dying child, and then went on to say that Grey had actually been the cause of the boy's death. . . . Poor Althorp put his head between his hands and never took them away for half an hour. It was this frightful scene that produced the resignation of Durham, tho' he had been long brooding over it.

"Let me give you another specimen of the manner in which our great men govern us. Lord Anglesey said to Duncannon at Dublin:—'Mr. Stanley and I do very well together as companions, but we differ so totally about Ireland that I *never mention the subject to him!*'* Anglesey then showed Duncannon a written statement of his views respecting Ireland, which he said he had sent to Lord Grey. Duncannon says nothing could be better, and he asked him why he had not addressed it to the Cabinet.—'Oh,' said Lord Anglesey, 'I consider myself as owing my appointment exclusively to Lord Grey, and don't wish to communicate with any one else.' When Duncannon talked to Grey on the same subject, Ld. G. said he was apprehensive of offending Stanley by laying these opinions of Anglesey's before him. Now which do you think of all these gentlemen deserves the severest flogging. Duncannon says that both Grey and Althorp entirely agree with him in opposition to Stanley about Irish matters, and that both one and the other avoid touching upon the subject to Stanley, *lest they should offend him.*

"One more point of private political history. Brougham has again and again in my presence taken merit to himself for his firmness in insisting upon the dissolution of Parliament when the Government was beat upon Gascoigne's motion in 1831.† The facts of that case are as follows. On the day after that division, Duncannon dined at Durham's with

* Lord Anglesey was for the second time Lord Lieutenant (1830-33), and Stanley was Secretary for Ireland under the Home Office.

† When Ministers were left in a minority of 22 on General Gascoigne's motion against reducing the number of members for England and Wales.

Lord Grey and others. Durham was furious for dissolution; Grey and the others became of the same opinion, and that it must take place the very next day. Grey sent a messenger out of hand to Windsor, begging the King to be in town next day at eleven. He then sat down to write the King's speech for the occasion, and begg'd Duncannon to get a coach, and to go and bring the Clerk of the Council and Brougham there directly. When Duncannon arrived at Brougham's house, the servant said my lord was going to bed and could not be seen. However, as you may suppose, Duncannon forced his way up; but Brougham, when informed of what was passing, said he would be no party to the proceeding—that he entirely disapproved of it, and should go to bed directly, adding *that he had never been consulted*. However, I need not say that he went, and that he made up for the affront of never being consulted by giving out that it was his own act and deed."

"Bury St., Saturday, Nov. 16th.

"I am only just this instant (5 o'clock) arrived in the same cloathes in which I wrote to you from Dublin on Thursday. Barry, my dear, if any sensible, well-informed man shall ever tell you that a new channel is discovered from the Irish Sea to the Mersey, thro' which Irish steamboats of all dimensions may always pass, let the state of the tide be what it will—tell such a philosopher that *he lies*, and that the truth is not in him; for, having had the most charming and successful and swiftest passage of the season up to 4 o'clock yesterday morning, so as to expect to be in by 5, it was discovered there was not water enough for us to proceed. We were shifted at that pleasant hour into another steamer drawing less water, and even for this we soon found there was not enough, and so had to undergo the agreeable ceremony of lying at anchor for upwards of 3 hours, and did not reach Liverpool till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, too late for the early coaches."

"19th.

"Amongst the many instances one has known of London gossip, jaw and gullibility, my Irish fame is

no bad specimen. When I went to Whitehall on Saturday, poor Mrs. Taylor began:—‘And so, Mr. Creevey, there is no living in the Castle at Dublin without you; so, I assure you, General Ellice writes to every one.’—When I saw Sefton the same night he said:—‘Grey has a letter from Wellesley * in which he says you are the most agreeable fellow he has seen for ages, and that your visit to them has been most valuable.’—Col. Shaw, a belonging of Wellesley’s in India of 30 years’ standing, whom I saw for the first time in Dublin, writes word that ‘Mr. Creevey by agreeableness has greatly contributed to Ld. Wellesley’s happiness, and to *his years!*’ . . . A note from Lady Grey yesterday says:—‘Pray, *pray!* dear Mr. Creevey, dine here on Friday.’ In the course of the morning Esterhazy came after me to dine with him yesterday, and Kempt has been here this morning to invite me for Thursday. Sefton had a letter from Brougham and Vaux from Brighton, begging him to secure Creevey for dinner to-day.”

“Tower, Nov. 23.

“. . . I never was so much struck with the agreeableness of Lord Holland. I don’t suppose there is any Englishman living who covers so much ground as he does—biographical, historical and anecdotal. I had heard from him before of the volumes upon volumes he still has in his possession of Horace Walpole’s, entrusted to him by Lord Waldegrave, which Lord Holland advises the latter never to allow to be published, from the abusive nature of them; but I was happy to hear him add that there was no saying what *circumstances* might induce a man to do; so it is quite clear that, with Lord Waldegrave’s wonted [*illegible*], the abuse will some day see the light. I never knew before that Horace was not the son of Sir Robert Walpole, but of a Lord Hervey, and that Sir Robert knew it and shewed that he did.

“My lady [Holland] was very complaining, and eating like a horse. Lord Holland quite well, and yet his legs quite gone, and for ever—carried in

* Lord Wellesley had succeeded Lord Anglesey as Lord Lieutenant.

and out of the carriage, and up and down stairs, and wheeled about the house. . . . You mentioned seeing Berkeley Molyneux* and his *Pop*. The other day, his sisters told me that when he was at Croxteth lately on a visit to Mull,† old Heywood took him into a corner of the room and put £500 into his hand, and I have no doubt will leave him a handsome fortune. He was always his favorite, and he must have a fellow feeling for him, for he himself adopted a London Pop imported into Liverpool by an old fellow I well remember, and when he died old Arthur took her and was married to her many years before her death. As she was a remarkably good kind of woman, he may perhaps think that Berkeley's tit may be the same."

"Brooks's, Nov. 24th.

"... Yesterday at the Hollands we had Lord Grey and Lord J. Russell, Charles Fox and Lady Mary, Henry and his little bride,‡ Sidney Smith, John Ponsonby (Duncannon's eldest son)§ and Ellice the elder. Lady Holland introduced me to Henry's wife in a very pretty manner as one of Henry's oldest and *kindest* friends. The said Lady Augusta I consider as decidedly under three feet in height—the very nicest little doll or plaything I ever saw. She is a most lively little thing apparently, very pretty, and I dare say up to anything, as all Coventrys are, or at least *have been*. . . . I can scarcely believe the story of Lady Jersey and Palmerston, tho' it was very current that, when Lady Cowper went abroad, Palmerston transferred his allegiance to Lady Jersey."¶

Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey.

"Croxteth, Nov. 26th.

"DEAR CREEVEY,

"Pray write everything you hear. What do you think of the rumours of changes? Somehow or

* Second son of the 2nd Earl of Sefton.

† Lord Molyneux, his elder brother.

‡ Henry Fox, afterwards 4th Lord Holland, married in 1833 Lady Mary Augusta, daughter of the 8th Earl of Coventry.

§ Afterwards 5th Earl of Bessborough.

¶ Lord Palmerston married the Countess Cowper in 1839.

another I feel that things are not quite right and that Grey's long absence was injurious. He certainly seemed rather bitter about Palmerston's intimacy with Ly. J[ersey], and I think with reason. Thank God she is gone, and that she was reduced to take [Sir Robert] Wilson as an escort. . . . Stanley has had several fainting fits, but is much better. They say it is stomach. If anything was to happen to him, what would become of us in the H. of C.?"

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"28th.

"... I dined at Essex's again yesterday—company, Spring Rice, Chas. Grant, Sydney Smith, another and myself. Sydney thanked me in the name of mankind for the successful resistance I had made to Old Madagascar * at dinner on Sunday. He said he had never seen Ld. Grey laugh more heartily in his life, and then he told the whole story to Essex and Co."

"Dec. 7th.

"At Essex's yesterday we had Lord Grey, Melbourne and Palmerston; and of the minor poets—Spring Rice, Poulet Thomson, Luttrell and myself. Althorp was prevented coming by the gout. . . . Ld. Grey seems to have changed his opinion all at once about Talleyrand and the Dino. He said he had no doubt they were both against him and in favor of Wellington, which is the entire reverse of the opinion I had heard him uniformly express on the same subject."

Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey.

"Croxteth, Dec. 14th.

"... What you say about Ld. Grey's change of tone towards Talleyrand is quite intelligible to me. I trace it entirely to Lady Keith, who has great influence over the whole Grey family, and is in constant correspondence with them. She is in great habits of intimacy with the D. of Orléans—has the ear

* Lady Holland.

of the Court, and hates Talleyrand. Her object is to get him recalled, and to replace him by her husband [*illegible*]. She thinks making him and Ld. Grey ill together would drive Talleyrand to resign. I can tell you, in corroboration of this, that Monsr. de Bacourt told me that nothing wd. contribute more to decide T. to return here than Ld. Grey's shewing a decided anxiety for it, and at his suggestion I got G. to write a most kind and pressing letter to T., representing the importance he attached to his coming back, both with a view to keeping up the friendship between the two countries, and to the settlement of the Dutch business. . . . Ly. Jersey is now living in great intimacy with Louis Philippe and the D. of Orléans, so if these two * don't do mischief, it will not be for want of pains."

"22nd.

" . . . I must just give you an extract from a letter of Mme. de Dino's this moment arrived :—' Sans une très excellente lettre de Ld. Grey, je ne crois pas que M. de Talleyrand se serait décidé à retourner dans votre chère Angleterre.' She has no idea that I was the cause of that letter, and never will. Bacourt will keep it to himself. The whole effect would be spoiled by their knowing it."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Richmond, Dec. 24, 1833.

"I dined at Essex's on Saturday. The feature of the day was *Parks*,† a Birmingham attorney of whom I had heard much, but had never seen before. He is, in truth, a very remarkable man in every respect. He is mix'd up with all classes—Church, Chapels and State; and as well, or better, calculated for utility than any man I know or have heard of. He is Secretary to the Corporation Commission, and all the beneficial results of that most judicious and successful measure are attributable to him. He has great influence in the Trade Unions; he is a prime leader of the Dissenters.

* Lady Jersey and Lady Keith.

† Joseph Parkes [1796–1865], who acted as go-between with Whigs and Radicals; an energetic organiser and demagogue.

It was a curious thing to hear a provincial attorney observe that the Liturgy of the Church had not been altered for 200 years, and that he was perfectly convinced that a very slight alteration in it would let in all the leading Dissenting establishments. He is most decidedly for this union. . . . I did nothing but fire into Lord Grey all dinner-time on Sunday about this said Parks; and, to say the truth, I found the soil quite ready for a strong impression. He said that, from all he had heard of him, he had formed a great opinion of him, with a strong desire to see him; and then he got on to say that he *would* know him; upon which our dear Lady Grey, in a tone and manner quite her own, said:—‘I hope there is no *Mrs.* Parks!’—Is it not the image of her?

“... We expect to hear to-day of James Brougham’s death. There is much speculation abroad whether the event will drive the Chancellor mad. It is quite true that his brother’s influence over him was as unbounded as it was miraculous, for no one ever discovered the slightest particle of talent in James of any kind. That he was his secret instrument, spy or anything else upon every occasion, I am quite sure.”

Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey.

“Croxteth, Dec. 30th, 1833.

“I cannot resist sending you another extract from a letter from Me. de Dino received yesterday. I particularly wished to know if she had seen the Flahauts at Paris. Now you must know that nothing could exceed Talleyrand’s kindness to Flahaut all his life. He has been his patron and protector—in short, a father to him.* Thus she writes:—‘Je n’ai rien vu du tout des Flahaut. Le mari n’a pas même mis une carte chez M. de T. Il les a recontré aux Tuileries, ou Monsr. de Flahaut n’a pas même salué. Cela a fait dire un très joli mot à Monsr. de Talleyrand, à qui on demandait l’explication de l’impolitesse de Monsr. de Flahaut. “C’est que je l’ai apparemment mal élevé!” Nothing could be neater.”

* People said he was *literally* his father.

CHAPTER XII.

1834

CREEVEY was no longer in Parliament, but he had a heartwhole devotion to Lord Grey, whose fortunes he followed with intense solicitude and pride. Fierce, then, was his wrath against those who brought about his retirement, especially against Brougham, for whom he could find no more fitting sobriquet than "Beelzebub." Retrenchment was marching hand in hand with Reform, and among the doomed offices was Creevey's comfortable department of Treasurer of the Ordnance. It is amusing to find him who had so vehemently clamoured in Opposition for the suppression of patent places, now denouncing as vehemently the action of the Commission then sitting for carrying out that very policy.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Brooks's, Feb. 12th.

"I dined at the Hollands on Saturday, where I suppose the party was meant to be wits and men of letters, with the exception of Essex, who is neither. Rogers and sister, Tommy Moore, Luttrell, Hallam the historian and Creevey the pamphleteer. When Lord Holland was wheeled in after dinner, he was lodged on my right side, and was as agreeable as ever he could be. I have been quite surprised of late at the endless variety of his conversational matter."

"Feb'y. 14th.

"I was walking through St. James's Park to-day and seeing Lord John Russell mounting his horse at the Paymaster's door, I went up merely to have a word with him about Graham's ridiculous conduct in the House last night.* He put out his hand saying:— 'Ah! Treasurer, how d'ye do?' to which I replied:— 'Ah! Treasurer for how long?' He laughed and said nothing. Now, as he never called me treasurer before, and he *must* know if the place is to live only a few weeks longer, he surely could not have addressed me in this way as a joke."

"May 3rd.

"... Poor old Lady Grey† little thought what would become of her money. She left all she had to Lady Hannah,‡ and she again left it to her son, the young Bear. He, being a very aspiring young man of fashion, has formed a connection with Duvernay the opera dancer, to whom he has paid £2000 down, and has contracted to pay her £800 a year! The dear young creatures were seen going down in a chaise and four to Richmond. Capt. Gronow, the M.P. and duellist, negotiated the affair for the young Bear§ with the dancer's parents."

"May 7th.

"... I thought the Beau looked horridly at the levee; but his uniform of the Blues plays the devil with him. He should be always in red. You will see by your paper that there was a split last night in our Cabinet, between Stanley and Lord John Russell—the latter, of course, declaring for more popular and

* Sir James Graham, Mr. Stanley, Lord Ripon, and the Duke of Richmond had resigned office owing to disapproval of the Irish Church Bill.

† Wife of the 1st earl, died in 1822.

‡ Her youngest daughter, married 1st to Captain Bettesworth, R.N., 2nd to the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, M.P. She died in 1832.

§ Edward Ellice, afterwards of Invergarry and M.P., married in 1834 Miss Katherine Balfour of Balbirnie, who died in 1864. In 1867 he married the widow of Alexander Speirs of Elderslie, and died in 1880.

healing measures towards Ireland. . . . Tavistock* told me he had long seen this split would come, but that he did not think the crisis was come for absolute separation between the different parties in the Cabinet, tho' he thought it *must* come if Stanley and others did not relax. I am for having Stanley severely whipped: it would do him a power of good. . . .

"When I was at Sefton's to-day he said:—'I have a proposition to make to you, old fellow, which is that you dine here every day that you are not engaged elsewhere.' To which I was pleased to accede, and behaved very handsomely by declaring that I did not consider the contract as binding for any year after the present one, without a renewal on his part of the proposal."

"8th.

"Our Government was in the greatest danger all yesterday. John Russell's gratuitous opinion and declaration of secession in the House of Commons the night before, if the revenues arising from the Irish Tithes Bill were not left to the appropriation of Parliament, roused all the fire of those in the Cabinet who contend that such revenues are to be applied exclusively to ecclesiastical purposes. The indignation of the latter party was the greater, because it was understood, and John Russell had particularly stipulated not to raise that question. Stanley actually resigned yesterday, and his bottle-holders are Pighead Richmond and Canting Graham. . . . However, at a Cabinet meeting, Lord Grey having announced his fixed intention of retiring at once from publick life if the whole was not instantly made up, and old Wickedshifts having made some very judicious threats of opposing and exposing with all his might any Government but the present one in its present formation, the thing was at last settled in peace and harmony, and nothing more is to be said about *appropriation*, till there is something to appropriate, which can't be for a year at least. . . . Grey told them that the conduct of the King had been so uniformly kind and gracious

* Afterwards 7th Duke of Bedford, eldest brother of Lord John Russell.

to him, and Grey knew so well the difficulties he [the King] would have to encounter in forming a new Cabinet, that he thought it would be very dishonorable to desert him, if it could be avoided. . . . Brougham said to Sefton:—‘I followed Grey, and I observed that I was very differently situated from my friend Lord Grey—that, while he considered his political life as closing, I considered my own as only just beginning—that I never felt younger or more vigorous—that, from the moment the present Government was broken up, all my occupation and resources should be devoted to destroying *any other one*—that there was nothing I would not undertake to accomplish that object—that I would attend all political meetings out of Parliament, publick and private, and that from the present temper of the publick, which I well knew, I was as sure as I was of my existence that *no* Government but an ultra-Liberal one, both in Church and State affairs, would be endured for a week. . . . Of course,’ he continued, ‘you will see my object was to frighten the damned idiots Stanley and Co. from attempting by themselves, or be coalescing with Peel and Co., to set up a Church government; and I think I did so.’ . . . Was there ever such a chap in the world as Wickedshifts? Who do you think dined with him yesterday?—The Duke of Gloucester, and no other man!”

“Stoke, 18th.

“. . . I hope never again to assist at such a *blue* dinner as at Rogers’s on Friday. Bobus Smith and old Sharpe* were really *too*—not a moment’s intermission—not even little John Russell could get in his little observations, much less his brother William, whom I would willingly have examined as to affairs in Portugal, where he has so long resided, and latterly as our ambassador. I never was so sick of learning as Bobus and the Hatter made me that day. . . . Our Earl and Countess [of Sefton] have left about an hour ago in a *gig*, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford at Woburn, 38 miles off; having two horses stationed on the road besides the one they started with. Since they went, it has rained cats and dogs,

* Richard Sharp [1759–1835], commonly known as “Conversation Sharp.”

and they in a gig without a head! This, as I say to Lady Louisa, is *ennui* in fine people tired of being at the top of the tree, and wanting to see what is at the bottom. How the servants must grin!"

" 27th.

"... Since I last wrote, our Government has been in a state of dissolution, and altho' my mind was perfectly prepared to lose my Tower, and I should have borne the loss better than many a richer man, still it was not a very agreeable state of things to write about. Now, however, I believe I may say all danger *for the present* is over. Stanley, Graham and the Duke of Richmond have resigned to-day. The difficulty has been to make Lord Grey go on with the Government, and to a late hour last night I saw letters under his own hand saying nothing should induce him to do it; but our Billy has forced him to go on, whether he will or no."

" Brooks's, May 29th (King Charles's Restoration and Minister Charles's *aussi*).

"I dined yesterday at Stanley's, with Johnny Russell by his side, and it was all very well. . . . All the offices were to be filled to-day. Think of young Cole * Secretary of State for the Colonies! Abercromby *vice* Stanley! Oh dear, oh dear! . . . I continue to dine out daily according to custom. We had a great day on Sunday at 'dear Eddard's,' with our Chancellor in the character of lover to Mrs. Petre, tho' Lady Grey tells me this lover is dead-beat by Palmerston. Was there ever? I dine with Fergy to-day to meet the Cokes and Abercromby, but *not* as Secretary of State for the Colonies, for all is settled, and no mention of young Cole. Auckland first Lord of the Admiralty!!! Was there ever? Spring Rice the Colonies! Ld. Carlisle Privy Seal; Mulgrave, it is probable, the Post Office, Ellice in the Cabinet with his present office. I am very glad of this last arrangement, because he is the most courageous bottle-holder Lord Grey could have. I dine to-morrow

* The Right Hon. James Abercromby.

at Sefton's with Brougham only; next day at Praise-God Barebones Fitzwilliam's."

"May 30th.

"... Very agreeable party at Lady Lichfield's last night—Duchess of Kent everything I could wish . . . and plenty of 'comrogues,' male and female. Well, tho' our places are all filled, there is no end of tantrums. Durham is furious at not being in the Cabinet. He asked Lord Grey the cause of it, to which the latter only replied it was 'quite impossible.' Durham asked who it was that objected, but asked in vain; the fact being that Brougham told Lord Grey he would not sit in the same Cabinet with Durham, and that Grey must make his choice between them. Brougham has been to the greatest degree indignant with Grey at his appointment of Auckland to the Admiralty, the more so as the appointment was made at the suit of Lansdowne. So, according to custom, the said Vaux has saluted Grey and Lansdowne with a literary philippic apiece. However, Sefton says he is dulcified since last night. All the old and new set were at Anson's last night, and Brougham said to me:—'Auckland's is a neat appointment, is it not?' twisting about his nose in its happiest forms. To be sure, my opinion would be that the hand of death was on Lord Grey when he could place on his side in this Cabinet such a notorious and so useless a jobber as Auckland, at the dictation of such a perfect old woman as Lansdowne."

"Bury St., June 2nd.

"... I dined at Fitzwilliam's* on Saturday with the ugliest and most dismal race I ever beheld, and yet there is a card from them for a party this day week, with 'Dancing' in the corner. They cut the worst figure by contrast with the young Lady Milton,† who has the merriest and most sweet-tempered face I ever

* The 5th Earl Fitzwilliam, who, as Viscount Milton, had sat and acted with Creevey in the House of Commons.

† Lady Selina Jenkinson, daughter of the 3rd Earl of Liverpool. Lord Milton died in 1835. His widow married in 1845 Mr. Savile Foljambe of Osberton, and died in 1883.

beheld—or nearly so. A Jenkinson, too, and *they* are not over lively. . . . You can form no notion of the obloquy that Auckland's appointment has brought upon the Government, or of the terms in which he himself is talked of. . . . I was called out of Brooks's yesterday by Wm. Brandling, who said there was an acquaintance of mine round the corner, who would be glad to see me; and who should it be but the sweet Fanny, looking *much more* beautiful than ever. We had a long walk, and I was quite enchanted with her. I dare say her gown had not cost a pound, but in looks altogether she beat all London. . . .”

“6th.

“ . . . Well, here is Ld. Carlisle Privy Seal after all, but only as a makeshift, he himself having the greatest possible objection to it. When Sefton told me that either Radnor or Dacre was to have it, and asked me what I thought of the appointment, I said that, as far as I was concerned, I would not trust either of them with half a crown; not from any distrust of their honesty, but from their being a couple of wrong-headed fellows you could never be safe with. Witness, in Radnor's case, the mess he got into with Mrs. Clarke, and his letters to her in the Duke of York's case. His having identified himself to the extent he has done with Cobbett, and his childish consultation with me about bringing him into Parliament, &c., &c. Then Dacre is a conceited prig—a generalising, *soi-disant* German philosopher. Do you remember Mrs. Sheridan asking me how he spoke, and how Sheridan enjoyed it when I said ‘like a Druid from the top of Snowdon.’ Radnor would give a more *Radical* character to the Government, and Dacre a Presbyterian one, having a very strong personal resemblance to that community. . . . Well; the Government having elected Radnor of the two as their Privy Seal, with much importunity from Brougham, on Wednesday night he accepted; but yesterday morning brought his stipulation, without which being acceded to he was *off*—‘an equitable adjustment, the duration of Parliament shortened, and the repeal of the Corn Laws!’ What a modest

estimate a man must have of his own importance to prescribe such conditions! Of course the Government had done with him out of hand, and there was not time to sound Dacre before the levee; but Lord Grey told Sefton he was going to offer it to him last night. Lord Grey was full of his miseries to Sefton—said he had no sleep at night, that he was harass'd to death, and was quite aware he shd. die if not shortly relieved of the labours and anxieties of office. *Of this* I feel quite sure, that, this season over, he will never meet another as Prime Minister. . . . He will go out, when he does go, covered with glory, and I see no chance of his equal being found in the present circle of mankind."*

"7th.

". . . Dacre, instead of being Privy Seal, had a stroke of apoplexy last night, and fell down. . . ."

"9th.

". . . We had all the *corps diplomatique* last night in Downing Street. The Dino and the Lievens are gone to Oxford to-day to take their degrees. Wellington† communicated to old Talleyrand that the University would not stand *him*, and advised him to keep away. What a blow upon Talley to be rejected by the Monks!"

"13th.

". . . Your nephew, young William Ord, dares not vacate his seat as M.P. for a seat at the Treasury Board. The young gambler Byng is to have it. Ld. Conyngham Post Master! Abercromby has the Mint, without a salary, and a seat in the Cabinet. What accessions to the Government!"

"23rd.

". . . As I arrived first to dinner at Paul Methuen's,‡ and Brougham arrived second, I had him

* Creevey's forecast was fulfilled by Lord Grey's resignation in July following.

† As Chancellor of the University.

‡ Created Lord Methuen in 1838.

out on a balcony to myself in no time. I stated William Roscoe's case as one that he was actually bound to attend to—that he professed to be the patron of literary merit—that Roscoe's father's fame in that department was unrivalled [? unquestioned]—that, moreover, he was his friend, and had boasted to me of corresponding with him to his dying day—that he [Roscoe] had been his principal supporter in our Liverpool contest, and in short that, after a most meritorious life, he had been reduced by misfortune to nearly beggary. Brougham admitted all this, but said he had nothing to give worth Wm. Roscoe's acceptance. In a short time afterwards he took me out on the balcony again, and said:—'I have been thinking Wm. Roscoe's case over, and I *have* a place that would suit him. They will have it that I must have an Accountant-General for my new Bankruptcy Court, and Wm. Roscoe shall have it. It will be £1200 a year for life.'—Now was there ever? I take it for granted he will jib and fling over both William and myself; *mais nous verrons!* It will be curious to see what invention he will resort to in order to defeat this gratuitous offer.

"We had a most jolly day and very good company. Mrs. Methuen is a sister of Ly. Radnor, and a great improvement upon her—I don't mean in *morals*; I know nothing upon that subject, except that the parent female stock, who was there in the evening, has been somewhat slippery in her day."

"Bury St., July 5th.

". . . I am full of the impression left upon me by the sight of that unrivall'd library left by Pepys to Magdalene College [Cambridge]. I believe the exquisite charms that are to be found in it are, to this day, almost unknown to the world. You remember Pepys's memoirs (published by Ld. Braybrooke, who is Hereditary Visitor and appoints the Master of this college), the manuscript of which I had in my hand; but these are almost trash compared to other contents of this library. There are 5 folio volumes of prints, almost from the origin of printing, being the portraits of every royal or public man, woman or child down

to Pepys's own time. I could scarce tear myself away from them, and even these are nothing compared to all the other curiosities. . . . Well, you see a new quarter has begun,* and our Government is still in, and I believe quite safe now until Parliament meets again, notwithstanding the spiteful speech of Stanley last night. All reasonable men think it most disgraceful of him."

" July 8th.

"It is my constant practice to spend two pence a day in the hire of a chair, or rather two chairs, one on each side of the water in the new and beautiful enclosure in St. James's Park. So when the enclosed note came after me to-day, with the name 'Grey' in the corner and 'Immediate' on the top, Mrs. Durham, who knows all my ways, immediately despatched Durham to ransack the said enclosure, and he found me as nearly asleep as possible, on the side nearest to Downing Street. So there I went; and Lord Grey, in the prettiest manner, told me that Lord Auckland's place in Greenwich was vacant, and asked me if it would be agreeable to me to have it. He said it was not nearly as good as my present place, and that I should have some work, as I had to take care of the Northumberland estates, &c.† He said he had been very desirous that I should have the house, as it was a very nice one, with a very nice garden, &c., but that Tierney had a right to it in his turn as Commissioner. . . . As to the income, it is quite sure to be enough for me, and the respectability of the office, and the way in which it is given me by Lord Grey's own unsolicited good will, gives the most agreeable finishing touch to my political life. . . . Sefton is to find out from Auckland in the Lords to-night the real value of the office, and I shall know it at the opera.

"I never saw Lord Grey apparently more oppressed with care than he was this morning. He said he had meant for some time past to offer me this office; but that things were now looking so distracted, there was no answering for the continuance of the

* Creevey means that his quarter's salary is safe.

† The estates of Greenwich Hospital in Northumberland.

Government, and on that account he was for having my appointment done out of hand. He complained bitterly of Stanley and Graham, as well he might. It seems these two wretches left the House last night, rather than vote against O'Connell."

"9th.

"‘Ah, thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,’—
‘don’t count your chickens before they are hatch’d’—
various are the accidents between the cup and the lip. And now, if you want an illustration of the wisdom of all these admonitions, read the enclosed note from Grey which I received about 12 o’clock to-day. . . . It now turns out that Althorp sent in his resignation to Lord Grey yesterday morning; and Lord Grey, in forwarding it immediately to the King at Windsor, accompanied it with his own resignation; so that he was actually *out* when I had my conversation with him yesterday. A messenger from Windsor arrived in Downing Street between nine and ten last night with the acceptance of the resignations of Lord Grey and Althorp; and either the same messenger or another this morning brought a letter from the King to Lord Melbourne, begging to see him before the levee to-day. . . . Grey and Althorp being out, I defy Melbourne or Brougham, or all the Whigs united, to patch up any more Whig Governments. . . . I have not felt any depression yet, and I dare say I never shall; tho’ I admit it is very tantalising to have been so near a post, and then to be stranded after all. . . ."

"6.30 p.m.

"Althorp has been stating in the House of Commons that the Cabinet being divided on the Coercion Bill was the cause of its being broken up. Neat articles they must be to bring in a Bill they were not agreed about!"

"10th.

"... Our poor Earl Grey was so deeply affected last night as not to be able to utter for some time, and was obliged to sit down to collect himself. When he did get under weigh, however, he almost

affected others as much as he had been affected himself. All agree that it was the most beautiful speech ever delivered by man. Clunch,* too, in the other House, distinguished himself greatly for his native simplicity and integrity. . . . I hope you see Wicked-Shifts's† declaration that he has not resigned, and never will. He has not seen the King, I mean—to have an audience with him, but he favored him with one of his letters yesterday. . . . The salary at Greenwich is £600 a year, with coals, candles, &c.”

The hitch in Creevey's appointment to Greenwich arose from Lord Auckland's unwillingness to resign. This was got over by Brougham, who forced Auckland's hand, thereby clearing the road for Lord Grey's old friend.

“ 12th August.

“. . . I asked Sefton just now how Lord Grey was last night—whether he was in the same depressed state of mind he had been in the two or three preceding days.—‘Why,’ said Sefton, ‘I’ll tell you a story of him last night, and you may judge. He was talking of Taglioni, and, after going over all the dancers of his own time by name, and swearing that not one of them came within a hundred miles of her, he concluded by saying in the most animated strain:—“What would I give to dance as well as her!” This sudden ebullition of ambition, in so new a field for a fallen Minister of State, produced a very natural convulsion of laughter from the few persons present, and from no one more than Lady Grey, who, as soon as she recovered, said:—“This passion in Lord Grey is not new to me, for I well remember that, on the only day he ever was tipsy in my presence, when he returned from dining with the Prince of Wales, nothing would serve him but dressing himself in a red turban and trying to dance like Paripol!”’ . . .

“Melbourne and our William are going on corresponding about a Government, and he is to go down

* Lord Althorp.

† Lord Brougham.

to the King at Windsor to-morrow at two. . . . The King's first proposal to Melbourne was to make a comprehensive administration, and he named the Duke of Wellington, Peel and Stanley as necessary parties to such a Government. Melbourne wrote his reasons at length and in detail why he thought it quite impossible that such a mixture with the late Government could ever take place. He communicated, however, the King's proposal to the Duke, Peel and Stanley, accompanying each with his own letter. Stanley, in his answer, adopts every one of Melbourne's arguments against such a coalition, professes his unqualified adherence to Lord Grey and his principles, and avows his fixed determination never to make a part of a Tory Government. The Beau and Peel, in *their* answers, merely state they have received Melbourne's letter, and that they don't feel themselves commanded by the King to say more. Melbourne has written to them again by the King's command to ask what they think of his proposal and what they mean to do, and the King begs them to send their answers *thro' Lord Melbourne*. This is treating the great men (that used to be) rather scurvily, I think. . . . I dine at Althorp's to-day, and to-morrow at Lord Grey's."

" 14th.

" . . . Melbourne returned from Windsor to-day with *carte blanche* to form a Government. They have been at work all morning trying to put the *old* ship afloat again, with some alteration in the crew. . . . Althorp *certainly* remains in."

" 16th.

" . . . Our poor Taylor is dead.* . . . I had really a charming day at Holland House yesterday. Dear Lord Grey was one of the party, as amiable as ever he could be. Lady Holland followed me out when I came away to ask me to come again on Sunday next, which I promised to do. . . . Melbourne has

* The Right Hon. Michael Angelo Taylor, M.P., a gentleman of small stature and moderate sagacity, but greatly assisted to some distinction by his clever and ambitious wife.

been kissing hands at the levee to-day as Prime Minister, and he is succeeded in the Home Department by Duncannon, who goes up to the House of Lords. Duncannon is succeeded in the Woods and Forests by Hobhouse, with a seat in the Cabinet."

" 19th.

"... Besides Duncannon yesterday at Essex's, we had Rogers and Miss Rogers, Lord and Lady William Russell and another or two. I have never seen a woman that I hate so much as Lady William Russell,* without knowing her or ever having exchanged a word with her. There is a pretension, presumption and a laying down the law about her that are quite insufferable. Then her base ingratitude to those who formerly fed and clothed her—Fanny Brandling, the Fawkes's and others—sink her still lower in my hatred of her. . . ."

" August 4th.

"... I am all ashamed to say that I dined at Brougham's on Saturday, because I am as sure as I am of my existence that it was *he* who drove Lord Grey from the Government by his perfidious correspondence with Lord Wellesley respecting the Coercion Bill; and moreover, I am equally certain that the driving Lord Grey from the Government has long been the object nearest Brougham's heart. How then can one dine at Brougham's one day with all the rubbish of Lord Grey's Government, with Beelzebub himself in roaring spirits (his servants in *silk* stockings and waiting in *gloves*), and then dine at Lord Grey's yesterday, with *him* quite knocked down and poor Lady Grey actually speechless—both feeling that he has been the victim of the basest perfidy? Poor Lady Grey! you must remember how often she told me at the formation of the Government, and with her uniform horror of Brougham, how completely she had got him in a cage by having him in the House of Lords. They were both quite sure he could do

* She was a daughter of the Hon. John Rawdon (brother of the 1st Marquess of Hastings), and died in 1874.

no harm, tho' they well knew his dispositions. . . . Where do you think I dine to-day? With our poet Rogers, to meet Anacreon Moore and that melodious dicky-bird Miss Stephens.* Can you imagine a greater contrast to the two preceding dinners? . . . Miss Stephens has realised £30,000 by her voice, and brought up and supported with it a very large family of her kindred. . . . Only think of the Beau's flirt, Mrs. Arbuthnot, being dead!"

"7th.

". . . The dicky-bird failed me at Rogers's—a cold in her pipe kept her at home; so we had only Essex, his daughter, Mrs. Ford, Miss Rogers and Tommy Moore, of whose melodies I had rather more than enough."

"Stoke, 11th.

". . . Lord Grey and his family were at Windsor from Monday last till Wednesday, during which the King took him into his own room and had a conversation of two hours' duration with him, in the course of which he was pleased to say that he was actually miserable since he had lost his services, and he did not see how or when he was to be otherwise. He spoke of Ld. Melbourne as liking him, but that he had no position either at home or abroad to be compared with Lord Grey, and that as to the rest of the Government, they were *nobody*. When our Billy said Ld. Melbourne was nobody *at home or abroad*, compared with Lord Grey, he touched the real thing, which these presumptuous puppies will feel before they are much older. Palmerston never signed a dispatch that had not been seen and *altered* by Lord Grey. Do you suppose he will ever submit to this from Melbourne? or, if he did, what does Melbourne know of it? . . . I wish Grey may let to-night pass without giving way to any vindictive feelings, which I learn from Sefton are gaining upon him hourly. Sefton dined at Talleyrand's on Friday with Grey;

* Catherine Stephens [1794-1882], vocalist and actress, whose marriage with Lord Essex took place a few weeks after Creevey's death in 1838.

and by some mistake about the day, Brougham came in late to dinner ; but Lord Grey would not speak to him. Having taken leave of the Government in the generous way he did in the House of Lords, I can't bear his showing any subsequent resentment. . . . Brougham already chuckles to Sefton at the influence he has got over Melbourne, compared with what he had over Grey ; but our Earl [Sefton] is in a mighty combustible state upon these matters, and will, to all appearance, on some early day burst out upon Beelzebub. He considers Grey as having been basely sacrificed by a low-lived crew, not worthy to wipe his shoes, and that the Arch-fiend Brougham has been all along the mover of this plot for his own base and ambitious, selfish purposes."

The Countess Grey to Mr. Creevey.

"Howick, 18th Sept.

" . . . I have a little changed my mind about this same Achitophel.* I begin to believe that he really did not *at that time* mean to turn Lord G. out. I believe so, because it was not essential to his interest to do so, not that I suspect him of any scruples. I am inclined to think his own version of it is true. He expected to bully Lord G. and to shorten the session. He afterwards got into a mess, and it cost him nothing to tell a thousand lies. . . . But enough of our triumphs and our feuds. Thank God ! as you say, Lord G.'s political life has ended gloriously. . . . We are now settled here for ever."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Stoke Farm, 24th Sept.

" . . . Melbourne came here for dinner on Sunday, and was off early in the morning. . . . He told Sefton that his real belief was that Brougham never intended to force Ld. Grey out of the Government, and I beg your attention to Brougham's defence of himself, as made to the innocent Melbourne.—'It is true,' says

* Lord Brougham.

Brougham, 'that I did write to Lord Wellesley begging him to withdraw his support of those clauses in the Coercion Bill which have since been withdrawn: it is true that I made Littleton* write to the same effect, and my sole intention in this was to shorten the session, that I might have time to go to the Rhine' (of course with Mrs. Petre!). Now, from the creation of the world, was there ever such a defence—be it a lie or be it true? And then the villain says it never entered his imagination that it could lead to the result it did. Melbourne states his decided opinion that he is *mad*, and that he will one day, in sacrificing everything for his own personal whim, be sacrificed himself."

"Brooks's, 17th Oct.

"... Sefton came 'up to-day on purpose to see the smoking remains of the two Houses of Parliament. What an event! I saw the poor old House of Commons smoking as I came over Westminster Bridge just now. The fire burst out again to-day, and burnt furiously for two hours."

"Stoke Farm, 20th Oct.

"... Our party here have been the little Russian ambassador; D'Orsay, the ultra dandy of Paris and London, and as ultra a villain as either city can produce (you know he married Lord Blessington's daughter, a beautiful young woman whom he has turned upon the wide world, and he lives openly and entirely with her mother, Lady Blessington. *His* mother, Madame Craufurd, aware of his profligacy, has left the best part of her property to her sister, Madame de Guiche's, children); Lord Tullamore, who is justly entitled to the prize as by far the greatest bore the world can produce (he married a daughter of Lady Charlotte Campbell—a very handsome woman and somewhat loose, but as she is dying of a consumption we will spare her); Lord Allen, a penniless lord and Irish pensioner, well behaved and not encumbered with too much principle; Tommy Duncombe, who lost £600 here the two last nights at

* Created Lord Hatherton in 1835.

whist to Lord Sefton, and who, if he was in possession of his father's estate to-morrow, would not have a surplus of *eightpence* after paying his debts. Charming company we keep, don't we? Then we have Col. Armstrong of old masquerade fame, and now equerry, or some such thing, to the King—a very good-natured man, and [*illegible*] than all the others put together, which, you'll say, is not saying much for him. . . . Lord Fitzroy Somerset* told me that Wyatt says he can make Ragland† habitable for £10,000 and completely restore it for £50,000."

"Brooks's, Oct. 22.

"... Now for Lord Durham and our Brougham and Vaux. You saw the origin of this storm—the scratch Durham gave Vaux at Edinburgh, and the kick Vaux gave Durham in return from Salisbury. They are now got to closer quarters. Vaux has taken the field against him in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, which you ought to read. Durham is attacked by name, whilst his assailant is anonymous, tho' known to all the world. Durham replies publicly in his own name that, if the writer of this article is a member of the Government, he is a *liar*, or words to that effect. Now my own deliberate opinion is that Vaux is at last caught, and will be ruined; and very likely the Government will fall with him. His going to Scotland at all with the purpose he did—to rob Lord Grey of his fame—was an act of insanity, and the disease has increased since. . . ."

"24th.

"... Allow me to mention to you a curious *pint*. On Wednesday evening as I was going up to Crocky's to dine, little Freeman accosted me in the dark, and turned about with me, asking me how I was. I said my only complaint was that I could not warm my feet for love or money. He said that was wrong—the circulation must be defective, &c. 'Of course,' said he, 'you wear woollen stockings.'—'No,' said I, 'I have never done so in my life.'—'Then get some directly,' said he. So yesterday I bought 6 pair for

* Created Lord Raglan in 1852.

† Raglan Castle.

morning, and three do. thinner to wear under silk in the evening. I am in them now, and such an immediate change I never witnessed. I have been as warm as a toast from the moment I put them on."

"Brooks's, Oct. 29, 1834.

"... At Stoke we had the Russian again,* an English merchant from Riga, Younger by name, the Duc de Richelieu, Tom Duncombe, Col. Armstrong, Poodle Byng and myself. Whilst at dinner on Sunday the two Colonels arrived, Berkeley and Henry,† with Charles Grenfell, all from Croxteth. . . . Essex is very pathetic about himself, is he not? and very tender about the Greys. It is just seven years since he was all for Canning's Government, and, like Sefton, all gall against Lord Grey. When Grey came into office this month four years ago, Essex was one of his earliest and most constant toadies, and Lady Grey used to treat him like a dog; so much so that one day when I was there, after he had left the room, Lord Grey said:—'Upon my life, Mary, you are too bad in your rude manner of treating Essex, and I am sure he sees and feels it.' To which our Countess replied:—'I mean that he *should* see it, because I can never forget the shameful conduct of himself and others to you.'—'Oh,' said Grey, 'that is gone by, Mary, and we must forget it.' She used, at that time, to treat Sefton exactly in the same way, and for the same reason; but lords and M.P.'s have great rewards for perseverance in toadying."

Earl of Essex to Mr. Creevey.

"Belgrave Square, Nov. 1, 1834.

"MY DEAR CREEVEY,

"How I envy you your visit to Howick; but alas! the 19th of this month I turn 76,‡ and must

* Princess Lieven.

† Lord Sefton's sons.

‡ According to Burke's *Peerage* the 5th Earl of Essex was born 13th November, 1757, which would make him a year older than he reckoned.

remain in my chimney corner. Say all that is *most kind and affectionate* from me to them all. I think the Glasgow meeting has ended well: Lambton* has only supported his *original principles*, and Grey's letter, like everything he says and does, is sure to be just and dignified and kind to Lambton. The operatives, also, deserve great credit for their moderation in all their sentiments and opinions. Upon the whole I think Grey will be satisfied, or at least think no harm has been done. Whether there may not be some *individuals* in the country not quite satisfied at all that is passed, is neither your business nor mine. Those who make their own beds must sleep upon them. I hope you and others of your party will do all you can to encourage Grey to come up to the meeting. He must not remain out at grass, but show his high-mettled crest and shining coat to throw the Tories into dismay at the very *look* of him.

"Yours ever,
"ESSEX."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"York, Nov. 2, 1834.

"Oh! Barry, my dear,† your *mail* is the genuine mode of travelling for us single people, provided it is not that stupid heavy Gloucester one. We were the last mail out of Post Office Yard last night— $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, and such a load of letters, too, and bags as I never beheld—nevertheless I was here, 198 *miles*, by a quarter before five this evening, was dressed by six, and have just finished my excellent boiled fowl and bacon.‡ . . . I am so enamoured of mail travelling that

* The Earl of Durham.

† Mr. Creevey usually addressed Miss Ord as Bessy, but sometimes as Barry.

‡ Nimrod writes of this Edinburgh mail as the *ne plus ultra* of road work at any time. "It runs the distance, 400 miles, in a little over 40 hours, and we may set our watches by it any point of her journey. Stoppages included, this approaches eleven miles in the hour, and much the greater part of it by lamplight." The time of the Flying Scotsman on the Great Northern Railway for this journey is now 8 hours and 25 minutes; and *she keeps it*.

I mean to stay here to-morrow, to play with the Minister, to have an early dinner and be off with the Edinbro mail of to-morrow about five, and so get to Alnwick about six on Tuesday morning. . . . I have been thinking much of the belligerents Lambton and Brougham on my way down, and I think the former has completely cut his own throat by his speech at the Glasgow dinner, and has given Beelzebub a horse to ride which, with his jockeyship, will carry him thro'. It is not a year since this hair-brained Lambton claimed for himself at his Gateshead dinner the exclusive merit of originating the general Reform Bill; and now, forsooth, he pledges himself to his new allies, the Glasgow operatives, and to all other operatives, that he will have nothing short of household suffrage, &c., &c., which is, of course, a repeal of the present Reform Act, of which six months ago he was so proud. Beelzebub may say now, when he is accused of his gratuitous declaration against going on too quickly with Reform:—'Why, I knew at the time more than you all put together. I knew that a daring measure was concocting to destroy all our labours, and put the people *en masse* against the property of the country, and I knew that Lord Durham was to lead this crew. With this conviction on my mind, could I do less than put the country on its guard against the new-fangled Reform?' . . . Durham's is a truly daring measure, and he has nothing left but to pit the strength of the Radicals—himself at their head—against the property and good sense of the country; and I *presume* (for there is no telling till one sees) that he will be beat dead hollow."

"Howick, Nov. 4th.

"A nicer little dinner and a happier one I never had—the ex-Prime Minister and lady, two boys (Frederick and Harry), Lady Georgiana and Nummy* all the company, with dumb waiters. Only think of Downing Street! . . . Last July two and thirty years ago was the first time I ever was in this house. I had just then become M.P. for the first time, and was here early enough from my own election to be present at

* Creevey himself.

Lord Grey's for this county. I well remember going with him to the county meeting at Alnwick—a very crowded one in the Town Hall. After Lord Grey* had proceeded some way in his address, he said there was one subject on which they would naturally be anxious to know whether his former opinions had undergone any change—namely, Parliamentary Reform. I never shall forget the excitement which this question produced in the audience; still less can I ever forget that thunder of applause and delight when he announced that the result of his experience had been to convince him more than ever of the indispensable necessity of that great measure. Well then, here he is, and this great measure carried: aye, and carried exclusively by himself; for without his character and talents, no man or men could have done, or even attempted it; nor would any Sovereign have trusted any other man to do it. . . . And yet, here he is after all—*stranded*, compelled by the conduct of his own Government to abandon the concern, and to retire into private life. As far as *he* is concerned—the prolongation of his life and the enjoyment of the remaining part of it, no one who sees him and has known him before, can doubt his good fortune in being placed in this situation. . . . No continuance in power could add an atom to his fame. He stands the only ex-Minister, certainly in this country and perhaps in any other, entirely spotless. . . . You remember as well as myself the natural anxiety and desponding character of his disposition. Now that he has closed his political life, that early fever has not a trace of it left, and a more perfect picture of contentment and even playfulness I defy the world to produce."

The remainder of this letter deals with Brougham's part in recent events, and describes the correspondence that had passed between him and Lord Grey in relation to them. Enough, perhaps too much, has been quoted already to show the bitter

* He was then the Hon. Charles Grey.

feelings against Brougham which prevailed among Lord Grey's friends. There are mountains of letters on the subject, and it avails little further to reopen forgotten sores.

“9th.

“Where did I leave off yesterday? At poor Lord and Lady Grey's believing that Brougham, in his intrigues unknown to Lord Grey about the Coercion Bill, did not mean to get Lord Grey out of office. Why, then he must be an idiot, or something much worse! because he must have been quite sure that when this plot became known to Lord Grey, the latter, as a man of honor, could not remain a moment longer with such perfidious scamps. . . . I cannot help thinking (tho' I may be wrong) that Lord Grey is not sorry Durham has taken the real Radical line at last, and think it relieves him from any further political connection with him, which has been one constant source of torment to Lord Grey from Lambton's unreasonable and shameful conduct to him. . . . Lord Grey told me yesterday that the applications made to him for peerages had been *over three hundred*, and for baronetages absolutely endless. He says he is in great disgrace with Col. Grey of Morrick for not making him one—that his wife came to Downing Street in tears absolutely to implore this favor from him, but he would not. . . . Lord Grey told me that it was one of the first acts of his Government to offer Coke a peerage—absolutely an earldom—and Coke had chosen for a title ‘Castle-acre,’ an estate purchased by the Lord Chief Justice Coke, joining Holkham; but just before our William came to the throne, Coke, at a dinner given him at Lynn, had made a most violent speech against George the Third, pointing to his picture which was in the room, and calling him ‘that wretch covered with blood’ (meaning, of course, from the American and French wars), an insufferable speech, particularly of a dead man; so, that all the Royal Family were in arms about it. The King put it to Lord Grey whether, after such an attack upon his father, he

could confer this signal mark of favor upon him, and Grey thought not." *

" 12th.

"So Lord Spencer is dead by this time! Just in time to save Althorp from that horrible position in the House of Commons which his late folly put him into. But what comes of the House of Commons itself? Who is to lead that precious assembly? . . . Stanley would be the only man if he had only common sense and common manners; but I think Spring Rice must be the man. . . . Talking of Lady Howick,† Lady Grey said:—'I never liked her, and I do so now less than ever. I believe she is clever and has been agreeable; her natural character is to be saucy and pert, but with me is artificial and guarded in the extreme; curious and inquisitive to the greatest degree, and sending to her sister in Yorkshire everything she picks up;‡ which somehow or other comes to me on its return from Yorkshire. Then, if I deny having said it in part or in whole, I am told it must be so, for "Maria took it down in her journal at the time!" which is not very pleasant you know. But Henry is quite devoted to her, and she has supreme influence over him.' . . . Just as I was in the midst of writing the last sentence, Lord Grey stalked into the great library, his spectacles aloft upon his forehead, and I saw at once he was for *jaw*, so I abandoned my letter to you and joined him. . . . He had received a letter from Lord John Russell to-day, and I saw in a minute both Holland and Lord John were making offers to Lord Howick of a berth in the Government (in the Cabinet, of course) thro' Lord Grey; and then we began to talk on that subject in good earnest. I gave my own decided opinion that the Government could not last; that I had always thought so before the late insanity of Brougham and Durham's scrape, even if Lord Spencer had lived; and that the Government would have broken down in the House of Lords,

* Mr. Coke was created Earl of Leicester immediately after King William's death in 1837.

† Creevey's old correspondent, Miss Maria Copley.

‡ Much as Creevey himself sent everything to his step-daughter.

Melbourne, with all his merits, being utterly incapable of sustaining it ; but that *now* it would go to the devil at once in both Houses. On that account, I would have Lord Howick extremely cautious in taking office without more daylight, the design in having him being obvious—to pass for having Lord Grey's support. Lord Grey was quite with me that the Government must go, Althorp being gone, and he thinks it could not have weathered the session had he remained ; but he has an evident hankering for Howick being in office, and evidently has a most false estimate of his talents, and of every other property belonging to him. . . . I will stop here, as every day must bring us new speculations as to the result of Althorp's political demise."

" 15th.

" . . . Lord Grey had a letter from Lord John Russell yesterday, stating that *he had consented* to be leader of the House of Commons. Can anything be more condescending ? Was there ever such luck for Lord Grey as being out of office before Althorp was off, and Johnny Russell leader ? We are both agreed that such an arrangement is horrible, if not fatal. We both agree that he has an overweening conceit of himself, is very obstinate, very pert, and can be very rude—charming properties for the leader of *such* a House of Commons ! . . . Lord Grey says Mulgrave's pretensions are beyond all bearing, that he never found Grant worth a single farthing, and that Abercromby is a perfect humbug."

When King William dismissed Melbourne and his colleagues in November, 1834, he laid his commands on the Duke of Wellington. The Duke recommended that Sir Robert Peel should form a Government ; but as Peel was absent in Rome, the Duke consented to conduct affairs until his return, declining, however, to fill any offices during Peel's absence. Therefore until Peel returned on 9th December, the Duke was virtually First Lord of the Treasury, Home, Foreign,

Colonial, and War Minister; an arrangement which gave mighty umbrage to the Opposition.

"16th.

"Here's a go for you! The Whigs turned out and Wellington sent for. A letter from Lord Melbourne to Lord Grey, written at Brighton, announces this fact. . . . Now, will this convince Beelzebub that honesty is the best policy after all? It was his perfidy to Lord Grey about the Coercion Bill that destroyed the Government. . . . Then the conceited puppy Johnny Russell, who gave the first blow to the Government by disclosing the Cabinet differences about the Church, thereby making Stanley and the Duke of Richmond resign, that he, having lost Lord Grey and Lord Althorp too, should be fool enough to think that *he* could lead the House of Commons! Next to these two benefactors, Brougham and Lord John, the Tories are under everlasting obligations to Lord Durham and his Glasgow dinner. . . . When I was here five and twenty years ago, a King's messenger arrived bringing an invitation from Perceval to Lord Grey to unite with him in making a Government, Castlereagh and Canning having quarrelled, fought and gone out of office. I presume no messenger will come now on a similar errand from Wellington. (*After dinner*) Duke of Bedford mentions a fact Lord Grey and I were not aware of; viz. that Peel is in Italy. Wellington can form no Government without his concurrence."

"17th.

"... Melbourne writes that his conversation with the King was a very long one, and that his mind was quite made up that the Government, such as it was reduced to, could never stand. . . ."

"19th.

"Brougham describes in his letter to Sefton (who has arrived here) his interview with the King at the Council on Monday. After referring to the letter of advice he wrote to the King, and applying a profusion of *butter* to him and his family, Brougham said he

hoped he never should be placed in the painful situation of acting with any hostility to his Majesty or *any part of his family*; * but as the leader of a popular [party] in this country, he could not conceal from himself that he might, to a certain extent, be controll'd by the measures of such a party: in short—a *regular threat*, at which Beelzebub says the King seem'd much annoy'd (as well he might), very grave, but very civil (which I doubt!). Brougham writes:—"I dined with Lyndhurst to-day, and he says he'll be damned if he'll be Chancellor without some security. In the meantime he gives up the Exchequer to Scarlett, who is Lord Chief Baron and goes to the House of Lords." †

"20th.

"... Brougham continues to write daily to Sefton letters of a perfect Bedlamite. He says the excitement in London becomes more universal and intense every day; whilst Lord Grey's letters from Melbourne and others state that there never was more perfect apathy amongst all classes."

"22nd.

"... Lord Grey and I are of opinion that Wellington's difficulties appear greater every day. His assuming all the offices of State into his own hands, without knowing if he can ever fill them, is a most offensive and wanton act of power. For instance, he has dismissed from their offices in the most insulting manner Palmerston and Rice, without naming any successors, when, according to established usage, they might have held the seals of their offices till such successors had been found. . . . It is clear that this move of the King's was not anticipated by the Tories, or Peel would have been on the spot. This vesting, or rather assuming, of all the power by one man, and him a soldier and with such known opinions, for a whole fortnight or perhaps three weeks, is giving opportunities for every species of criticism upon such conduct. The Whigs might have died a natural death, as they shortly would, had they been let alone;

* Referring to Queen Adelaide's overt antipathy to the Whigs.

† As Lord Abinger.

but it is quite another thing to have them kick'd out of the world by this soldier, and to see him stand single-handed on their grave, claiming the whole power of the nation as his own."

"23rd.

". . . It seems the offer to Stanley which I mentioned has not actually been made *yet*.* Peel is to be home on the spot, before a single fixed appointment is made. Great homage to him this! . . . I am more and more struck every day with Lord Grey's happy appearance, and I can't help making in my own mind the contrast between him and Sefton. In my estimation, Sefton is by no means inferior to the other in natural talents. In conversation he has much more fancy and a much greater variety of talent; and had his mind taken the same direction earlier and received the same cultivation as the other, he, too, would have been a most powerful speaker, tho' not as eloquent. But this want of early cultivation now ruins him. Lord Grey spends a good part of every day with his book, which Sefton, from want of habit, can't do, and he is compell'd, therefore, to exist a great part of his time upon excitement from play, cookery, &c., &c. It would do you good to see me send Lord Grey to bed every night at half after eleven o'clock, which is half an hour beyond his usual time. This I do regularly, and it amuses him much. He looks about for his book, calls his dog Viper, and out they go, he having been all day as gay as possible, and not an atom of that *gall* he was subject to in earlier life. To be sure, when he read a letter this morning at breakfast, stating that the Duke of Gloucester was dangerously ill, he did say:—"Well, if he dies, all I can say is, he won't leave a greater fool behind him than himself!" But how feeble and gentle *this* compared with the energy of earlier days, when he told

* Stanley was offered office in Peel's cabinet as soon as Peel returned from Rome. He declined it, on the ground that, however possible he might have found it to serve with Peel, the fact that the Duke of Wellington had first received the King's commands "must stamp upon the administration about to be formed the impress of his name and principles."

Dick Wilson that 'nothing in life would give him so much pleasure as to see Eldon hanged in his robes.'"

"25th.

"... Sefton and I had a long conversation with Howick* when everybody else was gone to bed. It is quite impossible that any one could cut a better figure, either for good sense or for good and honorable principles. The Rump of his father's Government would have applied to him in vain to take office with such rubbish, after their treatment of Lord Grey. . . . Lord and Lady Frederick FitzClarence went away yesterday. . . . He is much the best looking of the King's sons.† . . . The little wife, Lady Augusta,‡ tho' about the shyest person I ever saw, disclosed symptoms both of sense and character. She has seen a great deal of the Queen, whom she pronounces to be both sensible and good-natured, but that, after living fourteen years in England, she has not a single English notion. The Queen's fix'd impression is that an English revolution is rapidly approaching, and that her own fate is to be that of Marie Antoinette, and she trusts she shall be able to act her part with more courage. She only approves of the Duke of Wellington, as being the only man to stem the revolutionary current, having an old grudge against him and having very often abused him in Lady Augusta's presence, for having turn'd them out of the Admiralty, for his uncourteous manner of doing it,§ and for the disrespectful way in which he always treated the King when he was Duke of Clarence. . . . Brougham, in his letter to Sefton yesterday, let off a madder prank than ever: viz.—that he had written to Lyndhurst offering to be Chief Baron *for nothing*, by which £7000 a year would be saved to the nation, he being quite

* Afterwards 3rd Earl Grey: died 1894.

† By Mrs. Jordan. The eldest was created Earl of Munster; the remainder received the rank of the sons and daughters of a marquess.

‡ Daughter of the 4th Earl of Glasgow.

§ During Wellington's premiership he had been obliged to take grave exception to certain proceedings of the Duke of Clarence in his office of Lord High Admiral. First he reprimanded him very sharply, and finally he removed His Royal Highness from office altogether.

contented with his pension as ex-Chancellor of £5000 a year. . . . Whether this is pure spite to Scarlett, or pure, unadulterated insanity I know not; but I *do* know how so ridiculous a proposition will be treated. . . . Lyndhurst is civil and dry in his answer (a copy of which Grey has shown me), and says that the Duke and himself will call the earliest attention of Peel to the proposal when he returns. Lord Grey did not tell me who sent him the copies of these letters, but I take for granted it was Lord Holland, and that Brougham had purposely selected Holland as the repository of these confidential letters, and under the most positive injunctions of secrecy, well knowing it was the best chance for *publicity*!"

"Dec. 3.

"Well, the curtain is about to drop upon my four weeks' visit to an ex-Prime Minister. As yesterday was a blank day for London letters, Sefton at different times expressed his delight at the prospect of this morning and the news it would bring—very like an indication of *ennui*, you'll say. . . . Lord Grey only smiled and said:—'I don't expect any news, and I don't want any.' At the accustomed hour of ten this morning, there stood a pile of letters on his plate, making, I should think, his legal number—fifteen.* So, having been some time employed in opening them and circulating their enclosures, either by flinging them or sending them on plates to their proper owners, he said at last:—'It's funny enough, of all these letters, there is not one for myself!' A very good picture, this, for politicians to study, and a very pretty portrait of a retired one. The same tranquillity and cheerfulness, amounting almost to playfulness, instead of subsiding have rather increased during my stay, and have never been interrupted by a single moment of thoughtfulness or gloom. He could not have felt more pleasure from carrying the Reform Bill, than he does apparently when he picks up half-a-crown from me at cribbage. A curious stranger would discover no out-of-the-way

* *I.e.* the number which, as a peer, he was entitled to receive free of postage in one day.

talent in him, no powers of conversation; a clever man in *discussion*, certainly, but with no fancy, and no judgment (or very little) in works either of fancy or art. A most natural, unaffected, upright man, hospitable and domestic; far surpassing any man one knows in his noble appearance and beautiful simplicity of manners, and equally surpassing all his contemporaries as a splendid publick speaker. Take him all in all, I never saw his fellow; nor can I see any imitation of him on the stocks. . . .

"I never mentioned to you a specimen of Lady Grey's *moral creed* as given me by herself. It was just after Lady T—— had left us; so, being alone, she said to me:—'I *like* Lady T——: she is always good-humoured, and she amuses me; and as she never says anything to offend me or those belonging to me, I don't feel I have anything to do with Mr. Thompson or any other of the lovers which she has had. The same with Madame de Dino and the Duchess of B——; they are always very good-humoured and are very agreeable company; and as they never say anything to offend me, I have nothing to do with all the different lovers they are said to have had. I take no credit to myself for being different from them: *mine is a very lucky case*. Had I, in the accident of marriages, been married to a man for whom I found I had no respect, I might have done like them, for what I know. I consider mine as a case of luck.'

"Droll, wasn't it?"

"Tower, Dec. 20.

"... Lyndhurst said to some one yesterday:—'D'ye know where Peel's letter was concocted?'—'No,' said the other.—'At Brooks's!' said Lyndhurst. What a wag. I should say it would do for *the present*, and until the Irish Church comes upon the stage, or any other similar puzzler. I don't feel any wish to disturb such a government as long as they keep to such a text. How Goulburn, Knatchbull, &c., are to swallow such Liberalism I neither know nor care. However, our people are all up in arms against what they call the humbug of Jenny." *

* Peel.

"Greenwich Hospital, Dec. 23rd.

"Our party at dinner on Sunday at Lord Holland's was the Duchess of Bedford, Duke of Devonshire, Mulgrave, B. Thompson, Bickersteth and some one else I forget. I never was acquainted with the Duchess of Bedford, and since I delivered her of her London Bedford House in 1808, have always been glad not to come in her way. However, on Sunday she began before dinner, . . . and when there was an opening after dinner she said—'Well, tho' I have never had a house in London fit to live in since that disappointment, I quite forgive you; and I hope you will come and see me at Woburn at any time you like. . . . I dine at the Hollands again on Xmas day—again to meet that lively man, the Duke of Devonshire! But we shall have no want of vivacity on that jolly day, as the Duke of Norfolk dines there likewise. . . . I had two conversations yesterday, each with a Hume—the first, 'Joe'—the second, Wellington's doctor whom you will remember. The first was quite positive that Peel could not number 200 supporters. My other friend, to my surprise, turned about with me, and expressed to me his fixed conviction that every attempt of the Duke and Peel to procure a favorable House of Commons would fail."

CHAPTER XIII.

1835-1836

IN the remaining years of Creevey's life he continued comfortably withdrawn from active political strife, though he continued to take a keen interest in all that was passing. He lived chiefly with the Seftons; but, despite his deafness, continued in great request as a diner-out. Repeated attacks of influenza, treated by cupping, which he mentions as a notable improvement upon the old lancet bleeding, made him subject to long periods of feebleness; but his pen continued almost as busy as ever.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Brooks's, April 29th, 1835.

"... We have an affair going on between Alvanley and O'Connell. Alvanley challenged him directly when he called him a 'bloated buffoon.' Damer Dawson is Alvanley's bottle-holder, and as Dan had returned no answer to the demand upon him yesterday, which was supposed ample time, Dawson fired a second shot into him. *I* think Alvanley quite wrong in this, but Sefton is quite of a contrary opinion."

"May 5th.

"... About this nonsense of Alvanley's, I consider every part of Alvanley's conduct as faulty. His first movement against O'Connell was *political*; it was to

create disunion between O'Connell and his tail and the Whigs. Then I *know* that this arose from spite, Alvanley having been lately refused a place in the Household which he asked for. Then the publicity he has given to his challenge of O'Connell is against all rule. However, he has been at last accommodated by one of the O'Connell family, who had 3 shots at him last night in a duel, and no harm done to either party. . . . Alas, alas, the Widow's Mite (you know that is the name that has been given by some wag to Johnny Russell)* has been beaten black and blue in Devonshire. . . .

"As I was walking just now, according to my constant custom, in the enclosure in St. James's Park, who should I meet but Bessy Holyoake, *alias* Goodrick, all alone, having dismissed her footman at the gate, and we had a charming walk quite round the whole, in the course of which we met, first Rogers and Mrs. Norton arm in arm; then Goodrick, the Duke of Richmond and Graham, ditto; then Lord Durham and his 3 children."

"Brooks's, 16th.

". . . After our signal triumph in Yorkshire, which was quite invaluable if our blockheads would have left it alone, they must make that marplot Littleton a peer,† and so open Staffordshire, as if the puppy had not done mischief enough last year when, by his intrigues with O'Connell, he forced Lord Grey out of the Government. Three days ago in my favorite resort in St. James's Park I met Brougham walking. . . . He joined me—my first time of seeing him since the *explosion*; and a more unsatisfactory, rambling discourse I never had dealt out to me—very, very long and, as far as he dared, abusing everybody. I was heartily glad when this mass of insincere jaw came to a close by his going to the House of Lords. Figure to yourself at this moment, O'Connell and myself seated at the same table writing, very near each other, and no one else in the room, and yet no intercourse between us, tho' formerly we always spoke. This is

* Lord John Russell, who was of very diminutive stature, had just married the widow of the 2nd Lord Ribblesdale.

† Lord Hatherton.

no matter of choice with me, nor do I like it, but after his abuse of Lord Grey, I made up my mind never to speak to him again."

"May 20th.

"... Lord Essex told me on Sunday morning here that Lady Grey was very anxious I should not fail her that day, as she relied upon my protection of her against Sir Joseph Copley, of whom she was horribly afraid. However, when I arrived there I found there was not much danger of her being overpowered by Copley. It is true he was there, as were his daughters 'Coppy' and Lady Howick;* but there were likewise Lord and Lady Morley, Lord and Lady Granville and Col. *Carradock* (as the puppy calls himself instead of Cradock), with whiskers quite enough to deter Copley from any personal attack on Lady Grey, besides her own private body-guard of Howick, Charles and Frederic, with Ladies Elizabeth and Georgiana. 'Coppy' fell to my lot, and I did all I could to be agreeable to her at dinner; but both she and Maria, from the manner in which they shook hands with me at first, gave me a kind of formal notice not to presume upon it or be too familiar with them. I dare say, in fact, that, knowing my intimacy with the Greys, and feeling their own artificial situation in the same quarter, they consider me rather an enemy. To be sure, they had no great reason to be set up with the attentions of either my lord or my lady. They *know* that they both think Ly. Howick infernally impertinent, as most assuredly she is.†

"In the evening we had a truly select addition to our dinner party, consisting of the Dow. Duchess of Sutherland, who, as Lady Elizabeth Bulteel and I agreed, has all the appearance of a wicked old woman. Her son and the young Duchess too—a daughter of Lord Carlisle's, and a cousin, pretty enough and amiable and good, I dare say, but with such nonsensical ruffs and lappets and tippets about

* Sir Joseph's daughter Maria had been married to Lord Howick in 1832.

† Lady Howick had been brought up in a family of Tories, which no doubt affected Creevey's opinion of her, though they had been the best of friends before her marriage.

her neck and throat that, coupled with her brother Morpeth's constant grin, gives you a strong suspicion of her being a Cousin Betty.

"My ears were much gratified by hearing the names 'Lord and Lady John Russell' announced; and in came the little things, as merry looking as they well could be, but really much more calculated, from their size, to show off on a chimney-piece than to mix and be trod upon in company. To think of her having had four children* is really beyond! when she might pass for 14 or 15 with anybody. Everybody praises her vivacity, agreeableness and good nature very much, so it is all very well. . . . We had rather an interesting sprinkling of foreigners too—first and foremost my own well-beloved and honest Alava, then the ingenuous Pozzo [di Borgo], with his niece Madame Pozzo—a very pretty, nice, merry looking young woman. . . . It was a great treat to me, too, to see at our party for the first time in my life Sebastiani, with his wife, sister to Lady Tankerville.† . . . Let me not omit to mention that this *corps diplomatique* was closed by the arrival of our Mandeville,‡ who now turns his eyes from me as if he loathed me, probably attributing Lord Grey's altered manner to him to my having shown him up as he deserves. I beg *Cupid* Palmerston's pardon! he, too, was there, as also was Lady Cowper, if you come to that. . . . Well, Barry, as for our Buckingham Palace yesterday—never was there such a specimen of wicked, vulgar profusion. It has cost a million of money, and there is not a fault that has not been committed in it. You may be sure there are rooms enough, and large enough, for the money; but for staircases, passages, &c., I observed that instead of being called Buckingham Palace, it should be the 'Brunswick Hotel.' The costly ornaments of the state rooms exceed all belief in their bad taste and every species of infirmity. Raspberry-coloured pillars without end, that quite turn you sick to look at; but the Queen's paper for her own apartments far exceed everything else in their ugliness and

* By her first husband, Lord Ribblesdale.

† A daughter of Antoine, Duc de Grammont.

‡ Afterwards 6th Duke of Manchester.

vulgarity. . . . The marble single arch in front of the Palace cost £100,000 * and the gateway in Piccadilly † cost £40,000. Can one be surprised at people becoming Radical with such specimens of royal prodigality before their eyes? to say nothing of the characters of such royalties themselves."

"Stoke, August 23.

" . . . There was a prodigious to-do at the Castle here the day before yesterday, it being Billy's seventieth birthday—a dinner to 150 and tea party to as many more; in short, to all the *nibberhood*, always excepting poor Stoke, the residence of Maria Craven, Billy's first love.‡ Oh perfidious Billy! but as Sefton told me, this omission was quite a matter of course, the family not having written their names at the Castle this year. . . . You will be glad to know that amongst the visitors at the Castle, the Lord Mayor had the honor to be one, and not only to dine, but to stay all night. This said Lord Mayor, Winchester, is a stationer; and having been employed by a Tory Government for supply of the Treasury, was formally dismissed by the same Government, by regular Treasury minute, for *cheating*—that was all. Another favored guest, both for bed and board, was Walter, M.P. for Berkshire, formerly proprietor and editor of the *Times* newspaper.

"17, St. James St., 29 January, 1836.

" . . . There never was such a *coup* as this Municipal Reform Bill has turned out to be. It marshals all the middle classes in all the towns of England in the ranks of Reform; aye, and gives them monstrous power too. I consider it a much greater blow to Toryism than the Reform Bill itself; tho' I admit it could never have been effected without the latter passing first. It is a curious thing to be obliged to admit, but it is perfectly true, that Melbourne and

* Now the Marble Arch in Hyde Park.

† Now at the entrance to Constitution Hill.

‡ The Countess of Sefton. See vol. ii. p. 212.

the leavings of Lord Grey's Government are much stronger than Lord Grey's Government was when it was at its best. Altho', as old Talleyrand observed, Melbourne may be *trou camarade* for a Prime Minister in some things, yet it is this very familiar, unguarded manner, when it is backed by perfect integrity and quite sufficient talent, that makes him perfectly invaluable and invulnerable."

"Brooks's, Feb. 15th.

"... The great object of my curiosity at present is to see and *get hold* of our Ellice,* who is just fresh from Paris, after a residence of some time there. He has had two very distinguished playfellows there, with whom he has almost entirely lived—the first, Madame Lieven—the other, no less than Philippe, who could scarcely bear to have him out of his sight. Madame Lieven's attachment to him was intelligible enough. She *knows her man*, and would be quite sure to know everything that he knows of Lord Durham and his mission—every secret (if they have any) of the present Government, and every opinion entertained by Lord Grey. What is the bond of union between the Bear† and the King of the French I am yet to learn. . . . Ellice is very vain (and who is not ?) ; he is a *sieve*, and so much the more agreeable for those who squeeze him. . . . What say you to our own Stanley ? was there ever such a case of suicide ? I really think if I saw him in the street I should try to avoid him to save his blushes ; yet perhaps such things are unknown to him."

"March 19th.

"... I never dined with Lady Holland after all, but sent an excuse on account of my gout. I really can't stand the artificial bother and crowded table of her house. I admit that no one can sail thro' such difficulties better than myself ; but still, her presumption is not to be endured. How different from the affable demeanour of Marianne Abercromby with whom and Mr. Speaker I am to have the honor of

* The Right Hon. Edward Ellice, M.P.

† Ellice.

dining this day;* and our Duke Barney† is to take me there."

"22nd.

"... The town at present is kept in perpetual motion by the Duchess of Kent, everybody going to her *fêtes* at Kensington to see the young King of Portugal, her nephew. Lady Louisa [Molyneux] tells me that he is an innocent looking lad of 20, and that he never seems happy but when talking to his cousin Victoria, and that then they seem both supremely so. What wd. I give to hear of their elopement in a *cab*! . . . I declare I have not read anything for ages that has interested me so much as the Duke of Wellington's examination and evidence before the Flogging Commission in the *Times* of to-day. It is the *image* of him in his best and most natural state, and very entertaining and instructive."

"28th.

"... My sister used to reproach me for letting so many of my companions 'get before me' in life, and used to instance Scarlett being a lord and Western too; but her best case would have been Abercromby, who was a suitor to me thirty years ago for any office that would secure him *food*; and here he is—Speaker of the House of Commons! entertaining me in one of the finest houses in London, and with the finest company. We had a great turn out at dinner there on Saturday—the Dukes of Norfolk and Devonshire, Lord and Lady Seymour, Lord and Lady Howick, the young Bear and Mrs. Ellice, Charles Fox and Lady Mary, Lords Palmerston, Strafford and Ebrington, &c., &c."

"Stoke, April 8.

"... Our family here [the Seftons] was put rather in a fuss yesterday by receiving a letter from Lady Craven, informing Lady Sefton officially and at some length that her daughter's intended marriage with

* The Right Hon. James Abercromby was Speaker from 1835 to 1839.

† The Duke of Norfolk.

Tom Brand * was broken off by the young lady herself, who found out *at last* (for the wedding day was very near) that she really could *not* like him enough to marry him. Her principal objection against him is that he never opens his mouth and that he proscribes any connection with a book. A lively, interesting companion, it must be admitted.† Mrs. Norton has quitted her husband, upon a quarrel about a man whose name I forget. She is not, however, gone off with this man, but gone to the Sheridans."

"Jermyn St., April 23.

"... I dined with Madagascar ‡ at Holland House, a small party, and for once, to my delight, plenty of elbow-room. . . . Whilst Holland House *can* be as agreeable a house as any I know, it is quite as much at other times distinguished for *twaddle*, and so it was on this occasion."

"Brooks's, May 13th.

"... Melbourne has been very ill, but is better, and will do. Young, his secretary, told me that he had been terribly annoyed by the Norton concern. The insanity of men writing letters in such cases is to me incomprehensible. She has plenty of Melbourne's and others, but according to what is considered the best authority, the Solicitor General of the Tories—Follett—has saved Melbourne, tho' employed against him. Follett is said to have asked Norton if it was true that he had ever walked with Mrs. Norton to Lord Melbourne's house, and then left her there. Upon Norton's saying that was so, Follett told him there was an end of his action.§

"The jaw about this case is now succeeded by the breaking off of the marriage between Ld. Villiers and

* Afterwards 22nd Lord Dacre.

† In 1840 Lady Louisa Craven married Sir G. F. Johnstone, Bart., and after his death she married Alexander Oswald of Auchencruive in 1844.

‡ Lady Holland.

§ The jury, without leaving the box, pronounced a verdict acquitting Lord Melbourne.

Lady — Herbert, Lady Pembroke's daughter. Lady Pembroke's case against Lady Jersey is merely a charge of an attempt to get her daughter to sign a paper doing herself out of £20,000—her whole fortune—without any one's knowledge."

"28th.

"... Yesterday I dined at Holland House with my old and tried friend the Speaker, and Marianne [Hon. Mrs. Abercromby] into the bargain. Such a fright I never in my life beheld, in a dress far surpassing any female crossing-sweeper on May Day. I arrived just as they had sat down to dinner, with as little room to turn myself in as ever fell to any man's lot, and yet I was called to both by Lord and Lady Holland to leave room for a very distinguished American gentleman who was expected; but I would not hear of such a thing, and this led to a good deal of fun. The party consisted, besides the Abercrombys, of Bob Adair, Lord de Ros, the Attorney General and his wife, the peeress Scarlett's eldest daughter (I forget her title).* I found her a very nice agreeable companion, apparently very amiable, and not the least set up with either her father's peerage or her own. Dr. Lushington and Fonblanque, a son of old Fonblanque, and writer of one of the cleverest Sunday papers, were the others. I took to Fonblanque much. The distinguished American arrived a quarter after eight, the dinner hour having been half-past six; but he brought his card of invitation with him to shew he was right. . . ."

"Stoke Farm, Sept. 6th.

"I came here on Friday; visitors — Charles Greville, Lords Charleville and Allen, Standish, Townley, Rogers and C. Grenfell. Townley still dumb!† Was there ever? . . . Sefton asked me if I

* Lady Abinger's eldest daughter, wife of Sir John Campbell, had just been created Baroness Stratheden, and her husband was subsequently created Baron Campbell in 1841.

† Mr. Townley had been courting Lady Caroline Molyneux, but delayed coming to the point. In effect, he married her in the November following.

had heard of —, I mean, his cheating at cards, and upon my saying yes, he said it was all quite true, and that his practice had been so long known to his *friends* that they had remonstrated against his pursuing such a course, for fear of detection; but poor, dear, insinuating — could not resist, and it has fallen to the lot of George Payne to detect him publicly. The club is to be dissolved in order to get rid of him. — is gone abroad, and Sefton has a letter from him—the most amusing, wittiest letter about all he has seen! . . .”

“Brooks’s, Sept. 16.

“Sad work, ladies, sad work! Not a frank to be had for love or money, so don’t cry if I don’t catch an M.P. before the post goes out.* I returned from Cassiobury [Lord Essex’s] on Wednesday, and my visit was all very well. The Hollands came on Saturday, with Rogers, Melbourne on Sunday, and Glenelg on Tuesday. We all left on Wednesday—I in Glenelg’s carriage. I had the offer of Rogers’s carriage all to myself; but I declined attending the funeral; by which I mean Lady Holland’s procession. She moves in her own coach and four horses—her stipulated pace being four miles an hour, to avoid jolting! She makes Rogers go in her coach with Holland and herself, all the windows up; then Rogers’s chariot follows empty, then my lady’s chaise and pair of posters, containing her maid, her *rubber*, page, footmen, &c. . . . Essex is a man of very few words for compliments; but I took it as a real civility when he said:—‘I ordered for you, Creevey, the room that poor George Tierney was so fond of, and always had.’ Certainly, a more perfect apartment I never had. Essex and Lady Holland were growling at one another all the time, but she was always the aggressor. Melbourne and Holland were all good nature and gaiety. The only drawback to my amusement was owing to my great folly in walking on Monday to see the Birmingham railroad† now

* He did catch one, and the letter is franked by Mr. Kemeys-Tynte.

† Opened in 1837: now part of the London and North Western system.

making, being about four miles there and back, which has made me dead lame. . . . I think our Madagascar is evidently failing : she looks wretchedly, and there is an evident languor upon her that even victuals and liquor don't remove. She came one day and sat close beside me in the library ; and when she had begun to talk to me, a little, tidy old woman came and went down on her marrow-bones, and begun to put her hands up her petticoats. So of course I was for backing off *de suite* ; but she said :—'Don't go, Creevey ; it is only my rubber, and she won't disturb us.'"

" Brooks's, 24th.

" . . . I dine at Crocky's daily, where I have got the dinner down to 8s. 6d.—*tout compris* ; was I to dine here, it would certainly be a *pund*. . . . My eye ! what a man Lord Fitzallen is, if you please—just introduced—about 7 feet high, as red as a turkey-cock and covered with bushes of black hair in mustachios and whiskers. Thank God I don't dine with *him* ; he is really quite disagreeable to look at."

" 30th.

" . . . I dined at Poodle Byng's on Monday—the Honble. Mrs. Byng having been lady's maid to the Poodle's mother. You know I have the greatest aversion to playing at company with such kind of *tits* ; but as Charles Greville, Cullen Smith and Luttrell, and two or three more of your men upon town took no objection, it was not for me to find fault."

" Brooks's, Oct. 4th.

" . . . When I was at Stoke I fell in love with Wellington's Peninsular dispatches, published by Gurwood ; but as my supply from that library is now cut off, and the book itself too dear to buy, I am living upon Napier's *Peninsular War*, which has been given me by Lord Allen, because he hates it so much. . . . Napier is a clever man, and has taken great pains with his subject ; but he undertakes too much in his criticism upon *all* the French generals in Spain, and

all their acts. The Beau,* the real official and efficient observer of all, pretends to no such universal insight into the tactics of his enemy as is claimed by this subaltern in his own camp.† . . .”

“8th.

“. . . I shall certainly take your advice and subscribe to a circulating library ; but I have enough on my hands at present with Napier, who rises in my estimation every page I read of him. His defence of poor Moore is perfect. . . . I think when I next see the portrait of that villain Frere hung up at Holland House, I shall not be able to contain myself.”

“Nov. 17th.

“. . . Sefton said before dinner yesterday :—‘So Charles Dix‡ is dead!’ and scarce an observation was made from any quarter upon this event. The first year you and I, Barry, were at Knowsley, I saw the said Charles Dix with his son and Berri and their respective gentlemen, going in two coaches and four to Croxteth. They did this for years. When the restoration in France took place, there was nothing that Charles Dix and his family did not do to show their gratitude to the Seftons for past kindness. . . . I was present in Arlington Street when the French Ambassador brought, by command of Charles Dix, as a present to Lady Sefton, his picture, with the prettiest note possible, saying it was great vanity in so old a man for him to send his picture to a lady, but hoping she would receive it as an acknowledgment of all the kindness he had received from her. When the last Revolution took place in 1830, and Charles Dix came here, Sefton shewed me a letter from Sir Arthur Paget (who had likewise been a personal friend of Charles Dix), saying he considered it his duty to go and pay his respects to him, and asking Sefton to

* The Duke of Wellington.

† There is some justice in this criticism : at the same time it must be remembered that Wellington’s despatches were contemporaneous ; whereas Napier was writing years afterwards, and with knowledge gained from the enemy’s secret correspondence.

‡ King of France.

accompany him. Sefton declined, and never did see him. I think I can safely say I would not have acted thus for all Sefton's property. . . . After all, Sefton will die an unhappy man, with all the means the world can give him to make himself, and all around him, happy."

S. Marjoribanks, M.P. for Hythe, to Mr. Creevey.

"I am just now moving my quarters in London, and I find that I have about 3 dozen of the old East India Sherry more than my bin will hold. Will you oblige me by accepting it?"

"S. MARJORIBANKS."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Nov. 24th.

"... The *Times* newspaper had a statement from —'s camp proclaiming his innocence. This is replied to by another statement in the *Chronicle* of to-day—evidently an official article from the camp of Payne and Co., charging — distinctly as a cheat, as no doubt he is. Even his friend the Pet* gives him up and refuses to see him. He has, it is true, some little cause of resentment against him, being sure, as he tells me, that — and Montrond cheated him out of £6000 the Xmas I met them at Croxteth."

* Lord Sefton.

CHAPTER XIV., AND LAST.

1837-1838.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Jermyn St., Jany. 14th, 1837.

"... I am caught at last by that infernal influenza. It's the most marvellous concern I ever heard of—nothing but common snivelling and wholesome coughing, and yet producing such depression and incapacity as really to be *beyond*. No appetite, of course."

"20th.

"... What a figure Peel makes with his Scotch sentiment, his scenery, his young shepherd who was so instructive to hear! The poor Spinning Jenny has acquired great power both of thinking and speaking, but his works of fancy betray his origin. They are as like his father as ever they can be. I heard the father once say:—'I say, Mr. Speaker, Britannia is seated on a rock!' Here they are, you see, both alike in their clumsy capers after sentiment. Only think of old Peel and Sheridan! and yet oh dear, oh dear! the difference of their deaths. I should like to have heard old Sherry's comments upon young Peel's speeches. . . . I am happy to say that the mischievous crew—Sir Wm. Molesworth, Roebuck, *my* Napier and Co.—are becoming quite blown upon by their brother Radicals, which will be a monstrous relief to the Government in the approaching session. . . ."

"Brooks's, March 11th.

"... I dined on Sunday at Sefton's to meet Brougham, with Denman, Radnor and others. . . ."

Just as we were going away, Brougham took me aside, and, to my great surprise, asked me if I would dine with him alone as yesterday at 6 o'clock, and that he would show me some most curious correspondence of George the third. I, of course, expected to be put off every day, but no such thing. . . . After dinner, Brougham read the correspondence to me till between 11 and 12 o'clock and I have much more to come. It consisted of letters from George the 3rd to Lord North as his minister, during the whole of his long administration.* Talk of the Creevey papers, my dear! would that they contained these royal letters! I have never seen anything approaching them in interest—the cleverness of the writer, even in his *style*—his tyranny—his insight into everything—his criticism upon every publick parliamentary man—his hatred of Lord Chatham and Fox, and all such rebellious subjects—his revenge; but at the same time and throughout, his most consistent and even touching affection for Lord North. . . . You would be amused to see the effect produced upon the Whig Government by this conduct of Brougham to myself. . . . [They are] most desirous for me to make some kind of opening between them and Brougham, for there is no kind of communication between them, and they feel it most unpleasant to see him every night in the House of Lords, and never to feel sure whether he will pounce upon them or not. Oh dear! to think of the prudent Mr. Thomas being called in to settle such matters!”

“ 18th.

“. . . Would you believe it that when Brougham was Chancellor he would press the correspondence between George the 3rd and Lord North upon our William, . . . his object being that the King might see what a constant and valuable support his father gave to his Ministers, and so induce King William to do the same; but all the observation he could get from his master was this:—‘George the 3rd, my lord, was a *party man*, which I am not in the least.’”

* *Correspondence of George III. with Lord North from 1768 to 1783*, edited by W. Bodham Donne, 1867.

“ Brooks’s, April 21.

“ As to poor Mrs. Fitzherbert, I wish, as you say, you had some little picture of her. She was the best-hearted and most discreet human being that ever was, to be without a particle of talent. Finding she was in town before Xmas, and dining most days at home with Lady Aldborough, Lady Radnor and others, I made an attempt to be taken into the same party, but entirely failed. Mrs. F. said she had known me formerly, but that I had long ceased to call upon her. My offence I always felt and knew to be my foul language about Prinney when he sought to destroy his wife. Mrs. F. might think that my former intercourse with him should have restrained this vituperation, and that even on her account I shd. have stopt my mouth. Poor thing, I dare say she was right; but it was more than flesh and blood could resist not to have a blow at such a villain in the perpetration of such an act of infamy and oppression. She has left her house in town and her jewels to Mrs. Damer; her house at Brighton and everything else to Mrs. Jerningham. I remember her telling me a great many years ago that she had been offered £20,000 for her town house. She can have left no other property. About a year ago, she deposited all her letters and papers of every description in the hands of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Albemarle, for the purpose of being destroyed by them, as I am told they were; but I shall ask Albemarle for an account of the transaction. She formerly expressed to me great anxiety to have her correspondence published after her death—talked of having *two* copies made of it for fear of being betrayed by her executors, and at one time I almost thought she would have given me one of such copies. . . . Now then, attend to Albemarle’s account just given to me by him as to Mrs. Fitzherbert’s letters. She gave these letters to Lord Albemarle about fifteen years ago, to be kept by him till further directions; her wish being that after her death they might be published. Upon the death of the late King,* the Duke of Wellington, as his

* George IV.

executor, became possessed of all Mrs. Fitzherbert's letters, which, singularly enough, had been preserved with equal care by Prinney. Mrs. Fitzherbert applied to the Duke to have her letters restored to her; but he refused, unless she consented to restore the King's letters likewise. This led to a negotiation between the Duke and Albemarle; and finally it was agreed between them, with Mrs. Fitzherbert's concurrence, that they should all be burnt, and so they were, at Mrs. Fitzherbert's own house, in the presence of herself, the Duke and Albemarle. Oh dear, oh dear! that I could not have seen them. They begun in 1785 and lasted to 1806—one and twenty years. The last year—1806—was when the young man fell in love with Lady Hertford, and used to *cry*, as I have often seen him do, in Mrs. Fitzherbert's presence. So it was high time for their correspondence to cease."

"24th.

". . . I must let Albemarle rest for the present. His recollections must be full of interesting matter from Mrs. Fitzherbert's letters, which, at proper seasons, one must endeavour to squeeze out of him. Lady Sefton learnt from Damer Dawson* that both the houses in London and Brighton were left to Minny [Mrs. Dawson-Damer], and £20,000 stock, with all the jewels, and half of her plate; the other half to Mrs. Jerningham, to whom she says in her will she had given £15,000 during her life. £1000 each to her nieces Lady Bathurst and Mrs. Craven, and there are annuities to the amount of £1000 a year, to which Minny is subject till they drop in.

"I must just mention another species of property that our Prinney died possessed of. Perhaps no man, Prince or subject, ever left such a wardrobe behind him as our George the 4th, and the Duke of Wellington, as his executor, had to examine all his coat pockets, in which he found notes without end, broken fans, &c., &c. Now I have not the least doubt that what Lord Cowley told Lady Cowley was strictly true, viz., that the Duke, in telling this to his brother,

* The Right Hon. G. Dawson-Damer, father of the 4th Earl of Portarlington.

never let him see any one of these notes, or know any one of their contents. The letters burnt at Mrs. Fitzherbert's were so numerous, that they had to stop every now and then, from the excessive heat produced. . . . I dine at our Essex's to-day to meet our 'Clunch' Althorp, now Earl Spencer, and, as I hope, Melbourne. . . . I was much amused at seeing our young Victoria playing the popular to her people on the Birthday. She passed this house [Brooks's] in state—four royal carriages and an escort of Horse Guards. The mother had judiciously chosen a chariot for herself and daughter, so they were both visible to all. The young one was rather too short to nod quite above the door, but she was always at it as well as she could, and the mother looked quite enchanted at her daughter's reception."

" May 2.

" . . . Altho' I had Tavistock * to dinner at Essex's, as well as Clunch,† it was no great day in point of vivacity. Clunch mutters, and the amiable Tavistock is feeble. One thing I heard from Althorp † which I never knew *for certain* before, that when Lord Grey's Government came in, one of their first acts was to offer Burdett a peerage, which he refused. Having known and watched Burdett for nearly 40 years, I am perfectly certain that his present hostility to the Government is attributable to the jealousy of his character. Ever since I have known him, he would have no rival ; and the unexpected and successful one he has found in Howick has driven him mad. . . . As you observe, there is a very general impression that Vic is a person with a will of her own."

On 20th June King William breathed his last, and all eyes were directed upon the maiden who, little as statesmen could expect it of her, was destined to redeem the Monarchy from the dangerous disfavour into which it had been dragged. The circumstances

* Afterwards 7th Duke of Bedford.

† The 3rd Earl Spencer.

of the memorable Accession have been told so often that a few quotations only will serve from Creevey's abundant references thereto.

"Brooks's, June 20th.

"I cannot resist telling you that our dear little Queen in every respect is *perfection*. I learnt first of all from the Duke of Argyll that, all the Privy Counsellors being assembled round the Council table, the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex went into an adjoining room, and conducted the Queen in. She took her chair at the head of the table and read her declaration in the most perfect manner possible, and with a most powerful and charming voice. I have since had all the particulars from Tavistock, who had them from Melbourne himself. She sent for him at once, and begged him to draw up the declaration she ought to make; which of course he did, and everybody says it is admirable. She then put herself entirely in his hands in the best possible manner. . . . Poor dear King William's last act was *signing pardons*. Dear Lady Sefton has just been crying to me on horseback in the street at her early and royal friend dying so beautifully."*

"July 24th.

". . . Friday I dined at Rogers's, and thought I understood from him that Lady Holland was to be my only companion, my lord being picked up by the Queen. Instead of that, however, I found in addition to Madagascar, Lord and Lady Langdale, the American Minister (Stevenson) and his lady, Lady Seymour, Mrs. Abercromby, Lord Minto, Pow Thompson, Miss Rogers and Allen. . . . I sat between Lady Langdale and Mrs. Abercromby . . . the only drawback to our communications was that I presently found we three had *only three ears between us*.

"On Saturday I dined at Dulwich; dinner in the picture gallery for 30—a triennial dinner to savants and virtuosos. Our artists were Chantrey, Wilson, Barry, Wilkie, &c., &c.,—our Mecæneses, Lansdowne,

* See vol. ii. p. 212.

Sutherland and Argyll, the latter of whom carried me in his barouche—poets and wags, Rogers, Sidney Smith and Creevey! . . . Lord Grey . . . says that in the House of Lords he actually *cried* from pleasure at the Queen's voice and speech; and he added that, after seeing and hearing three Sovereigns of England, the present one surpasses them all—easy—in every respect."

"29th.

". . . A word or two about Vic. She is as much idolised as ever, except by the Duchess of Sutherland, who received a very proper snub from her two days ago. She was half an hour late for dinner, so little Vic told her that she hoped it might not happen another time; for, tho' she did not mind in the least waiting herself, it was very unpleasant to keep her company waiting. One day at dinner Lady Georgiana Grey sat next Madame Lützen, a German who has been Vic's governess from her cradle; and according to her there never was so perfect a creature. She said that now Vic was at work from morning to night; and that, even when her maid was combing out her hair, she was surrounded by official boxes and reading official papers."

Earl of Essex to Mr. Creevey.

"9, Belgrave Square, 7 Aug., 1837.

"DEAR CREEVEY,

"The Duke of Sussex has at last decided to dine here next Saturday the 12th. Therefore I hope I shall see you on that day. . . . Lord Munster has pleaded *in forma pauperis* to retain the round Tower at Windsor, and I hear pays about £1000 a year. The Duke of Sussex in the handsomest manner

possible gave up his claim, and the Queen most kindly returned the baton to Lord Munster, who will *of course* vote against us. . . . So the Duchess of St. Albans is dead, and Lyndhurst married at Paris to Lewis Goldsmith's daughter. There are *two* great people amply provided for!"

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Brooks's, Sept. 6th.

"... Lady Tavistock and I had a most confidential walk and talk. You have heard me say what a gaby she is; but she is all truth and daylight. She told me she was in the second carriage after Vic on Sunday at Windsor; and that the Queen according to her custom, being cold in the carriage, had got out to walk, and of course all her ladies had to do the same; and the ground being very wet their feet soon got into the same state. Poor dear Lady Tavistock, when she got back to the Castle, could get at no dry stockings, her maid being out and her cloathes all locked up. . . . I am sure from Lady Tavistock that she thinks the Queen a resolute little tit. . . ."

"Jermyn Street, Sept. 22.

"... I have taken to Wellington and his dispatches again, and the more I read of him the fonder I am of him. He really is in every respect a *perfect man*. . . . Palmerston was very communicative at Stoke as to the great merits of the Queen. He said that any Ministers who had to deal with her would soon find she was no ordinary person; and when Lady Sefton observed what credit it did the Duchess of Kent to have made her what she was, Palmerston said the Duchess of Kent had every kind of merit, but that the Queen had an understanding of her own that could have been made by no one. . . . Lady Charlemont succeeded Lady Tavistock the other day [in waiting at Windsor]. She is very, very blue, and asked Lady T. if she might take any books out of the library. 'Oh yes, my dear,' said Lady Tavistock, not knowing what reading means, 'as many as you like;' upon which

Lady Charlemont swept away a whole row, and was carrying them away in her apron. Passing thro' the gallery in this state, whom should she meet but little Vic! Great was her perturbation, for in the first place a low curtsy was necessary, and what was to come of the books, for they must curtsy too. Then to be found with all this property within the first half hour of her coming, and before even she had seen Vic! . . . But Vic was very much amused with the thing altogether, laughed heartily and was as good humoured as ever she could be. . . ."

"Brighton, Oct. 9th.

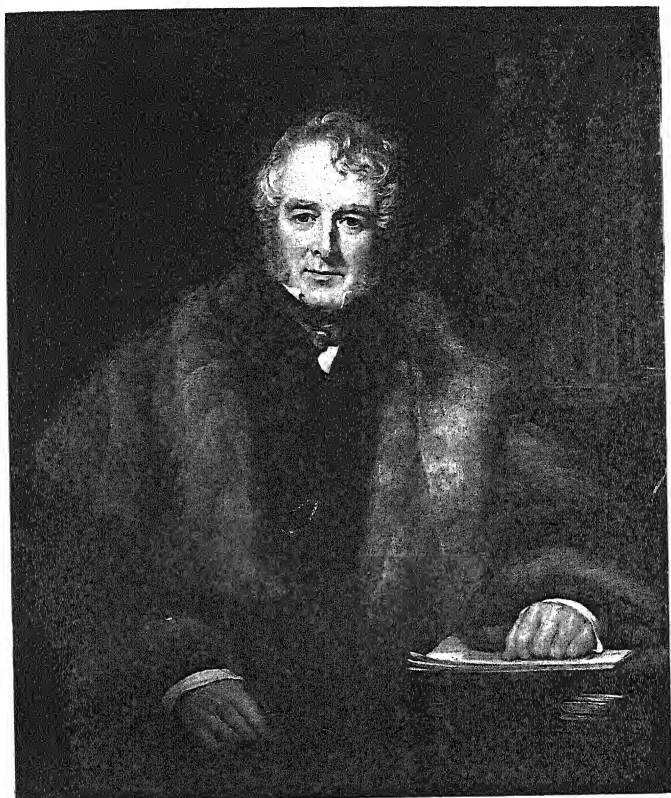
" . . . Now for Brighton! Barry, my dear, it is *detestable*: the crowd of unknown human beings is not to be endured. . . . Whether it is a natural sentiment or not, I don't know, or whether I mistake *ennui* for it, but I have a strong touch of melancholy in comparing Brighton of the present with times gone by. Death has made great havoc in a very short time with our Royalties of the Pavilion—Prinney and 'brother William,' Duke of York and Duke of Kent, all gone, and all represented now by little Vic only. Is it not highly dramatic that the Duke of Kent should have announced to me in 1818, upon Princess Charlotte's death, that he was going to marry for the succession, and named his bride to me; and here she is, with the successor by her side, and what is to become of her, or how she is to turn out, who shall say?

" . . . In talking to Lady Cowper of Lord Melbourne, and, as I suppose, of his health, Vic said:—'He eats too much, and I often tell him so. Indeed I do so myself, and my doctor has ordered me not to eat luncheon any more.'—'And does your Majesty quite obey him?' asked Lady Cowper. 'Why yes, I think I do,' said Vic, 'for I only eat a little broth.' Now I think a little Queen taking care of her Prime Minister's stomach, he being nearly sixty, is everything one could wish! If the Tory press could get hold of this fact, what fun they would make of it. . . . The Duchess of Kent plays whist every night, and a horrible player she is. Vicky, I am happy to say, always plays chess with Melbourne when he is there."

"Brighton, Oct. 13th.

". . . Yesterday Lady Sefton, her two eldest daughters and myself, sallied forth in the yellow coach to dine with the Queen at our own old Pavilion. Lord Headfort, a chattering, capering, spindle-shanked gaby, was in waiting, and handed Lady Sefton into the drawing-room, where I was glad to see Glenelg, and besides him were Tom Bland and a Portuguese diplomat, as black in the face as one's hat, but with a star on his stomach, I assure you! Presently Headfort was summoned away, and on his return he came up to me with his antics and said:—'Mr. Creevey, you are to sit on the Duchess of Kent's right hand at dinner.'—Oh, the fright I was in about my right ear!

. . . Here comes in the Queen, the Duchess of Kent the least bit in the world behind her, all her ladies in a row still more behind; Lord Conyngham and Cavendish on each flank of the Queen. . . . She was told by Lord Conyngham that I had not been presented, upon which a scene took place that to me was truly distressing. The poor little thing could not get her glove off. I never was so annoyed in my life; yet what could I do? but she blushed and laughed and pulled, till the thing was done, and I kissed her hand. . . . Then to dinner. . . . The Duchess of Kent was agreeable and chatty, and she said:—'Shall we drink some wine?' My eyes, however, all the while were fixed upon Vic. To mitigate the harshness of any criticism I may pronounce upon her manners, let me express my conviction that she and her mother are one. I never saw a more pretty or natural devotion than she shows to her mother in everything, and I reckon this as by far the most amiable, as well as *valuable*, disposition to start with in the fearful struggle she has in life before her. Now for her appearance—but all in the strictest confidence. A more homely little being you never beheld, *when she is at her ease*, and she is evidently dying to be always more so. She laughs in real earnest, opening her mouth as wide as it can go, showing not very pretty gums. . . . She eats quite as heartily as she laughs, I think I may say she gobbles. . . . She blushes and laughs every instant in so natural a way as to disarm anybody. Her voice is perfect, and



John Lubbock, 1st Baron Alton.

Alfred Hughes & Co. P. & S.

Viscount Melbourne.

so is the expression of her face, when she means to say or do a pretty thing. . . . At night I played two rubbers of whist, one against the Duchess of Kent, and one as her partner. . . . The Queen, in leaving the room at night, came across quite up to me, and said:—‘How long do you stay at Brighton, Mr. Creevey?’ Which I presume could mean nothing else than another rubber for her mother. So it’s all mighty well.”

Countess Grey to Mr. Creevey.

“Howick, Oct. 10th.

“. . . I hope you are amused at the report of Lord Melbourne being likely to marry the Queen. For my part I have no objection. I am inclined to be very loyal and fond of her; she seems to be so considerate and good-natured, and I am particularly pleased with her just now for having sent to desire Caroline* to bring her little girl with her when she is to be in waiting.”

Marquess Wellesley to Mr. Creevey.

“Hurlingham House, Fulham, Oct. 28th, 1837.

“MY DEAR MR. CREEVEY,

“In returning my grateful thanks for your very kind congratulations,† I trust you will believe that I fully appreciate their value. You are not of that sect of philologists who hold the use of language to be the concealment of thought, nor of that tribe of thinkers whose thoughts require concealment. You would not congratulate me on the accession of any false honor, the result of prejudice or error or of the passionate caprice of party, or of idle vanity, or of any transient effusion of the folly of the present hour; but you think the deliberate approbation of my Government in India declared by the Court of Directors (after the lapse of thirty years—after full experience of consequences and results, and after full knowledge of all

* Lady Caroline Barrington, Lady Grey’s daughter.

† The East India Company, with whom Wellesley had been at sore issue in the early years of the century, had just voted £20,000 to purchase an annuity for him.

my motives, objects and principles) a just cause of satisfaction to me. . . . In truth they have awarded to me an inestimable meed of honor, which has healed much deep sorrow, and which will render the close of a long public life not only tranquil and happy, but bright and glorious. . . . Our friend Sir John Harvey most appropriately has been dubbed a Governor. What wisdom in those who made the appointment! 'Il est du bois dont on fait les gouverneurs.' He was certainly born 'your Excellency.' I think I see him strutting up to his petty throne, preceded by Harry Grey, Ellice, Shaw, Carnac, &c., *with his stomach doubly embroidered*; condescending to let an occasional foul pun now and then with majestic benignity."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Jermyn St., Nov. 3.

"Both Melbourne and Lord and Lady John Russell wanted much to know from the Seftons how it was that I had amused the Duchess of Kent. The only solution I can offer is this. By common consent, the Royal evenings are the dulllest possible, and no one *presumes* to attempt to make them livelier. The Duchess of Kent is supposed to play at cards to keep herself awake—scarcely ever with success. I can imagine, therefore, a little running fire of a wag tickling her ears at the time, and leaving a little deposit on her memory. I know no other ground on which I can build my fame. . . . Just let me mention that the Sir John Harvey, mentioned in Wellesley's letter as the new governor of Prince Edward's Island, was at the head of the police when I was in Dublin, and I met him at dinner at the Lord Lieut.'s [Wellesley]—a large, handsome man, but by far the most vulgar would-be gentleman you ever beheld, extremely dressy withal, and my lord always remembered my asking—'Who was the gentleman with the embroidered stomach?'"

"Jermyn St., Nov. 10th.

"Let me see; where am I to begin with my past movements. Suppose I say Sunday last, when I was

told by Stephenson that the Duke of Sussex desired particularly that I would dine with him; so I was obliged to excuse myself to my Essex, where I was engaged to meet Sydney Smith. I have yet to learn *why* I was so specially summoned by little Sussex, as there were only his household—Ciss * and the men—with Charley Gore and me, and nothing said worth remembering. . . . Monday at Essex's, with the accustomed sprinkling of artists, which I am quite accustomed to, and indeed like. Tuesday at Charles Fox's, Addison Road—no joke as to distance; 8 shillings coach hire out and back, besides turnpikes! The company—Madagascar,† Allen, Babbage the philosopher, Hamick (Lord Grey's doctor and baronet), Van de Weyer, Belgian Minister, Hedworth Lambton‡ and wife, an unknown man, and Melbourne. . . . In the evening we had the bride, Lady Winchilsea,§ of whom I had heard so much; she certainly did appear to me as beautiful a woman as I had ever seen. Wednesday at Powell's: company—Duke of Norfolk, Albemarle, old Billy Russell,|| Stephenson Blount and myself.

“25th.

“. . . I dined on this day week at Brougham's—a duet; and a more artificial chap I never had to do with; except, indeed, that his temper not infrequently betrayed him, and shewed him in a state of the most spiteful insurrection against the present Govt. You see he is distinctly shewing his teeth in the Lords, and will fasten them on the Government before he is a few days older. I quite approve of what he has already said there, tho' not of his spiteful motives in doing it.”

* The Duke of Sussex's wife, Lady Cecilia Buggin, afterwards created Duchess of Inverness.

† Lady Holland.

‡ Younger brother of the 1st Earl of Durham.

§ Daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Bagot.

|| Lord William Russell, son of the 4th Duke of Bedford: murdered by his valet, 1840.

"Dec. 4th.

"... I met Hayter one day this week at Lord Essex's, and asked him to tell me anything new about the little Queen. He said she was quite as amiable and kind and lively as ever. He has got on a good way with the State picture he is making of her. She said to him the other day:—'I am very curious to know how you mean to place my hands. Just take them and place them as you intend in the picture.' A very delicate commission to execute, as Hayter observed; but he did so; and then the Queen turned to Lady Mulgrave and said:—'I have often thought, if I had to paint a Queen, how I would place her hands; and, curiously enough, this is the very position I had hit on.'"

"15th.

"... Cutlar Ferguson* is most enthusiastic about the Queen. He has had to lay before her about twenty Courts Martial—only think of such a subject for a girl of 18! After seeing the Judge Advocate, she is closeted with the Commander-in-chief, Lord Hill, upon the same matter; and Ferguson tells me that both Lord Hill and himself are lost in astonishment at the manner in which she makes herself understand these matters. Ferguson dined at the palace a few nights ago—one of the fog nights—so that when he arrived he found to his horror that the Queen had been at dinner 20 minutes. When he was about to take the opportunity after dinner of apologising for being so late, the Queen begun first by saying:—'I said before dinner, I am sure Mr. Ferguson is stopt in the Park by the fog.' Is she not a handy little Vic? . . ."

Lady Louisa Molyneux to Mr. Creevey.

"Arlington St., Dec. 26, 1837.

"... Punch Greville is at present our best resource, and Poodle Byng now and then drops in, it would be ungrateful to say, without contributing

* Judge Advocate General.

much to our amusement. We have been tempted to-day to go to the Magnetism—a most disagreeable sight; but nobody can persuade me it is a sham. Its utility may be a question, but it is impossible to see the poor people of all ages—some quite children out of the hospitals—under the influence, and suppose they have been taught to impose upon you. The best part of the entertainment was Lady Aldborough in an opera hat, large diamond ear-rings, and rouged up to the eyes, trying to put the operator out of countenance by her noisy questions, and bouncing out of the room, declaring disbelief in the whole thing. . . .”

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

“Holkham, Dec. 29th.

“. . . I had this cold on me before I left London; it did not, however, prevent me from dancing down twenty-five couples in a country dance last night—my partner, Dowager Anson. It was the usual Xmas ball for servants in the audit room. . . . The Earl of Leicester, aged 85, opened the ball. He is a marvellous man, but I think he is *going out*, tho’ he burns as bright as bright to the last.* Ellice was a real treasure to me during our two days’ journey down here. No one is more mixed up with passing events in the world than he is. He hears daily from Melbourne, and I know to a turn the present rickety nature of poor Melbourne’s cabinet.”

“Holkham, Jany. 3rd, 1838.

“. . . The worst thing of all for the Government is this. Aber, even our own Aber,† won’t stand any longer being given up to be devoured by the dogs of the House of Commons, and no Ministers of the Crown to protect him. I saw from the first, when he was left unprotected, and when he made his pathetic and most unsuccessful appeal to the House to rally round him, that he was *done*. Of all the mistakes John Russell

* He died in 1842, outliving Creevey by four years.

† The Speaker.

has made, and they have been numerous, this is the greatest, and in my opinion it is irreparable. It is the first instance in the history of the House of Commons of the Speaker being publicly worried by its members and the Government to sit by and take no part. . . . Then, alas! tho' last, not least, . . . in truth little Vic and her mother are *not* one, tho' Melbourne knows of no other cause of this disunion than Conroy, whom the Duchess of Kent sees still almost daily, and for a long time together. Melbourne speaks of the young one with the same enthusiasm as ever, and has the highest opinion possible of her understanding. The part she at present plays is putting herself unreservedly into the exclusive management of Melbourne, without apparently thinking of any one else. This, at all events, must be a great relief and support to him, whilst it lasts. In the midst of one's croaking, there is another source of consolation—that the Tories never appeared in a more forlorn and shattered condition, or less likely to turn all our blunders to their own advantage. . . . Lord Leicester shoots daily; amongst other companions and competitors are his 3 sons. The eldest, Lord Coke,* aged 15, on Xmas Day shot 5 woodcock, and always shoots from 30 to 40 head daily."

"Jermyn Street, 17th.

"You see, my dear, that towards the end of last week our Ellice received a dispatch from Lord Durham saying he had accepted the mission to Canada, but that he could do nothing without Ellice. So we left Holkham on Saturday. . . . My companion continued to the last as communicative as ever. . . . Lord Leicester is a marvellous man in everything, but above all in his clear and perspicuous telling of stories, of which he has great abundance. I was much amused one day when he was driving me, upon Lady Holland's name being mentioned, he said to me:—'I hope we shall find Charles Fox and Charlie Gore when we get home. I am very fond of Charles Fox, and particularly of Lady Mary.' I remarked that I had never heard of Lord Holland being at

* The present Earl of Leicester.

Holkham, and yet that of course he must have been. 'No,' said he, 'his uncle Charles used to live here, and I have often asked Lord Holland, but of course he would not come without Lady Holland, and it was quite out of the question my asking her. I dine at Lord Holland's now and then. When I do so, I am as attentive as I ought to be to Lady Holland, and there is no kind of flattery she does not apply to me; but it won't do! She is not a woman I approve of at all. I am only surprised that so many people have been bullied by her to letting her into their houses. For myself, I have always made up my mind that she should never enter mine.' Bravo! King Tom. What a charming subject to plague her with the first time she gives me any offence. . . . Certain it is that this Holkham is by far the greatest curiosity in England."

Lady Louisa Molyneux to Mr. Creevey.

"Arlington St., Jan. 17th, 1838.

" . . . Papa has found some amusement in a book that occupies everybody now—more, it appears, from its atrocity than from any merit it has—*Mémoires et correspondance* of Queen Caroline, edited by Lady Charlotte Bury, in which there are so many bad stories ill told, and so many personal remarks on living people, that I cannot imagine anybody ever speaking to her again. Her name is not to the book, but everybody knows it is hers.

"Poodle Byng, &c., have tried, it seems, rather a dangerous experiment with the [new] House of Commons, by which they lighted it so brilliantly that you could read the smallest print; and if you held a candle to the paper it added no light to the dazzling glare, which came from 5000 apertures in gas-pipes between the roofs, where the thermometer was at 120, and kept rising! They had fire engines in attendance, and a hose laid along every gas-pipe for fear of accidents; but they will not venture to try it again. . . . Think of Lord Foley having sold Witley to Ld. Ward * for £890,000! He was some little time

* Created Earl of Dudley in 1860.

in making up his mind to part with the place they were all so fond of; but he will now have £19,000 a year without any debt, instead of being the wretched impoverished man he was.* I have had a letter from Alava, who says of Sir John Colborne †:—‘J’ai grande confiance dans Colborne—officier du premier ordre, très aimé et très estimé tant de Sir J. Moore comme du Duc de Wellington, et quel bel éloge! Il est non seulement excellent militaire, mais qualifié pour toute espèce de commandement, et d’une moralité et probité dignes d’autres temps.’

“The burning of the Royal Exchange has put the City in great dismay. They are very quiet, and were to give £16,000 this morning at 9 o’clock for a house in Lombard Street, to go on with at present, and meet there at twelve. I hope the poor bells chiming their death song brought tears into your eyes.”

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

“Jermyn St., 27th.

“... I have really been so disturbed in my mind by this Canada Bill that I could not write till its fate was decided. I am at a loss for words to express my contempt for the Government in the endless bungling they have made on this occasion. Never was there such a piece of luck for them as the Canada rebellion, its speedy reduction, and, above all, the opportunity it afforded of considering past errors and making a wise and just arrangement for the future. All mankind was with them upon this subject; but some maniac or demon in their counsels would mar all these advantages by the manner or form of their Bill of Redress. I said from the first that every word uttered by Peel was *gospel*, and that nothing was left for the Government but to go down on their marrow-bones and to withdraw the gratuitous, useless and unconstitutional parts of their own Bill. To think, too, of their volunteering Glenelg’s *instructions* to Durham. . . . Well, but now let me have done with

* See vol. ii. p. 253.

† Created Lord Seaton in 1839. Was Lieutenant-Governor of Lower Canada.

this disgusting hash, and where shall I go next? Why, to Earl Durham himself, I think, with whom I dined at the Duke of Norfolk's on Tuesday, and no one could be more affable and conciliatory than our Canada chief. He had seen the Queen that morning, and I made him describe the meeting. After being presented by Glenelg, the Queen made a sign to the latter to withdraw, and then some conversation took place between the Queen and her Ambassador, in which the latter [Durham] expressed his earnest hopes that he might enjoy her Majesty's permission to extend her clemency in any degree towards her revolted Canadian subjects. This she accorded in the fullest and most gracious manner. Durham was full of her praises — of her sense and excellent manners, but he admitted to me that neither on that occasion nor any other did she utter a word to him on what we call politics.

"*A propos* to our little Vic—we are all enchanted with her for her munificence to the Fitzclarences. Besides their pensions out of the public pension list, they had nearly £10,000 a year given them by their father* out of his privy purse, every farthing of which the Queen continues out of *her* privy purse, with quantities of other such things. For an instance within my own knowledge — Sir John Lade, a very rich man, and once the greatest crony of George the 4th when Prince of Wales, was reduced to beggary at last by having kept such good company; so much so, that Lord Anglesey, who had lived with both, went to our Prinney† and actually made him give Lade £500 a year out of his privy purse. When brother William came to the throne, he continued £300 a year to Lade out of his privy purse; but upon the accession of Vic it was supposed there would be an end of it altogether. As poor Lade was a brother *whip* and crony of Sefton, I saw letters from him imploring Sefton's interest with Melbourne for a continuance of a portion of this pension, however small; but Melbourne in reply, however friendly he might be, could hold out no prospect of relief for him. Think, therefore, of me being the first to tell Sefton last night

* William IV.

† George IV.

what Melbourne told me in the course of the day. The Queen's pleasure had been taken as to the further reduction or extinction of this charge upon the privy purse, when she asked if Sir John Lade was not above 80 years of age, and being answered in the affirmative, she said she would neither have the pension enquired into nor reduced, but continued on her own privy purse. . . . I wish that conceited puppy Howick* had resigned and absconded from the Cabinet when he announced his intention to Ellice at Holkham to do so. It is quite clear that all this mischief has arisen from his obstinacy and the foolish attempt of his colleagues to satisfy or pacify him; and the latter object seems to have been accomplished at the expense and to the eternal disgrace, I fear, of his betters."

Here the letters suddenly cease. These lines must have been among the last from Mr. Creevey's industrious pen, and lend a peculiar significance to the enquiry contained in them—"Where shall I go next?" Of the manner of his death or of those who tended him in his last illness, nothing is known. He died on 5th February, 1838, wanting but two or three weeks to complete his seventieth year, and was buried in Greenwich Hospital.

* Afterwards 3rd Earl Grey.

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